A

CHILD'S HISTORY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN BONNER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1860.

In this little book the author has tried to write the story of the United States in the language of children. The idea was suggested by Mr. Charles Dickens's Child's History of England—a work so beautiful, so manly, and so true, that if the Great Englishman had written nothing else, he could not pass out of mind. It is the author's hope that a Child's History of this country may possess the use which Mr. Dickens modestly claims for his work—that "it may help children, by-and-by, to read with interest larger and better books on the same subject."

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A CHILD'S HISTORY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER I.

THREE hundred and fifty years ago, the country in which we live, which is called the UNITED STATES, was a wilderness, mostly covered with forest trees, and unknown to the rest of the world. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi great woods grew, in which bears, wolves, wild-cats, beaver, and deer roamed in freedom. Beyond, wide prairies stretched to the mountains, herds of buffalo pranced over the long grass, and snakes of many colors basked in the sunshine. In the south, the sun was warm, and his rays nursed plants of every kind, which hid the ground beneath their rank herbage. But in the north, the winters were longer and colder than they now are; ice often lingered all summer in the valleys, and the land wore a dreary look.

There were at that time no towns or villages any where in all the country: no ships in the harbors; no boats on the rivers; no tall chimneys soaring up-

ward toward the sky; no roads; nothing but grim old oaks and pines with moss, grass, and wild flowers under their shade, dark rocks on the shores, on which the waves beat as they had beat ever since the world began, high hills and deep glens with the bright heaven overhead, just as we see it now.

It is said that many years, perhaps ages, before any white man saw this country, races of strange men lived here, and built large towns, and fought great battles on the soil which is now ours. We know that far away to the south there were such people, who built fine cities, carved images, raised splendid temples to their false gods, wrought in copper, and fought with their enemies, on a very superior plan; and as queer-looking mounds of earth, like the tombs of ancient warriors, and strange remains of old forts, with broken pieces of earthenware, have been found near the Ohio river, some very learned men have supposed that these southern races wandered to the north at some time or other, and perhaps lived at the places where our great cities now stand.

It is very pleasant to think that at the time the people of England and France were quite savage, living like wild beasts in caves and holes, the people of America may have known a great deal about science and art, and, though they were cruel to each other, and worshipped bits of stone and wood in a very absurd way, were still more refined and sensible than their nearest neighbors over the sea. But I would not advise you to be too sure this was the case. No one can tell what took place, or what

the men and women who lived here did for thousands of years before the white men came.

We are sure that the trees grew and waved their branches to the winds, and died, and fell with a crash to the ground, where their rotten trunks served as a home for wild beasts and reptiles; that the rivers rolled downward to the sea, and the trout and salmon leaped out of the foam to catch pretty flies as they buzzed over the surface; that the snow fell, and drifted, and the ice made bridges over streams and lakes for the cariboo and moose to cross; that earthquakes and volcanoes burst out now and then, tearing great holes in the ground, filling up valleys, choking rivers, and planting islands in the midst of the waters, all in the space of a single night or an hour; but of what it pleased Almighty God to do with the human beings he had placed here to enjoy the fruits of the earth and admire these wonderful works of his, we know nothing at all.

The first white sailors who came here found a wild race of red people, with nothing but a skin of some animal tied round their waist, and living in a very poor sort of way. They called them INDIANS, because it was then supposed that America was part of India, no one in Europe having sailed round it, or guessed that it was a separate continent by itself.

These Indians lived chiefly on the game they hunted down, and the fish they caught, and were very fond of fighting with each other. They forced their women to do all the hard work, such as digging the ground and sowing the corn, weaving mats

to cover their huts—which they called wigwams—and carrying their food and other burdens when they went on journeys; and loved them very little in return.

The men spent most of their time in hunting and fighting with their neighbors, with bows and arrows, and heavy clubs made of hard wood. Long afterward, when strangers settled among them, they used small hatchets called tomahawks, and at last guns like ours; but at first, they had nothing but their bows and clubs. With these they were very expert. Their arrows were pointed with sharp stones or pieces of shell, and they were such good shots that they could bring down a bird or a deer or a man at a very long distance. When they went to war, they did not fight in the open field as our soldiers do, but lurked in the woods, and shot their arrows from behind trees and stones, or sprang upon their enemies suddenly at night and beat out their brains with their clubs. When they had killed a man, they used to cut off the skin of his head with the hair on, and carried these scalps tied to their belts, and were very proud of them. We should think the sight of dead men's scalps very shocking; but our soldiers, with their cannon and bayonets and rifles, kill quite as many people as the Indians did with their bows and arrows and clubs.

You must not fancy, because these savages wore scalps at their belts, that they could not be fine, manly fellows at times. They had no fear of death, and would not cry out or complain in the greatest tortures. Sometimes when they were taken prison-

ers in war, their enemies would tie them to trees and shoot arrows into their flesh, till there were a dozen sticking there all at once; or cut slices from their legs or arms; or hold burning sticks to their skin till it smoked and shriveled up; or tear strips of flesh from their bodies; but, in spite of the dreadful pain these cruel tortures must have caused, the Indian warriors would never cry or wince, but would look calmly and proudly on their tormentors. They could endure fatigue, too, and hunger, thirst, and cold better than we can; and often, on their long journeys in search of game, or in pursuit of their enemies, they would spend day after day, and night after night without food or shelter, and think nothing of it.

Though they were heathens and knew nothing of God or the Bible, yet they knew what honor was, and scorned to injure a stranger so long as he lay in their wigwam, and ate of their corn or venison. Indeed, there are many points in the character of these poor, half naked, ignorant Indians which might serve as a pattern to some people in our own day.

While they were hunting in their forests and smoking their pipes round their camp-fires, other races, white men, who lived beyond the sea, in Europe, were very busy. If you will look at a map of the world, you will see that the shortest cut for a ship sailing from Europe to India in Asia, would be to sail straight over North America. It would be pretty hard work for a ship to do this, as you know; but, at the time I speak of, people in Europe did not know that such a country as America

existed, and one of them, a very bold sailor, named COLUMBUS, thought it would be a fine thing to take this short cut from Spain to India.

So he sailed from Spain, and, after a long voyage, lighted upon strange lands covered with verdure, splendid trees, rich fruits growing down to the water's edge, birds with bright plumage, lovely flowers, and groves fit for fairies. You can fancy how delighted Columbus and his sailors were when they landed in this beautiful country, and ate the ripe fruits, and wandered about in the shade of the lordly trees, or on the banks of the clear streams. They supposed that it was a part of India; and though people soon found out that it was not India, but a new continent never known before, they christened the islands where Columbus had landed the WEST INDIES.

In this way America was discovered by mistake—a rather lucky mistake for you and me.

When Columbus went home, and told of all the strange and beautiful countries he had seen in his travels, a great many other people began to wish to go there too. Some of his sailors had brought back with them lumps of gold and showed them to their friends; and every one who wanted to be rich thought he had only to go where Columbus had been and pick up the lumps of gold. Many ships set sail to the westward from Spain, Portugal, and Italy—which were then great countries, rich and powerful, with large fleets—and some of them found out the islands which Columbus had seen, while others discovered parts of the main land.

One of these ships belonged to an Italian, whose name was AMERIGO VESPUCCI, after whom the new regions were called AMERICA. About the same time, another Italian named JOHN CABOT, who was a great merchant in England, persuaded some Englishmen of Bristol, where he lived, to join him on a voyage to the countries where lumps of gold could be picked up in the fields.

After him, his son SEBASTIAN set sail with as many men as he could hire, and steered away for many days, keeping always to the westward. At length he came in sight of land. But instead of green valleys and ripe fruits dangling over the water's edge and pretty flowers, he saw nothing but bleak rocks, dark pines, and heaps of snow—instead of birds with bright plumage, he saw only white bears and uncouth-looking deer. He could find no gold any where. So he sailed back very much disappointed. The only thing he had seen that was of any use was an immense shoal of fish in a fog near the shore; some of which he caught, and carried home with him. This was the first time white men saw the shores of North America.

Spanish and Portuguese sailors were all this while landing in the southern parts of the new continent, finding gold, and other rare things. They were mostly foolish, cruel men, who thought they had a right to kill the Indians and steal their land, because these poor people were heathens and had never heard of the Bible. This, however, was only an excuse: if the Indians had been Christians, they would have done the same things, and would have said it

was because the Indians were red, or something of the kind. Sometimes the Spaniards fought them in battle and killed great numbers of them, and drove the others out of the land; as CORTES—who was a brave soldier and a great man—did in Mexico. But at other times, the Indians fought bravely, and shot the white men with poisoned arrows, and drove them back to their ships.

Then the French thought they must have a share of the new country, and began to send out ships and men to the west. Some of them sailed to the north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and up the river as far as the place where Montreal now stands. The Indians were much surprised at first at the sight of white men; but by degrees they grew accustomed to them, and brought the Frenchmen food, and herbs to cure them of disease, and offered to show them the country. In return for this kindness the French captain, JACQUES CARTIER, caught the Indian chief and carried him by force to France.

The king of France seemed to think there was no harm in kidnapping an Indian; instead of punishing Cartier for his ingratitude, he sent him out again, and with him an officer named Robertval, whom he appointed Governor of the countries Cartier had seen, to which he had no more right than you or I. But this time the Indians would have nothing to do with white men who repaid kindness by kidnapping their chiefs. They did not hurt the Frenchmen, but would give them no food or pilots for their ships. Many of them perished of cold and disease: others went back to France quite disgusted; and Robertval him-

self, on a second voyage, was caught in a storm and was never heard of more.

Other Frenchmen who were Protestants—or Huguenots as they were called at home—sailed to the south, and founded a fort which they called CAROLINA, after that wicked king of France, Charles the Ninth. They were not very happy there, for they often quarreled among themselves, and sometimes almost starved for want of food. After a time they moved further south, where the Spaniards were.

The king of Spain was very angry when he heard that the French had settled in the land he called his own; and what made matters worse was that these French were not Catholics as he was, but Protestants, whom he hated as enemies of the Pope, and called heretics. So he swore to be revenged upon them.

There was at that time in Spain a very bold and cruel sailor, named PEDRO MELENDEZ; him the king sent for, and offered him a large slice of the new country if he would rid him of the French. It was just the work Melendez liked. He gathered a great number of soldiers and sailors, sailed to where the Frenchmen were, and falling upon them when they did not expect him, butchered them all, men, women, and children. A very few contrived to escape into the woods, and hide themselves in the bushes. Then Melendez set up a great cross on the place, and wrote upon it that he had put these poor creatures to death, not as Frenchmen but as heretics.

When the news of this terrible deed came to the ears of the people of France, the Huguenots were

much enraged. A brave gentleman named De Gourges resolved to avenge his murdered friends, and never rested day or night till he fitted out three ships, filled them with fighting men, and armed them well. Then he sailed to the place where the cross was, found the Spaniards, attacked them, and defeated them. After the battle he hanged all the Spaniards he had taken alive on the trees round about. Over their heads he wrote: Not as Spaniards, but as robbers and murderers.

I am not very sorry for the Spaniards, who had shown so little mercy to the French; but I think this killing and hanging was not the best way of proving to the Indians that it was better to be a Christian than a heathen.

For eighty years after Sebastian Cabot returned to Bristol, telling the English that America was a poor, cold country, where bears and deer lived, and no gold could be found, the people of England sent no more ships thither. At length, however, a bold young man named WALTER RALEIGH made up his mind to go and see whether Cabot had not been mistaken. Queen Elizabeth, who ruled England at that time, was very fond of Raleigh, who was handsome and agreeable; she gave him leave to seize any vacant lands in America in her royal name.

His ships steered to the southwest, and landed their crews on an island which is now called Roanoke. There they found quite a different country from the one Cabot had seen. Green trees and clusters of ripe grapes overhung the water's edge; there was no ice or snow; the Indians came down to the shore to

see the white men, and offered them maize and fish; every thing went on pleasantly, and the ships having returned home, Raleigh named the new region VIRGINIA, in honor of his virgin queen.

But soon afterward, his men who remained behind began to quarrel with the Indians; and you will be sorry to hear that having burnt down an Indian village in revenge for the theft of a silver cup, they laid a snare for one of the chiefs, and treacherously put him to death with eight of his warriors. After this, I dare say the murderers' consciences smote them, and they left the place and went home by the first ships which came that way.

When Raleigh heard of it, he sent out another ship, and landed fifteen men on the island, and told them to be sure and treat the Indians well. But the red men had not forgotten the murder of the chief and the eight warriors. When Raleigh sent out a third party of settlers, next year, to build a city which was to bear his name, they found no one on the island. One skeleton lay on the sand, the bones bleaching in the sun—this was all that remained of the fifteen men.

The new settlers landed, and the ships sailed away, promising to return early next spring. By the time they arrived in England, however, war was raging with Spain: every one was providing for defense, and no one but the faithful Raleigh thought of the exiles who were far away across the sea. He never forgot them for an instant.

Early in spring he dispatched two ships, with food, to Roanoke. But the Spaniards were on the look-

out on the coast; the moment Raleigh's vessels went to sea, they attacked them, captured one, and drove the other back to port.

Raleigh did not lose heart. He hired other ships, and loaded them with more provisions; but just at that time the news came that the king of Spain, with an immense fleet of ships of war, which is called in history the Spanish Armada, was on the way to conquer England. Every English ship was taken to defend the coast against this terrible armada, and Raleigh's with the rest.

By this time so many losses had ruined him; he had no money left to hire new ships, and could only go about wildly imploring rich men to send food to the men, women, and children—over a hundred in all—who were starving on the island of Roanoke in America. For a long time no one would listen to him, and Raleigh's brave heart nearly broke under his grief; but at last, three years after the ships had sailed away from Roanoke, others were sent to the relief of the settlers.

They came too late. When the crews landed, they found the huts standing, but the furniture was broken; deer were browsing within the fence, and no human being was to be seen. While they were looking round for traces of the lost exiles, the wind began to blow, and they were forced to re-embark on board their ships and put to sea; and no one, from that day to this, has known what became of the unfortunate people who came to Roanoke in the year one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven to found the city of Raleigh.

For many years after this, the English did not try to settle in America. They sent a few ships out, which sailed up and down the coast, and bought furs, sassafras, and other articles from the Indians; but when their cargoes were on board, they turned their bow to the east and sailed homeward. It was not till peace reigned in Europe that France and England began to think once more of the great countries which lay on the other side of the stormy ocean.

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CHAPTER II.

NEARLY twenty years after Raleigh's last party of settlers had landed on the island of Roanoke —to perish of hunger, or to be killed by the Indians —the restless people of England, now at peace with Spain, began to think once more of founding colonies in Virginia.

Their best man, Sir Walter Raleigh, lay pining in the Tower, where he had been imprisoned by the miserable King JAMES I., for no better reason than that he was brave and good and honest, which the king was not; but there were many other adventurous Englishmen, great and small, who had a hankering after the western world—some from a desire for gain, others from restlessness, others from high and noble hopes of founding a new nation. The king was always ready to do any thing that was asked of him by great people, provided it cost him no money: the adventurers got the Chief Justice to apply to James for them, and soon obtained a great Patent—which was a piece of parchment, sealed with a great seal, in which King James said he gave away such and such lands, which did not belong to him.

Accordingly, one wintry day in December, in the year one thousand six hundred and six, three little ships, the largest of which was smaller than many of our coast schooners, set sail for America with one

hundred and five men, only twelve of whom had ever been used to hard work. The others were idlers, ruined gentlemen, goldsmiths, and persons who thought they could make rapid fortunes by picking up lumps of gold in the new country. The little fleet was commanded by SIR CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT; under him were WINGFIELD, a sordid, spiteful fellow, who thought of nothing but his own gain; a brave sailor named GOSNOLD; ROBERT HUNT, a clergyman; and Captain JOHN SMITH, the most famous of all.

He had been a great traveler, and a bold soldier. When a boy, he had gone over to Holland, and fought in the Dutch wars: when these ended, he traveled to Hungary to fight against the Turks. For many years his flashing plume and his swift sword had been the terror of the Sultan's troops; but one day, falling wounded in a skirmish, he had been captured, taken to Constantinople, and sold as a slave. He was bought by a Turkish lady and sent to the Crimea, which then belonged to Turkey. There he endured such cruel treatment that, in a fit of passion, he killed his task-master, mounted a horse, and fled northward through Russia. On his way he heard that war was raging in Morocco, and, as eager for the fray as ever, turned about and hastened thither.

When there were no more Moors or Turks to slay, he returned to England, just in time to embark on board the ships bound to Virginia. He was not thirty years old at this time, though he had seen and suffered so much; but there was no one in the fleet as

bold or as wise as he. I wish every ship that sailed to America at this time had carried as good a man as Captain John Smith—with his honest face, his piercing eye, his stout arm, and his flowing beard.

It was not till April that the fleet reached the shores of Virginia, and a high southern wind drove them past the island of Roanoke into Chesapeake Bay. They sailed up a wide river, which they named James River, after the king, and soon landed on a fertile, pleasant spot, began to build huts, and called the settlement Jamestown. The Indians came to see them, and offered them the pipe of peace, and every thing promised well.

But all the leaders of the party were jealous of Smith, and laid a plot to drive him out of the Government. They even wanted to try him for treason, and did all they could to persecute him. Idlers and gold-seekers, you know, are not the sort of people to prosper any where; you will not be surprised to learn that in a short time the settlers were in a very bad way.

The chiefs had quarreled with Smith: sickness broke out among them; they were not used to work, and did not plant crops as they should have done; their supply of food was scanty. In a few weeks fifty men died, and the others, disgusted and disheartened, made up their minds to run away.

But Captain John Smith was not the man to give way to such faint-hearted notions. When his comrades repined, he cheered them up; when Wingfield tried to escape stealthily to the West Indies, he seized the boat, would let no one go, and upset

Wingfield, who was the President of the colony. While the others were wasting their time in burrowing in the earth for gold, Smith was busy collecting provisions. While they were sighing for home, he was helping to build huts, tending the sick, visiting the Indians. He was always cheerful, always generous, always hopeful. When winter came, he had wrought so hard that the houses were finished, a plentiful supply of corn laid in for food, and good temper almost restored in the little colony.

In December he started to explore the country, sailed up the river Chickahominy as far as boats could go, and then landed, and pursued his journey on foot. On his way he was attacked by a fierce band of Indians, and all his men killed. Smith fought as bravely as usual. Seizing an Indian with his left hand, he held him as a shield between himself and the foe, and killed three of the savages. Slipping at last in a miry place, he was seized, and the Indians were about to beat out his brains, when he coolly took his compass from his pocket and showed it to them. They were so surprised at this strange instrument that they forbore to kill him, and carried him a captive to their chief, who was named POWHATAN.

For several days Smith contrived to amuse the Indians with his compass, and by teaching them many arts of which they knew nothing; but after a while they grew tired of learning, and resolved to put him to death.

All the warriors assembled round a fire, painted in brightest colors, and decked with gaudy feathers;

talked some time in their own language; then rising from their circle, dragged Smith to a large stone, and laid his head upon it. The massive club was raised to dash out his brains, when a pretty little girl rushed through the ring of warriors, and throwing her tiny arms round Smith, laid her head upon his. The savage stayed his arm. The little girl was POCAHONTAS, Powhatan's daughter, the favorite of all the tribe. During his captivity the white man had made rattles and strings of beads for her, and won her heart; and now she clung to his neck, and wildly begged her father to spare her friend's life. Her prayer was granted. Smith was raised from the ground, and even allowed to return to his colony.

Little Pocahontas, who had saved his life, and of whom you will hear again, was at this time only about twelve years old: you see what a child may do.

When Captain Smith returned to the colony at Jamestown, he found his cowardly comrades again seeking to desert. As bold as ever, he placed himself between them and the boat, and swore he would shoot the first man who tried to embark.

Other ships arriving from England with more men, Smith was made President of the colony, and he very soon set matters to rights. As many of the settlers were idle, he ordered that those who would not work should not eat. After this you may fancy how hard the idle fellows worked under Smith's orders, chopping wood, digging the earth, and building huts, and how much happier they all were at

night when they sat down to the supper they had earned.

It would have been well for the colony if Smith had remained among them; sad indeed was the day when a bag of gunpowder exploded under him as he slept, and wounded him so grievously that he could no longer perform his duties, and was obliged to return to England.

After he left, the idlers had it all their own way. They would work no longer. Some of them went to look for gold; others lay smoking in the sunshine; others hunted the Indians; very soon they had consumed all their stock of provisions, and parties were sent out to beg from the Indians. But the red men had no notion of feeding their hunters; they lay in wait in bushes and behind rocks, and treacherously killed all the Englishmen who strayed from the fort.

To add to all, they quarreled as usual among themselves, and fought over a handful of corn or a dead bird like wild beasts. Then began "the starving time" in Virginia; a time so dreadful that history hardly records another such, and one can not but feel that the poor creatures who died on the banks of the James River were fully punished for their idleness and their folly. In six months, out of four hundred and ninety persons whom Smith had left at Jamestown, only sixty remained: poor, pale, worn-out wretches expecting to die daily.

In the midst of their troubles the old admiral, Newport, Sir Thomas Gates, and others from England, arrived at Jamestown. They had been shipwrecked on their voyage, and cast away on the Ber-

mudas, where they built two little vessels with the native cedar, and made their way to the colony. But instead of bringing relief, the new-comers were themselves short of provisions, having expected to find plenty at Jamestown.

The whole colony at once resolved to desert the place and sail to Newfoundland; every man made haste to put a few things on board the ships and prepare for the voyage. So glad were they to leave a place where they had suffered so much that they wanted to set fire to the houses; but this Sir Thomas Gates would not allow.

They sailed down the river, but just as they reached its mouth a boat full of men hove in sight and pulled toward them. You can fancy their delight when they heard that LORD DELAWARE was coming up the river with men and provisions. No one wanted to go away after this. In better spirits than they had known for many a day they sailed back to the fort. Lord Delaware soon arrived there, and all knelt down piously and gave thanks to God for their wonderful delivery.

Lord Delaware was a man of sense and governed the colony well. He made every man work, and Jamestown soon became as thriving a place as it had been under Captain John Smith. When he fell ill and returned to England, he was succeeded by a rough old soldier named DALE, and afterward by Sir Thomas Gates, under both of whom the colony prospered. They had learnt wisdom; instead of idlers and spendthrifts, they brought with them honest, sturdy workmen, ready and willing to dig

the earth and fell trees, instead of seeking for gold.

All were not of this kind, however. Captain SAMUEL ARGALL, a wild, daring fellow, used to sail along the coasts, and suddenly dive into the forests with a few bold men, attack the Indian villages, slaughter the men, and carry off women and children as slaves. We should call a man who did this to-day a pirate, and hang him; but formerly people thought differently, and it was considered rather a glorious thing to kill and plunder a few Indians.

I am sure you will be shocked to hear that this Argall, in one of his expeditions, contrived to seize pretty Pocahontas—now grown up—and carried her off a captive to Jamestown. Her father, old Powhatan, raged like a lion when he heard his pet daughter was gone. He sent a messenger to Jamestown to demand her of the colonists; but they pretended that the Indians had enticed away some of their servants, and stolen their goods; so they refused to give her up. There was no one there, I suppose, who remembered what the innocent young captive had done for the brave Captain John Smith.

Powhatan and his men were wild with fury when they received the answer of the white men, and got ready for war instantly. Terrible bloodshed would have followed had it not been for a strange accident.

There was at Jamestown a young man named JOHN ROLFE, who had seen Pocahontas, and fallen in love with her. He said that it was revealed to him

in a dream that he ought to marry her, which I have no doubt was the case, as most lovers have dreams of the same kind. So while old Powhatan and his friends were preparing to fall upon the colony, Rolfe was teaching Pocahontas English. As soon as she was able to speak a few broken words, she was baptized, and—her father having given his consent—was married to Rolfe.

He took her with him to England, and was very proud of her—as well he might be—when the nobles and the great ladies caressed her, and every body talked of the beautiful Indian girl. Just as she was about to return with him to Jamestown, however, a fatal disease attacked her, and Pocahontas died, far away from her home.

The settlers being at peace with Powhatan, in consequence of the marriage of Pocahontas, the colony prospered, new settlements were planted, and the numbers of the colonists increased. They laid out most of their land in tobacco fields, and as coin was scarce, used it as money. Houses, tools, guns, powder, and such things, were said to be worth so many pounds of tobacco.

As yet they had no women among them, and the colonists wrote to England, begging their friends to send them out wives. Ninety young girls were dispatched to Jamestown; and any man who wanted a wife could go and get one by paying one hundred pounds of tobacco. Afterward another ship brought sixty more; and those who had married seemed so happy that every one wanted to secure a wife, and the price rose to one hundred and

fifty pounds of tobacco. We should laugh here at the idea of buying a wife for so many pounds of tobacco; but it is not very long since something very like it was done in Australia.

Ships arrived frequently from England with new settlers. Laws were made, and the people of Virginia began to show a sturdy English spirit, insisting on the right of helping to make the laws which were to govern them. They soon numbered four thousand persons, and had several little villages besides Jamestown on the James River.

Still they could not manage to live quietly with the Indians. They seemed to think that because an Indian was a poor ignorant red man, he had no right to the hut he had built or the corn he had planted; and would go and drive him from his home, and rob his fields without any pity or scruple.

On their side, the Indians had no love for the white men; after Powhatan's death, they often quarreled with them, and murdered stragglers whom they found alone in the woods. Their chief, OPECHANCANOUGH, was wily and treacherous; over his council fire he laid a plot that had well-nigh crushed the young colony.

All at once, the Indians pretended to be very friendly to the white men. They came into their houses, brought them game, and promised that the sky should fall before they would molest their white neighbors. The words were hardly spoken when—at noon on the twenty-second March, one thousand six hundred and twenty-two—a band of savages burst furiously upon every settlement on the James River,

shouting their war-whoop, and brandishing their tomahawks. Happily for Jamestown, the plot had been revealed to one of the settlers the night before by a converted Indian; when the warriors appeared, they were greeted with a sharp volley of musketry, and scampered away directly. But few of the other settlements were prepared. The settlers were busy with their daily work at home when the savages rushed upon them, and massacred men, women, and children. A few resisted, but they were soon beaten down; and when none were left living, the Indians hacked and hewed the dead bodies. In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were killed, and many of the houses and farms were in a blaze.

Then war broke out. The settlers marched to the Indian villages, burnt them and put all the Indians to the sword; and the Indians came by night, and fell upon the settlements of the whites, and butchered them in like manner. Wherever an Indian and a settler met, one of the two was left dead on the place. The fields were left untilled. No man could plant, for all were busy fighting. Famine followed, then sickness; and soon the colony dwindled down to two thousand five hundred persons. It was not till fourteen years after the massacre of the twenty-second of March that peace was restored.

CHAPTER III.

IN the same year that Captain John Smith was saved from the club of the Indian by the intercession of Pocahontas, a small band of poor Englishmen tried to embark on board ship, and fly from their country with their wives and children. As they drew near the sea-shore, magistrates, constables, and soldiers, with a great concourse of people, ran after them, seized them, and thrust them into prison, beating many, and calling them hard names.

You will suppose, perhaps, that they were thieves or murderers to be treated thus. Not at all. They were quiet, orderly, hard-working men, who led honest lives, dealt fairly by their neighbors, and were ready to fight for their country. More than this, they were devout servants of God; read their Bibles constantly, and prayed every morning and evening that God would bless them and teach them His will.

Strange as it may seem, this was the reason why the magistrates and constables with the great concourse of people chased them, and put them in prison. For the king of England, with his lords and his bishops, had made up his mind that all the people of England should go to the churches he set up, and pray in the words he directed, and believe whatever his bishops and clergy said. Now these poor men, who read their Bibles more carefully I am sure than

the king or any of his lords, and thought over what they read day and night, had come to the conclusion that the king's way was not the right way to worship God, and that there was a better one to be found in the Holy Scriptures. So they would not go to the king's churches, but set up little churches of their own, and very often—for they were mostly poor—met together in each other's houses, or in barns, or in fields, and prayed and sung psalms in their own way.

The king was very wroth at being thus disobeyed; and he gave orders to his magistrates and soldiers to persecute these obstinate men, who were called PURITANS. He imprisoned their ministers, shut up their churches, and annoyed them in every manner, till some, who would not yield to threats or force, and persisted in praying after their own fashion in spite of the king, sought to leave their homes and find safety in some foreign country.

But the king—how like Pharaoh!—would neither let them go, nor stay at home in peace. And thus, as I said, when they tried to embark on board ship they were caught like thieves and shut up in jail.

Next spring, however, the Puritans were wiser. They laid their plans so secretly that no one suspected their design, and they succeeded in slipping on board and getting out to sea. The king's horsemen came galloping down just after the men had embarked, and seized a few women and children who remained on the sea-shore; but as their husbands and fathers had escaped they soon let them go.

The exiles sailed to Amsterdam, in Holland, and

thence journeyed to Leyden, where they settled. There was no king there to drive them like sheep to this or that church; they worshipped God in their own way, and a very fervent, honest way it was; wrought hard, some at one trade, some at another; and for a time lived happily.

But after spending some years at Leyden, thoughts of home came into their minds and saddened their hearts. They were in a strange country, surrounded by people who spoke a strange language, and were often enemies of England. They could not bear the thought that if war should break out they might be forced to bear arms against their native land. They could not return to England, for King James would have persecuted them as of old; and so, after much perplexity, they thought they would remove to America, where they might pray as they pleased, and still live under the dear old English flag.

They had no money to hire ships, so they sent over to London to borrow; and with great difficulty, and on very harsh terms, obtained enough to charter two small ships called the MAYFLOWER and the SPEEDWELL. These vessels could not carry all the Pilgrims; part remained behind at Leyden, and part, after a solemn address from their minister Robinson, and a tender parting with their friends, crossed to Southampton and set sail for New England.

This was the name which the famous Captain John Smith had given to that part of America lying north of Virginia.

But the Speedwell was a worthless craft, which could not sail, and could hardly float. Once they

put into Dartmouth to repair her, and again started on their voyage. But she sailed no better for the repairs; and after knocking about a day or two in the ocean, the captain dared not trust himself in her, and they returned once more. Finally, on the sixth September, one thousand six hundred and twenty, the Mayflower set sail alone, with one hundred persons, men, women and children, from the port of Plymouth.

Nowadays, you know, fast steamers cross the ocean in nine or ten days. Sixty-three were spent before land was seen from the decks of the Mayflower. She had met with boisterous winds, and cold weather; one of the passengers had died on the way. The shore near which they anchored—Cape Cod—was rugged and wild; the water through which they had to wade in landing was freezing. This was only the beginning of hardship.

To find a fit spot to live was their first care. Many days were spent in mending their boat or shallop; when it was finished, several of the strongest men started to explore the coast. The cold—December cold—was bitter, and the spray, as it dashed over the sides, froze on the coats of the pilgrims till they grew stiff and hard.

On and on they sailed, yet found no suitable place. One afternoon a storm burst upon them with snow and sleet. Their rudder was carried away; their mast snapped, and the sail fell over the side; night was coming on, and they were yet far from land. The oars are their only resource. They row steadily under the cutting wind and sleet, with the waves

dashing over them at every stroke, and chilling them to the bone. At last an island is reached. The shallop is run into a creek, and the crew thaw their frozen clothes over a fire hastily kindled, and offer hearty thanks to God for their preservation.

This was on Saturday night. Sunday they spent in prayer and reading the Bible. On Monday, the eleventh December, they landed on a rock on the main shore. As long as the world lasts that rock will be known and honored as the spot where the PILGRIM FATHERS rested from their journeys, and set foot in the land where their children were destined to become a great and powerful nation.

The Mayflower now moored in the bay, and the pilgrims landed with their wives and children and called the place New Plymouth. You have seen, I dare say, a beautiful picture representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; old men with venerable faces in the middle, young men carrying burdens, and children clinging in a frightened way to their mothers' necks as they climbed the barren rocks on the sea-shore. I am afraid the real pilgrims did not present such a picturesque appearance; for many of them shivered from fever, others coughed as people do in consumption, and all were weary, cold, ragged, and feeble. Weak and ill as they were, however, they contrived to build a few huts to shelter them from the winter storms, and waited patiently for the summer sun.

Most cruelly did disease afflict the little band. Day after day, some one or other, an old man or a young wife or a little child was carried out of the

huts, and a hole dug in the frozen ground for a grave. The Governor, JOHN CARVER, bore his dead boy to his last resting-place: a few days afterward, he was laid beside him; and before spring his widow slept in the same grave. At one time only seven persons were well enough to attend the sick.

At last spring came, and the birds began to sing, and leaves grew on the trees, and the pilgrims hoped their troubles were over. One day, to their great astonishment, an Indian walked into the village crying—

"Welcome, Englishmen!"

He had learnt a few words of English from former travelers, and now came to make friends with the settlers at New Plymouth. After him the chief or sachem of the tribe of Wampanoags, who was named MASSASOIT, likewise visited the pilgrims, and made a solemn promise to the Governor that he would never seek to harm them.

But Massasoit was as poor as the white men, and could do little to help them. The ground was barren, and though there were plenty of fish in the sea and the rivers, the settlers had no nets or tackle to catch them. In the fall, another ship arrived from Europe with thirty-five more pilgrims; but she brought no provisions, and the whole party nearly starved. Strong men staggered from weakness caused by hunger. At one time they had only one pint of corn left, which gave each person five kernels. At another, they would have died but for some fish they begged from passing vessels. Yet under these cruel trials the courage of these brave men never failed.

They never repented of having left their comfortable houses at Leyden, or reproached Heaven for their afflictions; but, full of faith in God's mercy and of hope in themselves, they endured patiently hunger, cold, and sickness, waiting for the better time to come.

When the chief of a savage tribe of Indians sent a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin to Plymouth—which was the Indian way of declaring war—the Governor, WILLIAM BRADFORD, an undaunted man, filled the skin with gunpowder and balls and sent it back. They say that the Indians fancied these balls and powder were fatal charms, and were frightened by them. But I think it very likely that the bold face and firm voice of William Bradford and the other pilgrims had something to do with their fright. At all events, the Indians thought better of the matter and made no attack.

Massasoit was always friendly. He fell ill, and WINSLOW, one of the pilgrims, went to see him. He found the chief surrounded by strange fellows of his own tribe, who called themselves pow-wows, and fancied they could cure diseases by screeching and howling, and wriggling their bodies in a ridiculous manner. When Winslow saw this, he took the pow-wows by the shoulders and pushed them out of the wigwam; then kneeling beside the sachem, gave him medicine and soon cured him.

Massasoit was so grateful for this that he revealed to Winslow a plot that had been formed among the Indians to surprise and massacre a party of white men who had settled in Massachusetts Bay at a place

they called Weymouth. These Weymouth settlers were not pilgrims; and it is said they had behaved badly to the Indians, robbing them of their corn and plundering their villages. But still they were white men, and the colony at Plymouth could not allow them to be butchered.

So a messenger was sent in great haste to Weymouth to warn the settlers of their danger; and Captain MILES STANDISH—a little man, but very fiery and courageous—was dispatched with eight others to give battle to the Indians. They soon found them, full of threats and boasts, and sharpening their weapons for the proposed massacre. Little Miles Standish was quicker than they, however; for seizing his opportunity he rushed upon the leader, killed him with a single blow of a knife, and his comrades dispatched two others. This bold act terrified the Indians; they ran away, and Miles Standish stuck the head of the dead Indian on a pole, and carried it back to Plymouth. Thus the settlers were saved, and the Indians taught to fear the white men.

When the news of the exploit reached Leyden, that good man, John Robinson, whose heart was always with the pilgrims, wrote out to them: "Oh, how happy a thing it would have been that you had converted some before you had killed any!"

In the fourth year after the arrival of the pilgrims, they obtained cattle from England, many of their friends from Leyden joined them, more houses were built, a fort was erected for protection against the Indians, and each man planted a certain quantity of corn. The settlement at Plymouth began to look

cheerful, and instead of starving, the pilgrims were able to give corn to the Indians in exchange for furs, and to relieve many of their distressed countrymen, who came to settle on the shores of New England.

By degrees, little trading and fishing posts sprung up all along the coast. But of all the Englishmen who built themselves log-cabins on the shores, and cleared the woods, and hunted game, and planted corn, there were none so brave, or so persevering, or so manly as the stout old pilgrim fathers of Plymouth.

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CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, of whom you have heard so much, had a friend named HENRY HUDSON, a bold mariner like himself, who accompanied him on his first voyage to Virginia. This Henry Hudson, after his return home, fell athinking of what he had seen, and began to fancy that Columbus was right after all, and that there must be an opening or passage somewhere in the continent of America through which ships could pass, and so take a short cut to China and the East Indies. He went about telling every one this must be the case, and finding plenty of people to believe him; for there were no maps of America at that time, and no one knew that the land stretches from the regions where the ice never melts to the straits of Magellan, far away in the south.

But when Hudson asked the people to whom he told his story to give him money to fit out a ship to find this passage, they one and all buttoned up their pockets, and said they had none to spare.

Then Hudson crossed over to Holland, and told the same things there. At that time the Dutch were a great nation. Their ships were on every sea, their cities were among the finest in Europe, their merchants rolled in wealth, their sailors were the boldest in the world. The idea of being the first to

discover the new passage to China was quite to their taste, and without delay they gave Hudson a yacht called the HALF MOON, with which he set sail for America.

In due time the Half Moon came in sight of land, and coasted along the shore in search of the opening that was to lead to China. After much sailing, Hudson was sure he had found the inlet he was in search of. His ship lay at the place now called Sandy Hook. He sailed into the bay (which is now the Bay of New York) and saw, as he says, both shores "pleasant with grass, and flowers, and goodly trees, and very sweet smells came from them." Indians in canoes paddled out to meet him, and sold him oysters, and beans, and corn; and though some of them one evening took a fancy to shoot arrows at the Dutch vessel, and killed one of the sailors, most of the natives seemed glad to see the white men.

Passing Staten Island and New York—which were then wild and covered with wood—Hudson advanced up the river which bears his name till it became so shallow that the Half Moon could proceed no further. He then saw that this could not be the passage to China, and returned the way he came.

On his way to Holland he touched at Dartmouth, in England, and the English, who by this time had repented of losing so bold a sailor, would not allow him to leave them again. They fitted him out a ship, and he sailed away, for the fourth time in his adventurous life, always with the old idea of finding a passage to China.

This time he found his way into Hudson's Bay—

so called after him—and felt certain he was right at last. But he sailed round and round the shores of the bay and could find no opening but the one through which he had come. Winter overtook him, and his ship was frozen up in the ice. When spring came, the ice melted, and his ship set sail homeward. On the way, the sailors, who were a brutal set of men, and blamed Hudson for what they had suffered during the long winter they had spent frozen up in the ice, set him adrift on the ocean with his little son, the carpenter, and seven others.

It is very sad to think that so brave a man as Henry Hudson must have perished miserably in the ice, or starved to death in his small boat on the wide ocean.

But his voyage was not in vain. When the English refused to let him go to Holland, he wrote a long account of what he had seen—of the beautiful lands, and the goodly trees, and the noble river up which he had sailed—and sent it to the Dutchmen who had given him the Half Moon.

The Dutch had sense enough to see that though they had not found the passage to China, Hudson had discovered new countries to which they might trade with great advantage. Ships were dispatched to the spot, and brought home large cargoes of furs; and soon afterward, HENDRICK CORSTIAENSEN, a Dutch captain, built a little trading fort on the end of the island of Manhattan, near where the Battery now stands.

Here a great market for furs was set up by Corstiaensen and the other Dutch traders. The Dutch

were very shrewd at buying and selling, and it is likely they always got the best of their bargains with the Indians, who were simple and easily overreached. It is said that they bought their furs by the pound, and having no weights like ours, they persuaded the Indians that a Dutchman's hand weighed exactly one pound, and his foot two. You may believe this or not as you like; it is certain that they bought their furs very cheap, often giving only a few beads or other trumpery for a bundle of rich otter or martin or beaver skins.

They were not at first a fighting people, as the English were; when that daring pirate, Captain Argall, came to their fort, and ordered them to do homage to King James, they did so at once, and the moment his back was turned, hoisted their own flag again.

But as traders and sailors, they excelled the English. They bought the island of Manhattan of the Indians for sixty guilders, about twenty-four dollars: not very much for an island, which, as you know, is now worth millions and millions. They bought Staten Island also, and parts of New Jersey and Long Island. Wherever they saw a strip of land or an island that suited them, they bought it, and gave the Indians a string of beads, or a bit of ribbon, or a tobacco-pipe for it.

Then they sailed all round the coasts, poking into every bay or river to see if there were any furs to sell; and where they found many, planted a little fort, and left some one there to buy from the Indians.

After a time farmers, with their wives and children, began to arrive from Holland, and settled on Long Island, on the Jersey shore, and on Manhattan Island, which they called New Amsterdam. They were mostly quiet, orderly people, who smoked a great deal, slept long, wrought hard, and talked little, as I have no doubt their descendants do to this day. In New Amsterdam they built queer-looking houses, with their gable-ends to the street, which leered sideways upon the people who passed by. And very enterprising Dutchmen had farms in the woods and swamps, through which Broadway and Pearl Street now run, and let their cows and pigs run wild where the Astor House and the City Hall stand.

All the way from the Connecticut River to the Delaware, and up the Hudson as far as Albany, these Dutch had little settlements, sometimes only a house where lived an Indian trader, sometimes a farm with a few families.

A sailor named DE VRIES planted a fort and colony on the Delaware River, where Lewistown now stands, and afterward returned home to Holland to prosecute a plan he had for a whale fishery in that river. While he was away, an Indian visited the fort, and seeing a bright tin-plate set up on a pillar, with the coat of arms of Holland engraven thereon, snatched it, and tried to carry it off. The Dutch were so furious at the idea of one of the savages stealing their national coat of arms, that they made a rule that from that time no Indians should be allowed to enter the fort.

This did not suit the Indians at all. They had grown used to trade with the Dutch, and to sell them their furs, and receive beads and knives and such things in return. So, to appease the Dutch, they killed the Indian who had been caught stealing, and sent his scalp to the fort.

When the friends and relatives of the murdered man heard that the Dutch had been the cause of his death, they vowed vengeance, and laid one of their savage plots against the white men. One day when the Dutchmen were in their fields felling trees and sowing corn, and feeding their cattle, several Indians approached the fort. No one was there but the Dutch commander, HOSSETT, and a sick man. The fierce watch-dog, of whom the Indians were much afraid, was, fortunately for them, chained in his kennel. Three of the Indians pretended to have beaver skins to sell to Hossett, and began to bargain with him. As he turned his back to enter the fort, one of them struck him with an ax, killing him instantly. The sick man was then dispatched in his bed; and the dog, who had been tugging all the while at his chain to get loose, and barking at the savages, was shot with five-and-twenty arrows.

Then the Indians scattered, approached the Dutchmen working in the fields in a friendly manner, and, watching their opportunity, killed them all.

When De Vries returned, he found the fort in ruins, and the skulls and bones of his countrymen scattered around, mixed with bones of cattle, burnt logs, and broken tools. Sorrowfully he turned his

ship's head to the north, and sailed to New Amsterdam.

The first house built by the Dutch on Manhattan Island was erected about the year one thousand six hundred and thirteen.

The expedition commanded by Newport, and to which Captain John Smith belonged, founded Jamestown, in Virginia, six years before, in the year one thousand six hundred and seven.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed on the rock at Plymouth, as I have told you, in December, one thousand six hundred and twenty.

The French, of whom you will hear more hereafter, founded their first colonies in America about the same time as the English founded Jamestown. In the year one thousand six hundred and seven, the BARON DE POUTRINCOURT established a colony which he named Fort Royal, on the place where Annapolis now stands, in Nova Scotia.

And in the following year, SAMUEL CHAMPLAIN, a captain in the French navy, and a gallant sailor, built the first French house on the rock of Quebec.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers who had settled at Plymouth wrote to their friends in England and told them how free and happy they were, and how they worshipped God according to their conscience, without ever even hearing of the King or his bishops, the English Puritans began to cast longing eyes upon the shores of New England. They were still suffering persecution at the hands of the King and the courtiers, and were often forced to meet and pray by stealth, for fear of the royal soldiers and constables. They knew that if they left their comfortable homes in England and removed to the forests of America, they would have to encounter cold, and hunger, and sickness, and hardships of every kind; but they cared very little for these so long as they were free, and could worship God in their own way.

At this time ships crossed every year from England to America, and traders and fishermen built huts at various places along the coast. SIR FERDINANDO GORGES, a nobleman who had taken great interest in the settlement of the country, and a sailor named JOHN MASON, equipped vessels to fish along the coast, and planted little colonies wherever the fishing was good.

After a time Mason and Gorges divided their set-

tlements, and Mason gave to his share the name of NEW HAMPSHIRE—being himself a native of Hampshire, in England. It contained two little villages, which are now called Portsmouth and Dover.

It was between Mason's settlements in New Hampshire and the old colony at New Plymouth that the Puritans resolved to establish themselves.

To prepare the way for them they sent out a small party under the command of JOHN ENDICOTT, a man of great courage and perseverance, of cheerful temper, and kind heart. With seven or eight companions he explored the trackless woods around Massachusetts Bay, and found several places proper for settlement.

Then other Puritans began to arrive. One party settled on the coast, and founded a village, to which they gave the pretty name of Salem.

Another—and this was the largest that had ever sailed to America, comprising one thousand persons, in fifteen ships—settled at the head of Massachusetts Bay, on a three-headed hill, which they christened BOSTON, after the small town of that name in Lincolnshire whence many of the principal settlers came.

They had obtained from CHARLES THE FIRST, who was then King of England, a royal charter, or constitution, which they thought a great deal more of than it was worth, as you will see presently. It gave them permission to elect a Governor, and accordingly they chose JOHN WINTHROP, a pious, gentle, warm-hearted man, whose expression of face was as mild as a woman's. Under his rule the MAS-

SACHUSETTS colony passed safely through the usual sufferings from disease, cold, and want.

At first they lived in tents and wretched huts, through which the rain beat, and the cold winter winds blew. The water was bad, and, as at Plymouth, disease broke out among them, and they "saw their friends drop down weekly, nay, daily before their eyes." Their first winter at Boston was bitterly cold: and to add to all, they were scantily supplied with food.

In five months two hundred died, among others the son of Governor Winthrop, who wrote about this time to his wife in England: "We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ, and is not this enough? I thank God I like so well to be here, and do not repent my coming. I would not have altered my course though I had foreseen all these afflictions. I never had more content of mind."

When I think of this Christian gentleman—with famine, and disease, and death on every side around him, his son's coffin freshly laid under the sod, and the snow drifting through the crevices in his hut—writing to his wife that he "never had more content of mind," I am not at all surprised that New England should have grown so great and glorious a country.

Before four years had passed, the days of trial had ended, and the colonists had every reason to be happy. They had found many fertile spots, and sown large fields of corn, and built mills to grind it. They had seven churches, and stores in abundance. They had built two ships, and traded to Jamestown in Virginia, and to New Amsterdam.

Boston was already an important place, and several villages had been planted on the coast, on the banks of rivers, and in the interior. The settlers were on good terms with the Indians, who were glad to sell them furs for knives and other tools which they could not make themselves.

But the chief source of their happiness was the right they enjoyed of worshipping God according to their own conscience, and establishing a society on the Bible model. They had been so cruelly persecuted in England by the courtiers and the King's Church, and they had heard their fathers speak so often of the persecutions they had suffered from the Roman Catholic Church, that they resolved to prevent, by every means in their power, either the customs of the court or these two churches ever gaining a foothold on Massachusetts Bay.

When, therefore, they found among them any man who did not think as they did on religion, they would not allow him to remain, but bade him begone. All the settlers were obliged to go to church, and to conduct themselves in a pious, orderly manner at home. They were required to dress soberly and plainly, and were forbidden to give balls or indulge in other gayeties, which were believed to be contrary to the Word of God.

In these and some other particulars, the laws of the old Puritans of New England referred to matters with which our laws do not interfere, and a great many smart things have been said about them in consequence.

It is very easy to make jokes about the Puritans

forbidding the wearing of wigs or the eating of mince pies, as they did; but if we had been chased by royal soldiers, bullied by royal courtiers, pilloried by order of bishops, cropped by hangmen, fined and imprisoned because we would not keep Christmas-day as the King chose, driven to read our Bibles in dark holes and corners where the spies of the King and the bishops could not see us, and at last obliged to run away from our homes to worship God in peace according to our own conscience, I think it very likely that we should have taken as good care as the Puritans did to keep our old tormentors out of the place where we took refuge, and I dare say we might have hated every thing which reminded us of them enough to make a law against wigs and mince pies.

It would certainly have been a very happy thing for the colonists to have known the inestimable value of LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, and to have allowed every one to worship God in his own way. Had they understood—as we do—that prisons, and fines, and cruel punishments can never alter the convictions of an honest mind, and that the truth does not need the aid of violence or oppression to prevail, they would have been spared the only blots which stain the bright page of their history.

But at the time they lived—more than two hundred years ago—these things were not known any where. All over the world it was supposed that the strong had a right to force the weak to worship God in their fashion, and to punish those who refused.

It seems a very ridiculous thing to us that men

should have tried to teach their neighbors how to pray to God by shooting, hanging, and burning them, locking them up in dungeons and torturing them in horrible ways; but it was so, and the Puritans of New England, though they were not nearly so bad in this respect as the nations of Europe, had not yet learned to think differently.

You will be glad to learn, however, that the first endeavor to correct this grand mistake of the world's was made in New England.

In one of the first ships which arrived at Boston after the settlement, there came a young man, named ROGER WILLIAMS, a Puritan preacher, who, like so many others, had been driven by persecution to leave his native land. He was a man of gentle manners, but lion-hearted; and in the long hours of his suffering in England had pondered so earnestly on the things he read in his Bible, that he had discovered—what no one else knew—that God's will was that man's conscience should be free. This great truth he began to preach boldly at Salem.

When the magistrates of Boston heard of it they were much shocked, and sent for Williams, and censured him. They said that in their colony every one must pray as they did. But he who had not feared the king and bishops of England was not shaken in the least by the harsh words of the Puritan leaders.

He continued to preach in his bold way till the court at Boston sentenced him to be exiled. As winter was coming on, they at first agreed to allow him to remain till spring; afterward, however, they

changed their minds and determined to arrest him and send him a prisoner to England.

But there were very few in Salem who did not love the good Roger Williams. He got timely warning of the danger, and fled through the snow and ice of January into the wild woods. For fourteen weeks he wandered to and fro, not knowing where he was, often near perishing of hunger, and sleeping in the hollow of a tree.

At length he lighted upon the wigwam of an Indian chief, and these poor savages, to whom he had always been kind, and who loved him as dearly as his old friends at Salem, sold him a strip of land on Narraganset Bay.

With five companions, who had joined him, Roger Williams set out in a canoe to find a fit place to settle. The people of Rhode Island still know the spot—near a little spring at the head of the bay—where they landed, and where Roger Williams proved his gratitude to the Power which had saved him from starvation in the snowy wilderness by founding the settlement of PROVIDENCE.

It was easier to exile Roger Williams than to kill the truth. After he had gone, the same old ideas about freedom of conscience began to be spoken openly by a lady of Boston, whose name was ANNE HUTCHINSON. The court attacked her; but she was a woman of great spirit, and was not in the least frightened by the grave faces or angry voices of the Puritans.

So the court decided that she and all who believed what she said should be sent out of the colony as unfit to live there. Some were exiled at once, among

others, Mrs. Hutchinson's husband—whom I privately suspect of being rather too much under his wife's thumb. They went, as a matter of course, to Roger Williams, and bought from the Indians the beautiful island of Aquiday, which lay near his settlement at Providence. Mrs. Hutchinson soon joined them there, and they gave to their new home the name of RHODE ISLAND.

RHODE ISLAND is a very small State, and looks quite insignificant on the map, when compared with such great States as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; but when I remember that Rhode Island was the first place in the world where liberty of conscience was established, I can not think of any country in which it is more glorious to have been born.

Soon, stories reached Boston of a noble river which flowed from the wilderness of the north through pleasant and fertile lands, and emptied itself to the sea a little to the west of Roger Williams' settlement at Providence. It was said to be full of the finest fish, and its shores covered with beavers and otters. Already a party of explorers had sailed thither from the old colony at Plymouth, and established a fort to trade with the Indians, who were very numerous on the banks of the river.

It was called the CONNECTICUT, and so well was it spoken of, that many gentlemen in England—among others the great JOHN HAMPDEN, one of the truest friends of liberty that the world has ever known—thought of settling there. They did actually send

out men and ships for that purpose, and erected a fort which they called Fort Saybrook, after the lords Say and Brooke, at the mouth of the river; but the men of Massachusetts were as quick as they.

Late in the autumn, in the year one thousand six hundred and thirty-five, a small expedition—numbering sixty persons, men, women, and children—started on foot with their goods and their cattle to walk overland from Boston to the Connecticut River. I suppose that on our fast railroads to-day one can make the journey in three or four hours.

The little party from Massachusetts had no roads at all; nothing to guide their footsteps but the compass; and they were, in consequence, fourteen days in toiling through the forests and the swamps before they reached the border of the Connecticut. Winter came upon them before they were prepared for it; and, as usual, many suffered severely from cold and sickness.

But with the spring their hopes revived. Friends joined them from Massachusetts, and new settlers from England sailed up the river. The land was rich and fertile, and very soon villages were planted, whose names—Hartford, Windsor, Wethersfield, Springfield—are familiar to every school-boy to-day.

It is said that when the first settlers arrived on the banks of the Connecticut, they were at first much puzzled about a government and laws. They had brought nothing of the kind with them, having had enough to carry with axes, and spades, and corn, and tools, and other such articles. Neither could they

well spare time to meet together to discuss the subject of government, as every moment was required for the building of houses, and the planting of grain, and the felling of trees. So, while they were thinking how they should get over the difficulty, one of the old Puritans took in his hand a large, much worn Bible, which he had brought with him and read o' nights to his family, and made a proposal, which every one agreed to. It was, they say, in the form of a resolution, and ran as follows:

"Resolved, that this Book shall be our Law until we have time to make a better."

I believe there are parts of Connecticut where the people have always been so busy that they have not had time to make a better to this day.

About the same time another colony was founded, which likewise grew to be one of the United States. This was MARYLAND, so called after the unhappy HENRIETTA MARIA, Queen of England and wife of King Charles the First.

The bigoted English bishops and courtiers were the cause of its settlement. For they were so bent —in their dogged obstinacy—on forcing every Englishman to believe the things they believed, and go to their churches, and help to pay their clergymen, that they soon made the land too hot for all but their own followers. We have seen how they drove the Puritans to New England.

They were as harsh in their dealings with the Roman Catholics, whom they persecuted in a variety of

cruel and foolish ways. For a time the Catholics bore their sufferings in patience—it was not such a long time since they had had the upper hand, and then you know how they roasted the Protestants in Smithfield—but at last they began to think of seeking peace abroad.

One of the king's ministers at that time was SIR GEORGE CALVERT, a very amiable and learned man, who afterward became LORD BALTIMORE. He was at heart a Catholic, but for many years he kept his belief to himself, and none suspected it. All at once, however, in the midst of the persecution, the conscience of this honorable man smote him for his deception, and he openly avowed his creed, and resigned his high offices.

From that time he devoted himself to finding a refuge for the Roman Catholics of England, and spent all his fortune in the work. First he tried Newfoundland, but the climate was too severe, and the land too poor. He then turned his thoughts to the region which lay between Virginia and New England, and made two voyages thither to find a suitable place for settlement.

Before he had planted his colony this good man died; but his sons took up the scheme, and one of them, LEONARD CALVERT, set sail from England with about two hundred Catholics, in two vessels called the Ark and the Dove.

They sailed up Chesapeake Bay into the Potomac River, and found on the north bank an Indian village, surrounded by fine fields of Indian corn. Calvert proposed to the Indians to buy the whole vil-

lage for his party. His offer was accepted, and the red men, laden with tools and presents of various kinds, cheerfully resigned their homes to the new settlers, and moved higher up the river.

Calvert being a good Catholic, christened the place St. Mary's.

It is a little remarkable that this settlement was almost the only English one in America which did not suffer from cold or disease or famine. From the first day of their arrival, the Catholics of Maryland found themselves nearly as well off, and as comfortable, as they were at home.

They had some little trouble with a pestilent fellow named CLAYBORNE, a Virginian, who seems to have wanted to keep Maryland for himself; and who, besides annoying the Catholics in many petty ways, actually fitted out an armed boat to attack them.

But Calvert sent two of his boats to meet him, and soon demolished his expedition, killing many men, and making several prisoners. Clayborne himself was sent to England by the Governor of Virginia: it would have been well for the peace of the country had he remained there.

CHAPTER VI.

UP to this time the Indians had lived peaceably with their white neighbors in New England; had brought them furs, and game, and fish, and received in exchange hoes, and cloth, and useful articles for their wigwams.

When the winter was longer than usual, and the red men of the woods had exhausted their stock of food, they went to the houses and villages of the whites, and were hospitably entertained; and in the same way, when the New Englanders were benighted or lost their way in the forests, they were sure of a warm fire and a supper in the wigwam of the Indian chiefs.

But they did not long remain friends. Privately the Indians were jealous of the new-comers, who built themselves houses and laid out farms on the borders of every flowing river and the slopes of every fertile valley, and raised finer crops, and were in every way so much more comfortable than the old dwellers in the land.

Many a chief, I dare say, sighed when he thought of the noble hunting-grounds of his people, which were in the possession of strangers; and his eye flashed when he saw the white smoke curling out of their cottage chimneys on the spots where his warriors had been used to encamp. Others, perhaps,

cast longing eyes at the lonely houses of the white men, and said to each other, in the long cold nights around their camp fires, that it would be a very easy thing to pounce upon these solitary dwellings some dark night, kill the sleepers in their beds, and carry off their corn, and their tools, and their warm clothes.

These savage thoughts were nursed by none more than by the fierce tribe of Pequods, who lived on the banks of the river now called the Thames, and spread all over the country from Providence and Rhode Island to the Connecticut.

While they were brooding over them, a Virginian sailor, named STONE, sailed up the Connecticut in a small vessel to trade. Some say that Stone, who was a wild, quarrelsome sort of fellow, attacked the Indians first on some pretext or other, which is quite likely to have been the case. Whether it was his fault or the Indians', a fight ensued; and to revenge themselves on Stone, the savages stole into his cabin, when he slept, and murdered him and all his crew, and covered up their bodies with dirt and rubbish.

When the news reached New England, the people were much alarmed, and prepared to avenge the murder. The Pequods said they were very sorry, and offered, by way of atonement, a quantity of furs, and strings of shell-beads called wampum, according to their native custom when blood had been shed. But the stern Puritans would not accept them, and demanded that the murderers should be given up.

After this, a trader named JOHN GALLOP, sailing one day near Block Island, fell in with a pinnace which he knew belonged to an old settler named OLDHAM. It appeared to be swarming with Indians, and Gallop at once suspected something was wrong. He bore down upon it, and the Indians showing signs of great fear, his suspicions were strengthened.

He had only two boys with him. But, fearing nothing, he fired his gun at the Indians and ran his vessel into the pinnace. On this the savages, terribly scared, leaped into the water, and Gallop boarded the pinnace. Almost the first thing he saw was the dead body of poor Oldham hidden under a fishing net, and horribly mangled.

"Oh, brother Oldham!" he cried, "is it thou? I am resolved to avenge thee!"

And so said all the men of New England. Fiery John Endicott was the man to teach the Pequods a lesson.

Off he went, with ninety stout men like himself, to Block Island. But the Indians, quite frightened at his coming, had fled. He burnt their wigwams and their corn, knocked their canoes to pieces, and sailed away to the main shore. There he found other Pequods, and asked for the villains who had murdered poor Oldham. As they were not given up, he fell to burning, and ravaging, and laying waste the Indian country as before.

But if the men of New England knew how to avenge an injury, the Pequods knew better. All along the Connecticut River they assembled in small bodies, and when they saw a man walking or work-

ing in his field alone, they murdered him. Sometimes they would attack a lonely house at night, kill the men, and carry off the women and children into a slavery worse than death.

Several of their chiefs, not satisfied with this vengeance, proposed to the chiefs of the Narragansets, another powerful tribe, to form a league against the white men and cut them off altogether.

The scheme having come to the ears of Roger Williams, that lion-hearted man resolved at once to defeat it. Setting out alone, in dreadful weather, in his canoe, he paddled all day and never rested till he reached the wigwam of the head chief or sachem of the Narragansets.

Entering the wigwam, the first persons he saw in the inside were the very Pequod chiefs who had proposed to form the league. They were at that moment talking about it to the Narraganset sachem. White man's blood was still clotted on their knives. They glared fiercely at Williams as he entered, as if to say that they were sure at all events of one scalp more.

But Roger Williams feared no one. He sat him down by his old friends Canonicus and Miantonimoh, who had formerly saved his life in the woods, and began to argue against the proposals of the Pequods as calmly as if he had been sitting in his own house.

Three days and three nights he staid in the wigwam answering the Pequods, and pleading the cause of those who, as you remember, had driven him so harshly from Boston. Every night when he lay down to sleep he knew he might be waked by a stab

from a Pequod knife, or a sudden stroke from a Pequod hatchet, and that he was quite alone and defenseless. But he trusted in God, and never once thought of his own safety.

On the fourth day the Narragansets decided. They said they would not join the Pequods. Roger Williams had won the victory. With a savage scowl the Pequod chiefs slunk back to their tribe.

The men of Connecticut, harassed day and night by prowling bands of these Pequods, and seeing their friends murdered, and scalped, and carried off into captivity, resolved not to wait for help from Massachusetts, but to begin the war alone. At the mouth of the pretty river Thames lay the two principal forts of the savages; against these JOHN MASON was sent with sixty of the bravest men of Connecticut.

On the way he fell in with another bold soldier, JOHN UNDERHILL of Massachusetts, who joined him with twenty men. The friendly Narragansets had promised to aid them with a few Indians; but when they saw that the whites were only about eighty in all, they refused to go, saying that it was madness to attack the great tribe of Pequods with so small an army.

So the white men went on almost alone. Their plan was to sail down the coast past the mouth of the Thames, to land further to the eastward, and to march up to attack the forts.

The Pequods saw them sail past very plainly, and at first did not know what to make of it. Seeing their small numbers, however, they made up their minds that the white men were running away, and

set up loud shouts and songs of triumph, which were heard distinctly at Mason's camp.

Long before daybreak on the twenty-sixth of May the Indian dogs at the Pequod fort began to bark and howl. A cry went through the fort that the English were coming; and true enough, Mason and his little army were trudging on toward the Indians in the darkness. As soon as ever it was light enough to see, the Connecticut men fired a volley into the fort, and then charged.

The Indians defended themselves in the best way they could with their bows, and arrows, and clubs, against the swords and guns of the white men; and as they were six to one at least, the fight was at first very bloody. But Mason, crying "we must burn them!" seized a firebrand, and thrust it into the dry mats of the wigwams, and in a minute the whole fort was in a blaze. Choked by the smoke, and stupefied by the sudden bursting out of the flames around them, the Pequods tried to fly; but Mason had ranged his men in a circle on every side, and whenever an Indian showed his head he was shot down.

They thought of nothing but of the poor white men murdered in their sleep, of the women carried into captivity, of the houses burnt in the bitter winter weather; and with this terrible thought always present to their minds, they showed no mercy. The slaughter was terrible: whole families butchered together. So thickly lay the Indians on the ground, gasping in the agonies of death, that John Underhill said he could hardly move a step without treading

on one of them. I am sure the horrible sight must have haunted him many and many a sleepless night.

When the rest of the Pequods marched down from the other fort early in the morning and saw the smoking ruins and the bleeding bodies of their friends, they burst into a frenzy of rage and rushed upon Mason instantly. But a well-aimed volley soon drove them back, and they fled into the woods.

Then soldiers arriving from Massachusetts, and the Narragansets taking heart after Mason's victory, the pursuit began. Wherever the Pequods went, they were followed by the relentless white men and defeated with great slaughter. Into swamps and dense thickets, over hills, mountains, and rivers they were tracked like wild beasts, and hunted down.

Their chief was caught by some other Indians and murdered. Their women and children were given as slaves to the Narragansets. Of the men, some who gave themselves up were sent away as slaves; but the most part, and all who had steeped their hands in English blood, were mercilessly put to death. Every wigwam was burned; every Indian cornfield laid waste. Not a nook or a cranny was left unsearched. So thoroughly was the work done that, in a short time, there was not a Pequod to be found in all the land.

I am very sorry to be obliged to add that a few years afterward these same people of Connecticut quite forgot what they owed to their brave ally the Narraganset chief Miantonimoh.

A war breaking out between the Narragansets and another Indian tribe called the Mohicans, the

old chief was taken prisoner. His captors carried him to Connecticut, to ask what should be done with him.

The white men, being jealous of all Indians and suspecting Miantonimoh of past mischiefs, answered, to their shame:

"Let him be delivered up to his old enemy the Mohican Uncas."

It was so done. Uncas dragged his prisoner into the woods, and there, before the eyes of two of the Connecticut men who had been sent to see the horrid deed, he struck a hatchet into the brave old warrior's head. As he fell to the earth the savage Mohican cut a piece of flesh out of his victim's shoulder, and ate it, saying that it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

No sooner had the New Englanders got rid of their enemies the Pequods than a war broke out between the Dutch of New Netherland and their Indian neighbors.

For some time they had not lived peaceably together. The Indians now and then took a fancy to a Dutchman's cows or pigs, and carried them off; and the Dutch, who, though naturally a quiet, easy going people, were very violent when they were roused, had punished the thieves with great severity. But the immediate cause of the war was this:

While the Dutch were building their fort on Manhattan Island, two Indians came to sell them beaver skins. One of them had with him his nephew, a

little boy. As they reached the swamp which used to be called the Collect—it is now part of the city of New York and covered with houses—they met three Dutchmen, who resolved to rob them. Lying in wait as they came, the thievish Dutchmen fell upon the poor savages, seized their beaver skins, and killed the uncle of the little Indian boy.

The boy fled to the woods; but, according to a custom which has prevailed among many other races besides the Indians, he swore that when he grew old enough and strong enough, he would be revenged on the murderers of his uncle.

Fifteen years afterward that same boy—then a stout and bold man—approached the house of one CLAES SMITS, a Dutchman, who had set up a wheelwright's forge on the East River. The wheelwright was working at his door as the Indian stepped up and offered him beaver skins in exchange for Dutch goods. The Dutchman agreed, and brought out a chest in which they were kept. But as he stooped to raise the lid, the swift hand of the Indian caught up an ax that was lying by, and with one blow on the back of the wheelwright's neck laid him dead on the ground.

Thus, he said, he avenged the blood of his murdered uncle.

The Dutch were enraged at the news of this cruel murder, and sent to the Indian chiefs to demand that the assassin should be delivered up.

The chiefs refused, saying that it was only blood for blood. They further asked the Dutch envoys:

"Why do you sell brandy to our young men? They are not used to it, and it makes them crazy. Even your own people, who are accustomed to strong liquors, sometimes become drunk and fight with knives. You must sell no more drink to the Indians if you would avoid trouble."

But the Dutch were in no humor to listen to these sensible speeches. At Shrovetide the Governor and several of his friends were dining together, and over their wine their blood grew warm as they talked of the murder of poor Claes Smits the wheelwright.

"Let us," said several Dutchmen present to Governor KIEFT, "take up arms and avenge us on these blood-thirsty heathens."

The Governor was himself a violent man, and replied:

"With all my heart."

Three days afterward, at the dead of night a party of Dutchmen crossed the river stealthily with muffled oars, and crept close to the Indian village at Pavonia, where the savages were sleeping with their wives and children. At a given signal they rushed upon the wigwams, and began to shoot and stab the Indians on every side.

The poor creatures, thus dreadfully awakened from their sleep, could make no defense, and were butchered before they knew who it was that attacked them. Some ran into the woods, but were chased by the Dutch, and driven into the ice-cold waters of the Hudson, where their bodies soon stiffened in death. Women and children, old men and young,

all perished together—the cruel soldiers spared none. Through the chill air of that February night the shrieks of the dying Indians rung so wildly, and so loudly, that the good people of New Amsterdam were startled in their beds, and arose trembling and quaking.

When the Indians discovered next day that this cruel massacre was the work, not of the Mohawks, as they had supposed, but of the Dutch, their fury knew no bounds. Like the Pequods of New England, they fell to burning the houses of the Dutch settlers, killing the men, and carrying the women and children into captivity. When the Dutch sent out expeditions to fight them, they fled into the woods; but the moment the soldiers turned their backs, they were at work again burning and scalping and making prisoners.

In a short time they drove the Dutch from most of their settlements to take refuge at the fort on Manhattan Island; and even there they were obliged to erect a palisade, where Wall Street now runs, to keep off the terrible savages.

Then the Dutch Governor sent messengers to try to make peace with the Indians. The messengers were received in silence, and while the warriors ranged themselves in a ring around them, a chief arose with a bundle of sticks in his hand. Turning to the Dutchmen, he reminded them how, when they came to the red man's country, they had often wanted food, and the Indians had given them corn, and fish, and oysters, which the Dutch now repaid by burning the Indian cornfields: and he laid down

a stick. Then he mentioned more proofs of the Indians' kindness, which the white men had repaid by murdering them in their sleep, and he laid down another stick. So he went on, enumerating the grievances of his tribe, and laying down a stick to mark each one. The messengers did their best to excuse the Dutch and pacify the Indians, but all to no purpose, and the war went on as before.

One by one nearly all the Dutch farms were laid waste, and their inmates murdered. Among others, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, who had settled at Greenwich, near the Dutch, was attacked one night, and murdered with horrible cruelty, together with all her family, except one granddaughter who was carried into captivity. Far and wide the hideous war-whoop of the savage might be heard in the dark woods, striking terror into the white men, and rendering their lives a burden.

After a time the Dutch got Captain John Underhill, of whom you have heard already, to lead their soldiers against the Indians. He attacked the Indian villages, and burnt them; fought many battles, and killed an immense number of the Indians; but as fast as one was killed, two others seemed to spring up in his place. On many and many a field the trodden snow was turned to red with the blood of the slaughtered savages; but from the distant woods and lakes others came, as fierce and as cruel, to pounce upon the Dutch when they least expected it, like hungry birds of prey.

For five years the war lasted; when peace was at length declared, New Netherland was desolate.

Almost the same scenes had taken place in Virginia. The treacherous old chief, Opechancanough, had not given up his idea of destroying the whites, and resolved to make a second attempt as savage as the one which had so nearly succeeded, as you will remember, twenty-two years before.

On the eighteenth of April, one thousand six hundred and forty-four, all his men fell upon the Virginians and began to slaughter them. It was some time before the colonists could collect their forces and make a resolute resistance, and before they did so, three hundred persons had been killed. Those who remained took a terrible vengeance on the Indians, and made Opechancanough himself a prisoner. The desperate old savage—he was a hundred years old, and frightfully ugly—was carried into Jamestown, and a guard set over him.

But the sentinel who, I dare say, had seen his brother or some of his friends cruelly butchered by the Indians, could not restrain himself when the old wretch leered at him with his wicked eye and hideous expression; in a moment of passion he seized his musket and shot him dead.

After his death, the Indians of Virginia were less troublesome.

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CHAPTER VII.

ENGLISHMEN were still sailing across the ocean, in great numbers, to settle in America, where there was no king to tyrannize over them, and no bishops to persecute them on account of religion.

One expedition, headed by a famous Puritan preacher, named JOHN DAVENPORT, arrived in the country, near the Connecticut River, just after the Pequod war, and after searching for some time, settled on the coast, and founded the present town of NEW HAVEN.

It was in April, on a dark and gloomy day, that the exiles chose this resting-place; and there, under the spreading branches of a fine old oak, John Davenport made them a long speech, and advised them to govern themselves in all things by the Holy Word of God, and by no other rule. They followed his advice; and as they were very industrious, shrewd men, New Haven became a rich and prosperous place.

About the same time the great family of the Gorges, who had always been endeavoring to secure a slice of America for themselves, succeeded at last in planting colonies to the North of New Hampshire, and gave to the country the name of MAINE. But old Sir Ferdinand Gorges dying, the people of Massachusetts began to be afraid that the people of Maine could not take care of themselves without help.

So they sent over to Saco, and the other villages of Maine, four commissioners, who told the magistrates they need give themselves no further trouble about the province, and that Massachusetts would manage it for them. One EDMUND GODFREY, a Maine man, was at first very indignant at this; but Massachusetts being strong, and Maine weak, there was no help for it, and Maine was swallowed up.

Massachusetts was certainly a gluttonous colony at this time. Only a short time before, it had swallowed up New Hampshire, and tried hard to get hold of its other neighbors on the south. But it was not so easy to persuade the sons of the pilgrims or the friends of Roger Williams that they were unable to manage their own affairs, and Massachusetts was obliged to give up the idea for the present.

It had very little reason to complain, or to be jealous of its neighbors; for it was thriving wonderfully, and growing richer and more populous every year. A college had been founded, with money left for the purpose by a clergyman named JOHN HARVARD, who, I am sure, never dreamt that his name would be revered by thousands and thousands two hundred years after his death. A printing-press had been set up, quite a wonderful machine in those days; and on it had been printed a book of psalms, the first book ever printed in America. And twenty-six companies of soldiers had been enrolled, to be ready in case of fresh trouble with the Indians; and store-houses built near every village, where powder and arms were kept.

The only thing the colonists wanted was money.

This was so scarce that the most singular things, such as musket-balls and beaver skins, were used as coin. But the commonest kind of money was the wampum, of which you have heard before. This was beads made out of shells, found on the sea-shore. They were of two colors, black and white; and as the black were the rarest, two whites were equal to one black. Three black passed for a penny. As it would have been troublesome to count so many beads, they used to be strung together by a hole in the middle, and counted by the fathom, one fathom being worth two dollars and a half.

It was not till long afterward that the colonists hit upon the idea of using printed pieces of paper, which they called bank notes, for money. I think I know some places where they would have done better to stick to the strings of beads at so much a fathom.

In the year one thousand six hundred and forty-three, the people of Connecticut, foreseeing trouble with their neighbors the Dutch and the Indians, proposed to the other colonies to unite with them in a league for their mutual protection. The proposal was agreed to: and Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, banded themselves together in a league under the name of the UNITED COLONIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

Providence and Rhode Island asked to be admitted to the union; but the stern Puritans of Massachusetts had not forgiven Roger Williams for quarreling with them, and the request was refused. The other four agreed to stand by each other in case of

war, and to defend each other against the Indians and the Dutch. In that agreement you will find the seed from which the United States sprung, one hundred and thirty odd years afterward.

You will likewise find in the stout old Puritans who formed that league the same bold spirit which burned in the hearts of their brave English forefathers, and of their American sons—which will continue to burn, I hope, in the heart of every American, as long as the United States last.

Very soon after this Union was formed, some of the rich men of New Haven began to weary of their new life. They thought they were not making money enough in America, and decided to go home again. So they got a large ship, and put all their goods and money on board, with plenty of corn and furs.

Good JOHN DAVENPORT tried hard to persuade them to remain. But they would not. So eager were they to go, that they would not wait for summer, but set sail in the winter, and cut a passage for their ship through the ice. As they sailed, John Davenport offered a prayer to Almighty God for their safety, and said:

"Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine—save them!"

The ship sailed, and was never heard of more. Week after week, month after month, and year after year the good Davenport and his friends waited, expecting news of their arrival; but no news ever came.

But one June afternoon, nearly three years after-

ward, as the people of New Haven were looking out toward the sea, a ship came in sight, so like the lost one that every one recognized her at once. She sailed steadily northward though the wind blew from the north; and the boys standing on the beach, and seeing her sail in the teeth of the wind, cried to each other:

"There goes a brave ship!"

As she drew nearer, one man, and one only, seemed to stand on the deck. He was a tall, armed man, of a strange, mournful aspect: his right hand grasped a sword which he pointed to the sea. The people wondered more and more at this weird gloomy figure standing alone, and pointing dismally to those black waters. But as they gazed, a dark smoke began to rise from the strange ship, and very soon hid her from view. When it cleared away she was gone, and was never seen or heard of more. So every body said it must be a phantom ship.

So goes the story, and you may believe it or not as you like. One thing is certain, the dreadful fate of the rich men who sailed away from New Haven to carry their treasures back to England discouraged others from following their example.

John Davenport was as brave as he was good. When he was an old man, and New Haven a flourishing place, two of the king's officers arrived there one day, and said they came to seek EDWARD WHALLEY and WILLIAM GOFFE. These were two old English patriots who had fought against the king, and had fled for their lives when their side was conquered. The king was enraged at their escape, and had sent

all the way to New Haven to ferret them out and have them hanged.

The officers were very haughty and decided: they said they must have the fugitives, they knew they were hid in New Haven, and the best thing the people could do was to give them up.

The Governor did not know what to do. He was afraid of the king's anger if he openly resisted him, but his heart revolted against giving up the poor persecuted Englishmen. He sent a swift messenger on Saturday night to John Davenport to tell him what had happened.

Next day the preacher rose as usual to preach his sermon to the people, and chose for his text these words from the prophet:

"Hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee: Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."

After this the king's officers had very little chance indeed of catching the fugitives, and left New Haven in a very ill temper.

Long before these things happened, the great ARCHBISHOP LAUD—whom, though head of the Church of England, I have no objection to call a sneaking, sanctimonious, hypocritical little tyrant—was appointed, with several others like him, a council, or something of the kind, to set the colonies straight, and make the people pray according to Laud, and not according to the Bible. At this the old Puritan spirit rose, and the men of Massachusetts said they would not stand it. Though they were only a handful in comparison with the army of England, and

so poor that they had to borrow money to send an agent over to the King's court, they one and all determined to resist the archbishop, and among them raised six hundred pounds to buy powder and ball for the defense of Boston. But by the time they were ready to fight for their liberties, the archbishop and his friends had enough to do in England to take care of their own necks, and so nothing came of it.

Afterward, the English Parliament—the one which is known in history as the Long Parliament, on account of its sitting so long and accomplishing so much—undertook to interfere with the United Colonies of New England, and to make laws for them. Then the Puritans rebelled again, though without fighting.

"We rode out the dangers of the sea," said they to the people of England: "our fathers came here with happy liberties, which they have enjoyed many years; we will not now give them up."

And the great and good men who sat in that Long Parliament, when they understood the true state of the matter, and saw the bold face put upon it by the Puritans of New England, replied at once:

"You are right: we will not interfere with you."

Oh! if England had always had a Parliament like that Long Parliament!

At this time people believed in witches, who were supposed to be, in general, old ladies with peaked noses, who rode about on broomsticks and other uncomfortable conveyances, killing the cattle, spoiling the crops, and making little boys and girls squint. Nobody nowadays fancies that old ladies, with or

without peaked noses, do any of these things; or that broomsticks ever served to carry people about in the air. But at the time I speak of, all these superstitions were commonly believed; and a great many well-meaning but weak-headed people actually persuaded themselves that they had seen witches flying about over houses and haystacks, with brooms sticking out behind their backs.

So, when a poor old widow, named ANNE HIBBINS, had a quarrel with a neighbor, and went to law about it, and was badgered and worried by lawyers and judges, and finally lost her case and her wits together, and went about the streets of Boston in a crazy way, out of temper with herself and every body else, the wise people who saw her said at once that she was a witch. Several old ladies were quite positive on the subject; and instead of taking the poor daft creature home and trying to console her for the loss of her case, as they ought to have done, they went to the magistrates and accused her of all sorts of absurd crimes.

You can easily fancy that this was not the way to help a crazy woman to her senses again. Widow Hibbins was more crazy than ever when she was brought up to be tried; and the jury said they had no doubt she was a witch, and should be put to death. She was accordingly executed. This was the first of the murders to which the ridiculous belief in witchcraft gave rise in New England.

After the witches came the Quakers—a new sect who had particular ways of their own of worshipping, and talking, and behaving themselves generally.

Most of these ways were harmless in themselves, such as saying Thou instead of You, and calling themselves Friends for want of some other name; and most of the Quakers were sincere, honest men, who meant well to all the world.

But, as you know, the Puritans of Massachusetts would allow no one to remain within their colony unless he belonged to the same church as themselves. When, therefore, two Quaker women arrived at Boston from Barbadoes, the magistrates shut them up in jail.

At first some very charitable people hinted, in an underhand way, that they were witches as well as Quakers, and there was some talk of serving them as Anne Hibbins had been served. But as no one had seen either of them riding on a broomstick, or teaching little boys to squint, the charitable people had to give up the idea of putting them to death. The magistrates, however, sent them out of the colony.

One of them—MARY FISHER—started off to Constantinople, where she astonished the Turks so much that they too took her for a witch. Luckily for her, the Turks—who were a remarkably sensible people on some points—were not in the habit of putting their witches to death. They paid great honors to Mary Fisher, and even allowed her to visit the sultan.

Then other Quakers came to Boston, and began to give a great deal of trouble. Hereafter you will hear of several great men belonging to this sect, who founded one of the greatest States of the Union. But the first Quakers who went to Massachusetts were certainly a very wrong-headed set of people.

They had a way of wearing their hats in presence of the magistrates, and gave a number of ingenious reasons for doing so, none of which, however, made it less impolite. They thought nothing of abusing the Puritans in roundabout language, and calling their laws all sorts of hard names. Besides these very foolish practices, some of them whose brains were muddled by thinking about a future world and so on, had got it into their heads that it was religious to behave indecently, and shocked the modesty of the Puritans by many improper acts. After this, you will not be surprised that the people of Massachusetts undertook to put them down with a strong hand.

First, all the Quakers that could be found were turned out of the colony. Then very severe laws were passed to prevent their coming back. If a Quaker returned after being expelled, he was to be whipped and to have one ear cut off. If he returned a second time, the other ear was to go. If he returned a third time, his tongue was to be bored with a red-hot iron.

Still the Quakers came back, and were whipped, and lost their ears, and had their tongues bored without seeming in the least discouraged. Then the Puritans, who never gave up an idea once adopted, resolved to put some of them to death.

Two men and a woman—MARY DYAR—were caught, and boldly avowed that they were Quakers. Being tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, they blessed God, said he had called them to testify, and were led out to execution. The two men were hanged. Mary Dyar was full as bold as they, and

had cried joyfully when the judge condemned her—"The will of the Lord be done." But the magistrates thought the fright would cure her; after fastening the rope round her neck, they gave her a pardon, and sent her away. The moment she was at liberty she returned to Boston, and began to act as before. Then the magistrates took this brave woman and hanged her.

After hanging one more Quaker, the Puritans began to think that there must be something wrong in their plan, it answered so badly. They were a long time puzzled to see where the mistake could be; but at last they hit upon a new plan which has since been followed in a good many other cases. They made a number of very precise and careful laws against the Quakers; but they privately agreed not to carry them out. After this, when a magistrate was told of a Quaker, he pretended to be very deaf; and when he met one, he looked severely the other way so as not to see him.

While all these atrocities were taking place, the Puritans of New England were busy in other ways as well. In order that every one in the colony should be able to read the Bible, they set up schools for children, and obliged every child to attend and be taught. You know that this is still the case in almost every portion of the United States; and most certainly nothing has done so much for the greatness and glory of this country as this plan of teaching every child to read.

Wherever you find a country falling to decay, or steeped in superstition, or ravaged by quarrels among

its people, you may be sure that there the children are not taught to read: wherever they are, there you are sure to find energy, and religion, and power, and happiness, and freedom.

Another good work which began at this time was the conversion of the Indians to Christianity. This was commenced by JOHN ELIOT, who spent his whole life in teaching the Indians the word of God, and trying to educate them. He made many converts, but rum made more.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Dutch at New Amsterdam were almost ruined, as I said, by the war with the Indians. If it had lasted much longer they must all have gone back to Holland, and no one can tell what difference that might not have made in this history.

Thanks, however, to valiant JOHN UNDERHILL who went to help them to fight—some of the most warlike tribes received such a severe lesson that they agreed at last to make peace. The Dutch were greatly rejoiced at this, as you may imagine, and a day was set apart for thanksgiving at New Amsterdam. Every body was in great spirits, and there was much shouting, and singing, and drinking of beer, and smoking of pipes in the muddy streets of the dirty little place.

But the Dutch—though at that time a very brave and high-spirited people at home—were not the sort of men to thrive in this country. They thought more of trading with the Indians and buying furs cheap than of founding a great nation; and besides, I suspect they were fonder of beer and brandy than was good for them.

Their Governor—William Kieft—was a foolish, passionate man, who was always quarreling with the people about him, and cheating them whenever he could. They say that this Kieft, who was a small man, had a wife who used to bully him, and render

his life a burden; and that when she had worried him till he was almost crazy, he would go out and begin to worry the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam—which may very possibly have been the case. Certain it is that the Dutch were so badly ruled by Kieft that they said they could not be worse treated under a king; and that on one occasion the minister, BOGARDUS, actually preached a long sermon full of hard words against the Governor, who revenged himself by going about and telling every one that Bogardus got drunk.

We can fancy what sort of a place New Amsterdam must have been when the minister called the Governor a tyrant and a thief in church on Sunday, and the Governor retorted by calling the minister a drunkard. Poor silly men! A short while afterward the colony got rid of them both, and they set sail for Holland. As the ship drew near the coast of Wales, a violent storm arose, and she was wrecked; and the Thief and the Drunkard went down together.

If ever the Dutch needed a wise and prudent Governor, it was then. The New Englanders were creeping on, little by little, from Plymouth to Rhode Island, from Rhode Island to the Connecticut, from the Connecticut to Long Island, so that every day they drew nearer and nearer to the Dutch Settlements. At first the Dutch tried to keep them back. They had built a fort on the Connecticut River, and when the New Englanders settled near it the Dutch made a great fuss, and swore a great many violent oaths, and discharged proclamations a yard long at the head of the Englishmen. But, as

you know, proclamations can't hurt any body, and the Connecticut settlers only laughed.

Then the Dutch said that if the English would not go, they would drive them out. To which the Connecticut men replied:

"Come on and try!"

But the Dutch were, in America at least—in Europe they fought very bravely—better talkers than fighters, and they said the Connecticut men were beneath their notice, as many a man does in the like case even to this day.

On the other side, the famous Queen of Sweden, CHRISTINA, seeing all the other nations of Europe dividing America between them, thought Sweden should have its share, and sent out two ships with Swedes to see what they could do. They sailed up Delaware Bay (which was then called the South River), and finding pleasant places for settlement at its head, planted a small colony there, near where Wilmington now stands, and called the place NEW SWEDEN.

The Dutch had a settlement on the same river, and at first were furious with the Swedes for coming there. They tried the old plan of firing a long proclamation, with tremendous words in it, at the Swedes, but it didn't answer any better than it had done with the New Englanders. So the Dutch made their minds up to bear it for a time. But when some New Englanders, from New Haven, tried to settle there too, the Swedes and the Dutch joined together, and would not let them have any share of the country.

After a time it was the Swedes' turn to be jealous of the Dutch. As both parties—Swedes and Dutch—were rather afraid of one another, the Swedish commander, JAN RISINGH, a very cunning soldier, hit upon a plan for seizing the Dutch fort. He sent word to the Dutch Governor that on a certain day he would pay him a friendly visit.

Now the Dutch were always famed for their good eating; and as he liked nothing so well as a grand dinner, with plenty of eatables and plenty of drinkables, and plenty of smokables afterward, the Dutch Governor made great preparations to feast his Swedish neighbors. When the Swedes came, therefore, they all sat down, and the Dutchmen began to stuff themselves and to drink great goblets of beer, and wine, and brandy. The cunning Swedes pretended to eat and drink as well; but they took care not to empty their goblets. When they saw the Dutch Governor and his chief men-at-arms so drunk that they could not walk, and could hardly stand, they all rose up at once and seized the fort, and pulled down the Dutch flag and hoisted the Swedish one in its place.

When the news of this trick, and of the capture of the Dutch fort reached Fort Amsterdam, it created, as you may fancy, a tremendous uproar. The Governor at that time was a fierce old soldier, with a wooden leg, whose name was PETER STUYVESANT. He flew into a great rage, and said he would not leave a Swede alive in America. As he was not only a man of words but a man of deeds, who liked nothing better than shooting and slashing,

and dashing men's brains out, he soon collected an army of Dutchmen and sailed straight to where the Swedes were.

By this time cunning Jan Risingh was rather sorry for what he had done, and went out to meet terrible Peter Stuyvesant, who was stumping on as fast as he could with his wooden leg. Peter Stuyvesant was too angry to talk much: he told the Swedes they must submit to the Dutch, and hoist the Dutch flag, and call themselves Dutch and not Swedes any longer, or else he would knock their heads off instantly. The Swedes tried to argue, but it was of no use; so being unable to resist so large an army as Peter Stuyvesant's, they submitted to whatever he required. And this was the end of New Sweden in America.

But the Dutch did not benefit much by their victory over the Swedes. Every fourth house in New Amsterdam was a grog-shop, where drinking and smoking and fighting took place almost every day.

When I think of that horrible little hole, and compare it with the great city of New York—where, as you know, there are no places where men get drunk and fight, and act like brute beasts, as so many of these poor Dutchmen did—I feel quite proud that this book should be published in a city which has improved so vastly in this respect. I hope I am not like the Pharisee in the Bible.

Besides getting drunk themselves, the Dutchmen used to make the Indians drunk, and then you know what was sure to follow. One night a Dutchman

sold brandy to the Indians, who drank it, and of course went mad on the spot, screeching and howling, and fighting, and firing off guns. A party of Dutch soldiers passing by, asked what the noise was. They were told it was the Indians, who were drunk. "Oh!" said the officer, "then we must teach them to behave better;" and he ordered his men to fire at them as they were dancing and yelling in their mad way around a fire.

This cruel murder aroused the Indians far and wide, and more horrible wars were the consequence. In fact, this sort of thing happened so often that I can hardly enumerate each separate case. Each time, however, the Dutch got the worst of it.

For though they killed a number of Indians, there were always more left to continue the war; but the Dutch, when their farms were ravaged, and their houses burnt, and men, women, and children killed or carried away into the far woods to be the slaves of the savages, suffered dreadfully, and wished they were back in Holland again.

All this time the people of New England were not very good friends with the Dutch, and often, in their councils, the men of the United Colonies talked of going down in a body to New Netherland and putting an end to their disorderly neighbors altogether.

While they were thinking of it, the new King of England, Charles the Second, who, for the sorrow of his country, had just been smuggled back to his throne, wanted to make his brother a present, and saw nothing so much to his mind as the Dutch set-

tlement at New Netherland. To be sure, it was not his to give; but kings, you know, have ideas of their own on these subjects, and when they want to conquer a territory, they often make a present of it to some rich lord or general, and then tell him to get it if he can. This was the way King Charles gave New Netherland to his brother.

This brother was the DUKE OF YORK—a mean, false, bigoted fellow, who afterward became King of England as James the Second, and was kicked out of the country, as he richly deserved: went to Ireland and persuaded the Irish, who are always ready to fight without caring much for right or wrong, to take up arms for him, and get thrashed by the English for their pains; and finally ran away to France, where the king gave him a house to live in, and a trifle of money. I wish the great city of the United States had been named after a better man.

The Duke of York liked nothing better than helping himself to the country his brother had given him. As he was admiral of England, he got ready several of the best ships, and filled them with soldiers, and sent them to conquer the Dutch settlements.

When the news reached New Amsterdam, brave old Peter Stuyvesant raged like a lion. His wooden leg had no rest from morning to night, and you might have heard his voice every where storming, and scolding, and giving courage to the Dutchmen, and urging them to prepare for defense, and swearing in his rough way that he would soon settle the Duke of York and his ships. He had hard work of it,

however, for most of the Dutch were greatly afraid of the English, and did not at all like the idea of fighting.

Meanwhile the English fleet sailed up the bay, and carried a letter to Stuyvesant, summoning him to surrender. The burgomasters, as the Dutch magistrates were called, were for replying Yes, and hauling down the flag; but old Peter Stuyvesant flew into a greater rage than ever, and tore the letter to bits before their faces.

The burgomasters gathered all the bits together, and made a copy of the letter, which they read to the people, who began to clamor more and more for a surrender. But they might as well have talked to a stone as to Peter Stuyvesant.

Then the English commander ordered two of his ships to sail up opposite the town, so as to bombard it. Peter Stuyvesant stood on the rampart—which is now the battery—and beside him stood a gunner with a lighted match in his hand ready to fire upon the English ships. As they sailed up, a clergyman ran out, seized hold of Stuyvesant and dragged him away from the rampart by main force. The people flocked to him in great crowds, beseeching and imploring him not to resist the powerful English, but to surrender the place. Peter answered between his teeth,

"I would much rather be carried out dead."

But, at last, the people said bluntly that Stuyvesant might defend the place if he would, but they would not; and seeing all the principal citizens of this mind, and his own son among the number, the

gallant old soldier hid his face in his hands and burst into tears, asking,

"What will be thought of this in the Fatherland?"

The Dutch cared very little apparently about what people might think in the Fatherland. They ran to hoist a white flag, and to let the English in, delighted that there was no fighting to be done.

So New Amsterdam was taken by the English, and its name changed to NEW YORK.

Nine years afterward, the king of England being at war with the Dutch, a Dutch fleet sailed up to New York, and summoned it to surrender. It did so at once; for the Duke of York had ruled it as badly as he afterward ruled England, and the people were glad to get free from him.

But when the peace came, fifteen months afterward, the Dutch gave New York back to the English again.

This is the last you will hear of the Dutch in this history. They were in many respects a fine people, very industrious and persevering, and we who live in the country they settled certainly owe something to them. But they had not the spirit or the earnestness of the English; they dealt unwisely and unfairly by the Indians; they were badly governed among themselves. On the whole, when I see what the Dutch are doing at this day in the colonies which have not been taken from them, I can not feel as indignant as I ought, perhaps, at King Charles the Second for making his brother a present of New Netherland, and turning it into an English country.

I should say here that the Duke of York, who had got New Netherland so cheap, made a present of a part of it to two friends of his named BERKELEY and CARTERET, and gave it the name of NEW JERSEY, in honor of the latter, who was Governor of the Island of Jersey. It was as yet a poor, wild place, with very few settlers.

CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE the people of Virginia and Maryland were increasing in numbers, and becoming every day better pleased with their new homes. They were great planters of tobacco; and it served them, as the sea shells did the New Englanders, instead of coined money. The Governor's salary was so many pounds of tobacco; so many pounds were raised by taxes; when a man owed any thing to his neighbor he paid him in tobacco. As the soil was fertile and the climate pleasant, the tobacco growers were, for a time, contented and happy.

They had their troubles, of course. Clayborne was in England, grumbling at not being allowed to keep Maryland for himself, and forming dark plots in his dark mind against the Catholics of St. Mary's. He found one CAPTAIN INGLE, a sailor, who was ready for any bold, unlawful expedition, in which hard knocks and rich plunder were to be had; and these two, seeing that England was at that time in a very disturbed state, and no law any where, laid a plan to do a little business on their own account.

They sailed up the Chesapeake one fine day, and summoned the Catholics of Maryland to surrender, which they did at once. Governor Calvert made the best of his way to Virginia to seek help from his

friends there, and left Clayborne and Ingle to do what they liked with Maryland.

Returning soon after with as many Virginians as he could enlist, Calvert fell upon Clayborne's band and defeated them, and besieged them in the Isle of Kent. They were soon reduced to surrender; and having torn up and burnt the colony records, like a bad robber as he was, Clayborne fled out of the country once more.

The Marylanders hoped they would never see his face again; but they were mistaken.

For when the people of England could endure no longer the treachery and tyranny of their King, Charles the First, and rose up and chopped off his head, and set up OLIVER CROMWELL in his place, the people of Virginia and Maryland, who had suffered no wrong at the King's hands, and were faithful and loyal men, would not submit to Oliver Cromwell, but proclaimed the King's son. Oliver Cromwell said, when he heard of it,

"These colonists of ours must be looked after; where shall I find a man to go and knock me them about the heads?"

William Clayborne started up at once and said he was the man. So Oliver gave him several ships, and he sailed over to Virginia, where, after some trouble, he induced the colonists to acknowledge Cromwell.

He then went to Maryland, where the people did the same; but this was not enough for Clayborne, who pretended to be very religious, and to hate the Catholics bitterly. Having picked a quarrel with

STONE, the Governor, he turned him out of his office, and put a creature of his own in his place. He then pretended to call an Assembly of the people to make laws for the colony, but he would not allow any Catholic to be a member of it. You remember that all the first colonists who came over with Calvert were Catholics; in fact, there were hardly any Protestants or Puritans in Maryland, except those whom Clayborne brought with him. So this plan of Clayborne's was as much as to say,

"I and my friends will make laws for the colony."

The Catholics determined to fight for their liberties. Stone, the late Governor, though a Protestant, led them against the Puritans, and a great battle was fought. The Puritans charged first, crying,

"In the name of God, fall on! God is our strength!"

Stone's men advanced to meet them; their cry was:

"Hey for St. Mary's!"

But they could not stand the furious onslaught of the Puritans, and were soon routed. Four of the principal leaders were executed: the Puritans were going to execute the others, when the women ran out and interceded for them, and their lives were spared.

After this the Catholics sent over to England for help. It was very long in coming; but at last, all parties agreed to live peaceably together, and not to cut each other's throats because they went to different churches.

Virginia had troubles of another kind. During

the time that England was a republic, with Oliver Cromwell as chief magistrate—Protector was the name they gave him—a great many of the friends of the old King, Charles the First, came over to settle there. They were called Cavaliers; and were mostly high-spirited, genial old fellows, who liked good wine and fine horses, were true to their word, and thought themselves very superior to the rest of mankind.

These were the men who established the "first families" of Virginia; and considering the great number of people who belong to these first families in the present day, I think the old Cavaliers were quite right in thinking themselves superior to the rest of mankind—Shem, Ham and Japhet, the sons of Noah, excepted.

While they were establishing the first families, however, these old Cavaliers continued to make the second and third, and other inferior families, as uncomfortable as could be. Little by little they cheated the people out of their rights, and laid heavy taxes upon them to support their Governor and members of Assembly, and so on, till they became very much disliked indeed.

The new King of England, Charles the Second, who, as I said before, was smuggled back to his throne for the sorrow of his country, began to worry the Virginians also. He and his friends in Parliament made a law to compel the Virginians to send all their tobacco and other goods to the English, and would not allow them to trade with other nations.

Then the King, who was a jolly sort of king, and liked nothing better than eating and drinking, and

listening to music at other people's expense, and had a great many jolly friends like himself, took it into his royal head, one day, to make a present of a slice of Virginia to one friend, and another slice to another. You know how he made his brother a present of New Netherland in the same way. These friends of his cared nothing about the country; all they wanted was to get money from it, and to do this, they squeezed the settlers so cruelly, that they grew almost reckless at last, and ready for any mischief.

At first they tried peaceable means, and sent their Governor, SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY to England to argue their case for them. But Sir William Berkeley thought a great deal more of filling his own pockets than of guarding the rights of Virginia, and the courtiers soon bought him over. You can tell what sort of a man he was from his thanking God that they had no schools in Virginia, and no printing-presses.

Just at this time the Indians, who had been quiet ever since the death of old Opechancanough, began to be troublesome again. The Virginians said the Governor did not keep them down as he ought, which was very likely, as he made a great deal of money by selling licenses to trade with them. Several of the settlers asked leave to attack the Indians; but the Governor would not give his consent.

Upon this, one of the settlers, named NATHANIEL BACON, said he would attack them with or without the Governor's consent, if they disturbed the white people any more.

A few days after this, the Indians came by night and

plundered Bacon's own plantation. Bacon gathered as many men as he could and marched out against them, without the Governor's leave; and finding them in one of their forts, he attacked it and killed a great number of them. He then returned to Jamestown, where Sir William Berkeley was, and was arrested for what he had done. But the Governor was afraid to punish him, and let him go.

When Bacon saw that Berkeley was afraid to punish him, he and his friends began to ask for their old rights of which the people of Virginia had been deprived; and when these were denied them, Bacon appeared suddenly one day before the Governor's house at the head of several hundred armed men. Sir William ran out and opened his coat, crying to Bacon,

"Here, shoot me! Fore God! fair mark! Shoot!"

Bacon replied that he would not hurt a hair of his head, but that he wanted the Indians to be prevented from ravaging the plantations.

Berkeley was forced to grant what Bacon asked. The people recovered their rights, and the Indians were attacked wherever they were found.

But as soon as Sir William could collect a few men together he declared war against Bacon, and gave out that he was a traitor and a rebel. This did not frighten Bacon in the least. He marched all his men straight to Jamestown, where the Governor was, and laid siege to the place.

On the way he took prisoners all the wives of the Governor's friends, and when he besieged Jamestown, placed them in front of his army, so that the Governor's soldiers dared not fire for fear of killing them.

This plan succeeded so well that, after a short siege, Sir William Berkeley slipped out of the town one dark night and sailed silently down the river. Bacon then set fire to the town, and in a few hours there was nothing left of it but ashes.

This was the end of the first English settlement in America.

Bacon soon after died of fever, and his men, the brave Virginians, were divided and beaten by the Governor with soldiers sent him from England. Almost all the leaders were taken. There was very little hope for them from the cruel Berkeley.

One of them, a brave soldier and a good citizen named DRUMMOND, was taken before him.

"You are very welcome," said this miserable Governor; "I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia—you shall be hanged in half an hour."

And he was hanged accordingly that afternoon. Another brave Virginian named LAWRENCE, sooner than give himself up to the brutal Governor, made his escape in a snow-storm, and was never heard of more.

It would have been better for the others to have done the same, for the snows and winds of heaven were less cruel than this English Governor with his troopers and his soldiers. Twenty-two of Bacon's friends were hanged, and their wives and children driven out to starve.

Even the jolly King of England, little as he thought of men's lives, sent word to Berkeley to spare some of them; but Sir William put the letter in his pocket, and went on hanging as before. When, at last, every

one was sick of the work, he graciously pardoned the remaining prisoners, on condition that they should beg their lives with ropes round their necks; and consoled himself by giving orders that every one who spoke well of poor Bacon and his friends should be whipped. He was very sorry, he said, that he had not been able to find this brave man's bones, in order to hang them as he did his friends; but they had been buried privately, and no one would tell the savage Governor where they lay.

It was a bright day for Virginia—and there was joy in every house, and bonfires in every village—when Sir William Berkeley went back to England. With all the innocent blood he had shed on his conscience, he could not live happily; and I am not surprised that he soon sickened and died. I like to think that the people of England were so disgusted with the cruelty and villainy of the man, that they insulted him whenever they could, and that he died of a broken heart.

The jolly King was never tired of giving his friends presents of land in America. South of Virginia, and north of the Spanish country—which is now the State of Florida—there was a large territory which, as you recollect, had been called—or at least a part of it had been called Carolina, after the murdering King of France, Charles the Ninth. This territory the jolly King gave to the general who had helped to smuggle him back to his throne, and to several friends of his.

The general, whose name was MONK, had been created Duke of Albemarle, and in honor of him the

first settlement in new territory on the Chowan River was christened Albemarle. To it there came settlers from Virginia, New England, and the Bermudas, and it soon became populous and thriving. This was the beginning of NORTH CAROLINA.

Further south the King's friends had planted a small settlement, not very far from the old French fort of Port Royal, to which they gave the name of Charlestown. After a time they found a better place to settle nearer the coast, and removed thither, calling the new place by the old name—Charlestown. The climate was very fine, and there soon came Scotchmen, and Cavaliers, and Irish Protestants, and French Huguenots, and a great number of others, to settle there. This was the beginning of SOUTH CAROLINA.

The only thing at all remarkable in connection with the settlement of Carolina was the plan that was drawn up for its government by two of the ablest and most famous men of England—LORD SHAFTESBURY and JOHN LOCKE.

It would take me too long to describe the whole of this plan; and as it never went into effect, or was even seriously tried, it will be enough to say that its chief object seemed to be to make a batch of new lords, palatines, barons, and caciques, for the special use and benefit of Carolina, and to keep one fifth of the whole country for them alone. It is said there are people in some parts of the Carolinas and in Virginia who are very fond of calling themselves aristocrats, and so on, to this day. I suppose these are the people who would have been lords and barons, and

palatines and caciques, if the great model constitution of Shaftesbury and Locke had ever been established. I am sorry it wasn't for their sakes, for I suppose it would have done them a great deal of good to have had these odd handles to their names.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the jolly King Charles the Second was smuggled back to England and to his throne, the colonies of New England lost no time in paying their respects to his majesty. I wish myself that honest old Massachusetts had not pretended to be so delighted with the change, and had not compared itself to Mephibosheth, which, "by reason of lameness," had been tardy in "kneeling before her restored king."

At heart, the New Englanders were sorry enough at what had happened in England; more sorry still when they heard that so many of their friends were being executed, among others, SIR HARRY VANE, who had once been Governor of Massachusetts, and a friend of Mrs. Hutchinson. And though they did at first pretend to be very loyal and very much charmed with the return of the jolly King, yet afterward, when they had time to think, and especially when the news came that the King's church was to be set up among them, they were much less in love with his majesty. They said his health should not be drunk in Massachusetts; and when three of Cromwell's soldiers fled for refuge to New England and were chased by the Royalists, the Governor pretended to be in a desperate hurry to find them, but took care always to look in the wrong place.

There was trouble brewing between them and the new king. New Haven being added to Connecticut, a dispute arose between that colony and Massachusetts about boundaries; and at the same time several of the colonists made complaints to the King of the New England Governors. Charles was glad enough to get a chance of meddling with the colonies.

It was just at the time his brother, the Duke of York, was sending an expedition to New Amsterdam: the King directed the same officers to go to New England and put matters straight there. In Connecticut they were well received, but the stern Puritans of Massachusetts did not like them at all. They had no idea of suffering cold, and hunger, and hardship of every kind to found a new country in order that the King's officers should come and worry them in it after it was settled.

It was the custom in Boston to keep Saturday evening holy by prayer as well as the Sabbath. The King's officers, on the contrary, chose to meet on that evening to make merry and drink wine. When the magistrates heard of it, they sent a constable to tell the officers that the laws of Boston did not allow such doings: but one of the officers, SIR ROBERT CARR, fell upon the constable and beat him off.

Then another constable, named MASON, went to them and told them that they should be ashamed of setting so bad an example to the people, adding, that if they did so again, he would arrest them.

"What! said Carr, "arrest the King's commissioners?"

"Yes," answered Mason, stoutly, "the King himself, if he broke our laws."

I think we shall see something more of this sort of spirit before we are done with the people of Massachusetts.

The commissioners went back to England in a great rage, and tried hard to do some mischief to the colonies; but the jolly King at that time had his hands full in a war with the Dutch, and the affair of New England was forgotten.

Good, you know, often comes out of evil, and this visit of the commissioners had the good effect of rendering the Puritans a little more tolerant toward people of other religions. Many Baptists began to appear in Massachusetts; and Quakers were still found in some places. Now and then the old laws were put in force, and cruel punishments inflicted; as in the case of two young Quaker women, who were cruelly whipped from town to town. The husband of one of them followed them, trying to put his hat between the lash and his poor wife's bleeding back. But these horrid scenes, I am happy to say, became rarer and rarer.

A great peril now befell New England. Most of the Indians who had seen the frightful destruction of the Pequods were dead, and the children who at that time were too young to understand what was going on, had grown up to be warriors. Like their fathers, they could not forgive the white people for coming to America and taking their hunting-grounds for cornfields, and cities, and villages. Often and often, over their fires in the woods, they talked of

what their tribes had been, and angrily reminded each other of what they were.

Their principal chief was the son or nephew of old Massasoit, the friend of the pilgrims, and a brave warrior; his name was POMETACOM, but the New Englanders generally called him KING PHILIP.

He, above all others, grieved bitterly to see the white men driving back the Indians on every side, and taking their country as though the red men had no right to it; and his proud heart swelled with rage when he thought how different it had been in the days of old Massasoit.

One day an Indian ran into one of the towns and told the magistrates that Philip had laid a plot to gather all the Indian tribes together and fall upon the white men and murder them. To punish this man for revealing their plans, three of his tribe waylaid him at night and killed him. These three the magistrates of Plymouth caught, tried them for the murder, and hanged them.

Then King Philip burnt several houses, and made a descent upon Swansey, where he killed many of the inhabitants. Thus, first the red men killing the red, then the white killing the red, and then the red killing more white, began the war which is called King Philip's War: and I must say, I think the whites were as much to blame, if not more, than the reds.

Four days after the descent on Swansey, a large body of soldiers, horse and foot, marched out from Boston, and joined another party from Plymouth. King Philip had fled to a swamp—where Tiverton

now stands—and thither the New Englanders followed him.

When they reached the swamp they saw no one, and advanced slowly over the wet soft ground and through the thicket, the soldiers firing wherever they heard a rustle or saw a bush shake. In this way they wounded several of their own friends. When night came on they withdrew, formed a ring round the swamp, and made sure they would take Philip in the morning. But when morning came, he was gone, with all his men, no one knew whither.

Not gone for good, however, for the next thing the New Englanders heard, was that Northfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, had been attacked by the Indians, and many persons killed and houses burned.

Up from Hadley rode CAPTAIN BEERS to help the people of Northfield; but the fierce Indians met him on the way and killed him with twenty of his men. Then LATHROP started, with eighty brave young soldiers; but as he drew near Deerfield—at a brook, still called Bloody Brook—the Indians burst upon him suddenly from all sides. The white men formed a square and fought desperately; but they were in the power of their enemies, and not one escaped.

All over New England the same things took place. In the dead of night when all was silent, the fearful war-whoop of the Indians would be heard ringing from the woods; the next moment a gleam of flame would burst from some house they had set on fire; then, yelling and shouting, the frantic savages would leap in upon the startled sleepers and scalp them in

their beds. Sometimes, when a settler opened his door in the morning, a shot from an Indian hid behind a tree would lay him low before he saw his treacherous enemy. Or he would leave his house to go into the field, hear a scream behind him, and return to find his wife and children lying dead, hacked and gashed by the savage's knife. Such a period of terror had never been known in New England.

To add to its horrors, it was said that strange sights were seen in the heavens. Comets appeared with long bright tails, which the terrified settlers fancied were like Indians on horseback. Some said they had seen a long shining sword in the sky threatening them. Others were quite sure that they had seen an Indian bow drawn in the clouds. Others felt certain they had seen a long hairy scalp dangling over the north star. Then it seemed, too, as though the hideous howl of the wolves came closer and closer to them at nights, and the poor frightened children shivered, and their flesh crept with fear.

All these things, you know, had nothing to do with King Philip and the Indian war. Comets, and northern lights, and clouds, which are the glorious works of God, have no connection whatever with wars, and murders, and battles, which are the vile works of man. But the Puritans of New England were very superstitious, and as they understood very little about the splendid beauties of the heavens, they fancied whenever they saw any thing strange, that it must have some reference to themselves and their fortunes.

In crowds the people of the smaller villages and the country parts flocked to the large cities for pro-

tection, to Boston especially. There the magistrates and Governor of Massachusetts assembled to take counsel about the danger which had befallen the colony.

They decided that it was a punishment for their sins, among which they enumerated the wearing of ribbons and long hair, and the toleration of Quakers. They resolved accordingly to put a stop to these sins at once, and the men cut off their hair, and the Quakers were once more persecuted.

They might have cut their hair till their heads were as smooth as apples, and hanged every Quaker in the land, without doing themselves much good, if they had not, at the same time, raised an army of a thousand men, and sent them out over the frozen ground to attack the Indians in their swamps.

The commander was the Governor of Plymouth, JOSIAH WINSLOW. He marched straight to where the Narragansets were. It was in the heart of a swamp; and the Indians had fortified themselves in the best way they could with a thick hedge and palisades. On Saturday night Winslow's army was within fifteen miles of the swamp; and next morning—December the nineteenth—they marched to the attack, the Massachusetts troops leading the van.

There was only one narrow opening through the hedge which surrounded the fort; as soon as the Massachusetts men advanced toward it, the Indians began to fire from behind the hedge, and very soon killed two captains and so many men that the others fell back. Then the Plymouth and Connecticut men came up, and all together charged again. The Indians fought

so bravely that for three hours the New Englanders could not force their way through the narrow passage. But at last a small party of the white men broke through another part of the hedge and began to attack the Indians from behind. This settled the day.

The savages fled in great confusion into the woods. Many still remained in the fort, when the victorious army set it on fire; and, as usual in these horrible Indian wars, many were consumed in the flames. Other poor creatures, driven into the drifting snow, without food or fire, perished of cold.

That same evening Winslow's army marched back to the place whence they had come, through a December snow-storm, carrying their wounded with them. Nearly one-fourth of the little army had been killed or wounded in the battle; another fourth were frozen on the way, and many never recovered. Long and long after that dreadful nineteenth of December, were the horrors of the "Swamp Fight" remembered, and talked of with a shudder over the firesides of New England.

Not in the least did it subdue the Indians. By February they were at their old work again, burning, and murdering, and scalping by night. There was not a house in Plymouth or Rhode Island that was safe; even within eighteen miles of Boston, Weymouth was attacked and partly burned.

A party from Connecticut heard one day that the chief CANONCHET, the son of Miantonimoh, was in their neighborhood, and started in pursuit of him. He was a very tall, strong man, and for a long time kept ahead of his pursuers. His foot slipping at last,

he was caught, and young JOHN STANTON asked him some questions.

"Me no answer you," said the proud chief, "you too much child to understand matters of war: let your chief come."

When he was taken before the magistrates, they tried to make friends with him, and to persuade him to make a treaty of peace, and give up some of the Indians who had done the most mischief. But the stern savage replied that he would never be friends with the white men, and would never, never give up an Indian. He was sentenced to be shot. When they told him, he turned to the officer and said, in broken English,

"I like it well: I die before my heart is soft; I have not spoken any thing unworthy of myself."

Two Indians took him into the woods and shot him: his head was sent to Hartford.

Still there was no peace. One Sabbath morning, when the people of Hadley were at church, a fierce band of Indians fell upon the village. The people flew to arms and began to defend themselves; but the savages were the most numerous, and were gaining upon them.

At that moment a tall man with gray hair and a commanding aspect, suddenly appeared among them, and began to direct the defense with such vigor and skill, that the Indians gave way, and, after some time, fled into the woods. Everybody asked who the gray-headed man was, for no one had seen him before; and after the Indians had fled, he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Some superstitious people

said he was an angel. He was GENERAL GOFFE, one of Cromwell's soldiers, who had fled to New England when Charles the Second was crowned.

All this while King Philip himself was away at the great lakes and in Canada, trying to gain over the northern tribes of Indians to his cause. They were afraid of the white men, however, and would not join Philip, and he returned in the summer to his own country, which was at that time scoured by the white men in every direction.

Seeing how desperate the contest had become, and that the New Englanders must be victorious in the end, one of Philip's warriors advised him to make peace. The proud chief struck him dead with a blow of his hatchet. There could be no peace, he said, between the white men and the red.

Then COLONEL CHURCH, a very bold soldier, came up with Philip, besieged him in his camp, killed a great number of his men, and took his wife and son prisoners. The former was beheaded, and her head stuck upon a pole at Taunton: the latter was sold into slavery. When Philip heard of their fate, he cried,

"My heart breaks; now I am ready to die!"

And die he did soon after. One of his own men treacherously betrayed his hiding-place to Colonel Church, and, as the soldiers came up, shot the bold chief with his own musket. His right hand was cut off, and borne away by the traitor Indian as a trophy; and his dead body was barbarously drawn and quartered, according to the brutal custom of those days.

This was the end of King Philip's War—the most dreadful the New Englanders had known. They

had lost six hundred men in the course of a year, and about one thousand houses had been burned.

The Indians had lost a great many more: in fact, two of the great tribes had been entirely destroyed, and there was no trace left of them but the charred ruins of their forts, where the ground, fattened with blood, was yielding rank crops of grass and weeds.

In the same year that King Philip was killed, JOHN WINTHROP, Governor of Connecticut, died, aged seventy-one years. He was the son of that John Winthrop who was the first Governor of Massachusetts, and whose Christian virtues and manly fortitude had been one of the chief causes of the prosperity of the young colony of the Bay State.

Father and son were both men of unusual courage, perseverance, and faith in God and in themselves. Under the most cruel afflictions hope never left them; when all was bright around them, they never forgot what they owed to Providence. John Winthrop the younger was a man of great learning; the most famous men in England sent to him to Connecticut for his opinion on difficult questions of philosophy and science; and when he went to England to obtain a charter for Connecticut, he was received every where with attention and respect.

Indeed, I do not know where to look in the Europe of that day for two greater statesmen, or better men, or truer Christians than the two John Winthrops. In their lives you will find all the best and noblest points of the American character.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW JERSEY was a poor, wild place, with very few inhabitants, when the Duke of York sold or gave it to Sir GEORGE CARTERET and LORD BERKELEY. These two were courtiers, that is to say, they were gay, idle men, who dressed splendidly, and went to Court, and danced and flirted with fine ladies, and talked nonsense, and cared about nothing but pleasure, and rank, and money. They thought at first that they would make a great fortune out of their new Province of New Jersey; and sent out PHILIP CARTERET, with a great flourish, to be Governor for them.

He landed at the place where Elizabethtown now stands—it was so called after Elizabeth, Lady Carteret—with a hoe on his shoulder, as a sign that he was going to do a tremendous deal of work in the Province. It was a fine idea no doubt; but it did not answer as well as was expected.

For, though settlers came from New England and old England and elsewhere, and planted themselves on the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, they could not agree with the Governor, and very soon all went wrong. A little disgusted with the country, Philip Carteret returned to England just before the Dutch regained possession of their colonies.

At the time they surrendered them to England, at the peace, one of the two owners of New Jersey—

Lord Berkeley—was sick of the speculation, and sold his share of the Province to two Quakers for five thousand dollars. Philip Carteret came back, this time, without hoe or flourish, and tried to govern the eastern half of the Province. But he soon contrived to quarrel with the Governor of New York, and was obliged to go to England to settle the dispute.

It was finally decided in his favor; but by this time Sir George Carteret was dead, and his heirs were quite tired of the business of founding a colony. More Quakers offering to buy, they very gladly sold their share, and thus the whole of New Jersey passed into the hands of the Quakers.

These were very different people from the Quakers who had been seen in Massachusetts. They were quiet, orderly men, who disturbed no one; worshipped God in their own way, and let other people worship in theirs; wrought hard, and strove to live at peace with all the world. Their chief was WILLIAM PENN, the son of a brave English sailor.

You can tell by his portrait what sort of a man he was. No woman had a gentler eye, or a milder expression; kindness beamed in his looks; there was an open frankness in his countenance which no one ever has who does not tell the truth. He was very rich, and had many friends at Court, his father having been of the great admirals of the navy of England.

When quite a boy, he had become a Quaker, and from that day to the end of his life his whole soul was given up to the interests of the Quakers. To them he gave his time, his money, his liberty. When

a Quaker was in distress, William Penn was always ready to relieve him; when the Quakers were persecuted, William Penn stood forth as their champion. Often thrown into prison in England, and even turned out of doors by his own father, on account of his being a Quaker, he never yielded the finest hair's breadth; but with gentle face and sweet expression, remained as firm and as undaunted in his opinions as the stoutest of the stern old Puritans was in his. For a long time he had seen that the Quakers could not be happy in England, and that some new country must be found for them abroad. They had tried, as you remember, to settle in New England, and in Virginia, but persecution had followed them, and they were without a home.

It was then that Penn, with some other rich Quakers, bought New Jersey. They sent out several ships with settlers; some to found Salem and Burlington in the west, others to scatter on the eastern part of the Province. At the same time, a dreadful persecution raging in Scotland, many of the Scotch asked leave from Penn to settle in New Jersey, and obtained it.

They, too, were good and true men, fearing God, and doing their duty to man. One of these Scotchmen, named GAWIN LAWRIE founded the port of Perth Amboy—so called after the Scottish Earl of Perth—and made up his mind that it would be a much greater place than New York in course of time. It does not look just now as though Gawin Lawrie's prediction was going to be accomplished in a hurry.

It so chanced that the jolly King Charles the Second

owed William Penn a large sum of money. As he never had any to spare, and always spent more than the people of England would give him, the courtiers laughed at Penn when he spoke of the debt, and were quite sure he would never get any thing from the King. Penn, in his quiet, gentle way, begged over and over again that the matter might be settled; and when the King was fairly worried out of patience by his perseverance, proposed to let his majesty off if he would grant him a strip of land in America.

This suited Charles perfectly. He was so pleased with the idea of paying his debts with lands which did not belong to him that he insisted on calling the tract he granted PENNSYLVANIA, in spite of Penn's modest objections. He then gave Penn a charter for his new Province, and hurried back to his courtiers, and his ladies, and his wine.

There were a good many settlers—English, Dutch, and Swedes—in the country thus granted to Penn. To these he wrote a letter, as soon as he had obtained the charter; some passages of which deserve always to be remembered when the name of William Penn is mentioned.

"My friends," it said, "these are to let you know that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty and an honest mind to do it uprightly. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person."

He was at this time no longer rich, having spent much money and run into debt to relieve suffering Quakers. But when several rich merchants came to him and offered him a large sum of money to grant them the sole right of trading with the Indians in his new Province, he would not listen to them: his settlers, he said, should be free to trade, and no one should interfere with them.

Having gathered together all the Quakers who were willing to settle in America, he set sail with them, and landed at Newcastle, on the Delaware, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two. The ship had been seen at a great distance, and the settlers, English, Dutch, and Swedes, flocked down to the water's edge to meet him. They were all wild with joy to see their Quaker king, as they called Penn; and gave him a much heartier welcome than kings usually obtain from their subjects. Every one of them loved him already; so easy it is for a wise ruler to gain the hearts of those over whom he is set.

In an open boat, the Quaker king was rowed up the beautiful Delaware to the spot where the Schuylkill empties itself.

"There," said Penn, "I will build my city of Brotherly Love."

There were Indians in the neighborhood; Penn asked them to meet him on a certain day at a place called Shakamaxon. On the day fixed they came, chiefs and warriors, old men and young, and found William Penn beneath the spreading branches of a green elm-tree. He spoke to them in his mild, gentle

way, and asked them to be the friends of his Quakers. He said he did not come to rob them of their lands or to make war on them, but to live in good-will and brotherhood by their side. Many more things he said in the same kindly strain, and the chiefs, touched by the strange tenderness of his words, promised solemnly that they would live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.

I dare say you have seen an engraving of this meeting between William Penn and the Indians, after the celebrated painting by West. It is a fine work of art; but it is now believed that it is not very like the real scene.

In the summer after his arrival, Penn founded his city of Brotherly Love on the site he had chosen. I need not tell you that it was called PHILADELPHIA, and is now one of the greatest cities in the United States.

Long before there were any streets, when only a few rude huts had been built, and many of the early settlers slept in holes in the ground and in the hollow of trees, Penn summoned the people to meet him there, and bade them make laws to govern themselves. They were so unused to liberty that at first they tried to evade the task, and Penn was obliged to force them to become freemen. But they soon learnt the value of freedom.

When it became known in Europe that in the new Quaker Province of Pennsylvania every man was free, not only to worship God as he had a mind, but to make laws for himself with his fellow-citizens, and

that there were no lords or royal governors there to persecute settlers, great crowds of people took ship and removed thither. All the summer immigrants came flocking up the Delaware, and in three years Philadelphia became quite a large town, and had a school and a printing-press.

When he had finished his work, William Penn went back to England, and spent the rest of his life in traveling backward and forward to Pennsylvania, doing good to the Quakers, and trying vainly enough to spread his ideas of real liberty in his native country. When death overtook him at last, he was found as gentle, as firm as ever, and as faithful to the settlers in Pennsylvania. Almost his last words were:

"Mind poor friends in America."

A very different sort of man was the Duke of York, the lord of the Province of New York. In the first place he seemed to think that his territory had no bounds or limits whatever. Wherever he found a piece of land that did not belong to some one stronger than himself, he grabbed it, and said it belonged to him in virtue of his grant from the King his brother. Thus he grabbed a large piece of Maine, in spite of Massachusetts, and no end of islands all along the coast.

Then he said New York stretched as far eastward as the Connecticut River, and sent his Governor, MAJOR EDMUND ANDROS, to take possession of Saybrook for him.

The people of Connecticut knew very well that Saybrook belonged to them, and they were not going to give it up to any Duke or Major alive. When

Andros sailed from New York with several armed vessels to take possession, they equipped a few of their farmers and fishermen, and sent them down to defend the place. Andros soon arrived and haughtily demanded a surrender in the name of the Duke.

CAPTAIN BULL, the Connecticut commander, said he would rather not, and hoisted the King's flag.

After thinking over the matter a couple of days, Major Andros came ashore, and began to read a long paper, which said that the country belonged to the Duke of York. Captain Bull stepped up and forbade him to read any more, in the King's name. Andros flew into a rage, and asked him what his name was.

"My name, sir, is Bull," was the answer.

"Bull!" cried the Major; "it is a pity your horns were not tipped with silver."

Tipped or untipped, the Bull's horns were terrible enough to frighten the smart Major on board his ships again, and back to New York.

There the people were as sorry to see him as the men of Saybrook. He had taken away their liberties, and laid taxes upon them without their consent; he had tried to meddle with their churches; and when they complained, he had locked up their chief men in prison. In a very short time they murmured so loudly that the miserable Duke of York got frightened, and sent them out a new governor, a Roman Catholic named DONGAN. Andros sailed away to England in a very bad temper; but you will hear more of him presently.

Dongan pretended to be very liberal, and called an Assembly, which voted that the people had a right to

be free and to make their own laws. But the moment they were quiet again, the Duke repented of his liberality; and becoming King of England at the time, as James the Second, he sent word to Dongan to call no more Assemblies, and by no means to allow any printing-press in the Province. He thought—poor blockhead!—that he had the people under his heel.

It is very possible that some of these acts of the foolish royal governors of provinces in America were intended by a wise Providence to serve as lessons to us. Sir William Berkeley, as you remember, thanked God, in his impious way, that there was no printing-press in Virginia, and one of his successors would not allow the first one that was taken there to be set up. The bigoted King James the Second did the same in New York.

In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, on the contrary, printing-presses were at work almost as soon as houses were built.

In Virginia and New York the governors were unjust and tyrannical, the people unhappy and discontented. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania the people were happy and prosperous; the governors just and good.

I am very sure that the printing-presses had a great deal to do with the difference.

It seems a very small thing, that little bit of metal with a letter embossed on one end, which printer's call a type; but a few of these types are so great a power when they are arrayed in the cause of Truth, that no tyrant can withstand them, even with a million of men in arms at his back.

CHAPTER XII.

SORROW and trouble were in store for the people of New England. They had grown prosperous and happy; their cities were large, and their trade extensive; King Charles began to be jealous of them. This was the King at whose restoration Massachusetts had pretended to be so delighted, saying that nothing but "lameness" had prevented the colonists from "kneeling sooner at his feet." The pretense did them little good.

Very soon after the King was firmly seated on his throne, he sent word to them that they must give up trading with foreign nations and send all they had for sale to England. To see that this was done, he sent out an agent of his own named RANDOLPH, who began to seize the vessels of the Boston merchants, and annoy them in various ways. The men of Massachusetts, in their old stout fashion, would not stand such tyranny at first, and rebelled openly against Randolph. But the King threatening them with the loss of their charter, they submitted.

Then a cry arose at the court that the King should appoint the governors of New England; and there was some talk of interfering with their church. Randolph went about roaring against them, and urging the King to take away their liberties altogether, which he was quite willing to do.

In the vain hope of saving themselves, the people of Massachusetts sent bribes to the sordid King. They made him a present of Maine; then they loaded a ship with cranberries and other fruit for his table; and, finally, they sent him a round sum of money. They said they were ready to make any changes he wished in their laws, always provided that their liberties and their church were safe. But these were the very things that Randolph and the King wanted to destroy, and they made answer that the offer of the colonists would not do.

The magistrates of Boston were for yielding to the King. But INCREASE MATHER, a stern old Puritan preacher, made a speech to the people, in which he boldly proclaimed that it was a sin to give up their liberty and their right of worshipping God according to their consciences. And the men of Boston, roused by his fervid words, declared that they would not yield a step.

Then the King took away the charter of Massachusetts, and employed a villainous cut-throat named KIRK to be Governor. Kirk never came to America, however. For, King Charles dying soon after, and his brother becoming King, as James the Second, it chanced that there were throats to be cut, and skulls to be broken, and women to be butchered in England. Kirk being the best man in the country for this sort of business—he had a troop of soldiers under his orders, who, in bitter irony, were called Kirk's Lambs—he was kept at home, and a turncoat colonist, named DUDLEY, was made governor in his stead.

Shortly afterward, an English frigate sailed into Boston harbor. When she anchored, an officer, spendidly dressed in gold and lace, landed with two companies of soldiers at his back. This was SIR EDMUND ANDROS, the old Governor of New York, who was now appointed Governor of Massachusetts.

The people felt, when they saw him, that the evil time had come for them.

To tell you of all the tyrannical acts of this proud Englishman would require a much larger book than this.

He had come, he said, to subdue the perverse spirit of the New Englanders; and he set about it with a will. He would not allow them to use their printing-presses. He tried all he could to put down the schools. He said they should elect no more public officers of any kind, and appointed such men as he pleased. He raised the taxes without the consent of the people, and sent those who did not pay to prison. He ordered the service of the King's church to be performed in the old Puritan meeting-house.

The people had borne all till it came to this; but they could not stand by quietly and see their dear old church put down and the King's church set up in its stead. So, when the Governor went to take their meeting-house, they said that the house was theirs, built with their money, and that neither the King nor the Governor had any right to take it. Sir Edmund Andros only laughed, and sent down soldiers to take possession. When he ordered the bell to be rung, the bellman refused to ring it. Sir Edmund made one of his soldiers ring in his place.

Then he went over to Plymouth, and put an end to its government and added it to Massachusetts. From thence to Rhode Island, where he broke the seal of the colony into pieces, turned the Governor and his council about their business, and announced that he would rule the colony for the future.

Thence he crossed over to Hartford, in Connecticut, entered the room where the Governor and the Assembly were sitting, and demanded, in a haughty tone, that the charter of the colony should be given up to him. It was lying on the table in the room. The Governor of Connecticut began to argue against giving it up; Sir Edmund replied angrily; and other persons present joined in the discussion.

Night came on while they were still arguing the point; candles were lighted, and, as the weather was warm, the windows were left open. Of a sudden, in the midst of the debate, the lights were extinguished, and several persons jumped into the room from outside. For a moment or two all was confusion; when the candles were relit, the charter was gone.

A bold man, named WADSWORTH, had seized it in the darkness, carried it out of the room, and hid it in the hollow of an old oak-tree. Many and many a day it lay there, and the boys and girls played round the old oak without suspecting what it contained: at length, when King James was overthrown, and the danger was past, the parchment, damp and mildewed, was taken out of the hollow where it had rested so long, and restored to the people. The old oak is standing still. They call it the Charter Oak;

and the people of Hartford are very proud of it, as they well may be; and the boys and girls play round it to this day, as they did in the time of bold Joseph Wadsworth and Sir Edmund Andros.

To return to the latter, when he found the charter was gone, he said that made no difference, but took a pen and wrote the word Finis in the colony records, meaning that there was an end of them.

Little thought he that years and years after he and all his children and his children's children were gone, and mouldered into dust, and almost forgotten, those colony records would be going on as usual as part of the world's history. Having written the word Finis, he said he took the government of Connecticut on himself, and went back to Boston.

New York and New Jersey were then added to New England, and Sir Edmund Andros became Governor of the United Province.

From that day he and Randolph, and a few of their friends, thought of nothing but extorting money out of the people, and making them wretched. In New York, the old Governor Dongan had squeezed so much money out of the inhabitants that Randolph complained there was none left for him. But in Massachusetts, and the rest of New England, there were many rich people, and the Governor and his set had easy work of pillaging them.

The old Puritans bore it all for a while, praying God to have compassion on his servants, for their power was gone. In their gloom they refused to keep Thanksgiving-day; and in every town secret

plots were formed to rid the country of their oppressor.

The day of deliverance was nearer hand than they thought. A vessel from Virginia brought news that the bigoted King of England, James the Second, had been dethroned by his subjects, and a Protestant king, William of Orange, chosen in his place. Like wildfire the intelligence spread through the country, men every where regarding it as the signal for a rebellion against the Governor. Sir Edmund flew into a violent rage when he heard it, and ordered the messenger from Virginia to be imprisoned. But he would have required a very large prison indeed to hold all the persons who ran about shouting with delight,

"King James is dethroned! Down with Andros!"

There was a buzzing in the streets of Boston on the morning of the eighteenth of April, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine, and groups of men gathered at corners, looking darkly at each other, and talking angrily. The captain of an English frigate landing at the wharf, the ship carpenters ran up to him and made him prisoner. Then the crowd grew larger and larger. Boys ran up and down the streets, shouting and calling,

"Down with Andros!"

The sheriff tried to speak to the crowd, but they seized him and shut him up with the captain of the frigate. Then they rushed to the town-house and called for arms. The drums beat, and the crowd formed itself into companies, and prepared to fight. Old Simon Bradstreet appearing at that moment

with his gray hairs floating in the wind, the crowd gave a great shout, and chose him to be their leader.

Sir Edmund Andros had fled to the fort, and was in great dismay. He thought if he could only escape to the frigate, he would be safe; but as a boat put off to take him on board, the people gave chase, and captured it. Then the crowd turned the guns of the lower battery against the fort, and lighted matches to fire them. But Sir Edmund had no notion of fighting. He hoisted a white flag, and gave himself up. A company of soldiers took him and Randolph, and marched them through the streets to prison.

The glorious news flew like lightning through New England. Four days afterward the sons of the Pilgrims at Plymouth set up their old government. On May-day the people of Rhode Island restored their charter, and elected HENRY BULL—a Quaker, who was over eighty years of age—to be their governor. Great rejoicings took place in Connecticut, and there, too, the old charter was once more put in force.

In New York the people rose in the same fierce way, and rushed to the house of JACOB LEISLER, a brave man, and a captain of the militia. Him they chose as their leader, and under his command besieged the fort on the battery. They very soon took it, and chose Jacob Leisler to be Governor for the new King, till some one else was appointed.

The old Council that had been appointed by Andros fled in a desperate hurry to Albany, where they barricaded themselves. But all parties, both at Albany and New York, proclaimed King Will-

iam, and seemed to be very glad to be rid of King James.

King William, who was a very cool, calculating sort of man, and never did any thing in a hurry, thought over the news he received from America, and sent out a man of his own, named COLONEL SLOUGHTER, to be Governor of New York. Both Leisler and Sloughter were violent and hot-headed; they quarreled, and Sloughter sent Leisler to prison.

Then the old Council hastened from Albany to New York in an ecstasy of delight at Leisler's degradation. They made peace with Sloughter at once, and between them poor Leisler was brought to trial on a charge of high treason. He was not more guilty than you or I; but the Council were determined on his death, and they had him convicted and sentenced.

Sloughter, however, would not sign the warrant for his execution. He said he would leave it to the King's decision.

Now, this did not suit the Council at all, as they knew perfectly well that Leisler was not guilty, and that King William, who rarely made mistakes in such matters, would order him to be set at liberty. So, they gave a great dinner, and invited the Governor to it; and there having laid their plans beforehand, they contrived to make him drink so much wine that he lost his reason. Then they began to talk of Leisler, and said it was a scandalous shame that so bad a man as he should not be hanged. Many more things said they, all tending to this one point; till Sloughter, more than half drunk, cried that they were right, and that Leisler should be hanged.

The warrant was immediately produced, and a pen placed in the hand of Sloughter, who, hardly knowing what he did, signed his name to the paper. The councilors ran off with it at once to the prison, where Leisler and his son-in-law, Milbourne—who had been convicted with him—were confined.

They were sitting with their wives and children, who burst into tears when they saw these dark looking men arrive with the fatal warrant. One embrace was all they had time for. Morning was close at hand, and the councilors were dreadfully afraid that Sloughter might become sober and change his mind.

It was a dark, rainy morning, and the air was chill and raw as Leisler and Milbourne were hurried along to the gallows outside the wall of the city, nearly opposite the place where the Astor House now stands. A great number of people had collected; many from love of the poor fellows who were going to die; some, like the councilors, from wicked hatred and revenge. As they stood at the foot of the gallows, Leisler confessed that he had erred "through ignorance and jealous fears, through rashness and passion," but denied that he had ever been disloyal.

Milbourne said:

"I die for the King and Queen, and the Protestant religion;" and turning to one of the councilors, whose face he saw in the background, "Robert Livingston," he cried, "for this I will implead thee at the bar of God!"

A few minutes after both were dead.

The people thronged round their corpses, seeking to cut a lock of hair from their heads, or a piece

of cloth from their clothes, in memory of men they loved. Long and long afterward, until people began to talk openly of liberty in New York, those relics were treasured up; and the names of Jacob Leisler and Milbourne were remembered with love and honor.

There was trouble in Maryland, too, when the news came that King James had been turned off, and King William set up in his place. For many years Protestant settlers had been arriving in great numbers from Europe, and now the Protestants were more numerous than the Catholics. Still, it seemed as though the former were afraid of the latter, for they plotted against them continually.

At that time Protestants thought it quite proper to hate Catholics. I suppose none of them had ever read those chapters of the New Testament where our Saviour teaches us to love one another, and his Apostle tells us that nothing shall profit us if we have not charity. At all events, the Protestants of Maryland were very anxious to get a chance to persecute the Catholics; and when the news of King William's election as King of England reached them, they rose in a body and thought the time had come.

A worthless fellow named Coode agreed to be their leader, and they marched against St. Mary's. But the Catholics would not fight; and Coode and his men, after spreading a number of absurd and false stories about them, said they would have nothing more to do with Lord Baltimore, and took the government of the Province into their own hands.

Virginia—the Old Dominion—was very much to be pitied. After Sir William Berkeley left, one of

the friends of the jolly King, named CULPEPPER, became Governor, and, like Andros in New England, thought of nothing but filling his pockets. After a time the King of England found out that he was robbing the people of Virginia in a shameful way, and dismissed him, and sent out LORD HOWARD of Effingham to take his place.

But he was no better. Money, money, money was all he wanted; and though the people of Virginia were in great poverty, owing to the low price of tobacco, he still contrived to plunder them. Their spirit was almost broken. Privately, and in their farm-houses, far away from the Governor, they mourned over their lost liberties, and thought sadly of the times that were past. But in public they made no sign. When the change took place in England, King William was proclaimed in Virginia without any commotion whatever.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE Englishmen were landing and planting colonies, and founding cities all along the coast —from Saco and Pemaquid, in Maine, to Charleston, in Carolina—the French were as busy on the river St. Lawrence. I have already told you how Quebec was founded. More Frenchmen coming from France to buy furs and trade with the Indians, other little settlements were made higher up on the river. With the first traders came Roman Catholic priests in great numbers, burning to convert the Indians to Christianity.

These were chiefly Jesuits. It used to be common, not very long ago, to speak ill of Jesuits, and to accuse them of all kinds of abominable crimes; and I dare say that a great many of them deserved the bad name they got. I shall have to speak presently of some Jesuits of whom nothing too severe could be said. But there were others, and a great many, who came to Canada from no other motive but to convert the Indians. Who prosecuted that work with such energy, and zeal, and courage that I can not find words to praise them sufficiently. Who endured hunger, and thirst, and cold, and every species of cruel torture with cheerfulness, in their great work. Who died most dreadful deaths, praising God, thank-

ing him for his mercies, and praying him to forgive the poor savages who butchered them.

One of these was FATHER JOGUES, who traveled away through the Indian country as far as the great lakes, teaching and baptizing the red men. The Hurons were his friends; but the fierce Mohawks, who hated the Hurons, hated the French likewise. As he was traveling up the St. Lawrence, a band of Mohawks caught him, and tortured him in their savage way. When he was nearly dead, they sold him to the Dutch.

Very few men, I think, having once escaped out of the hands of these savages, and with their bodies covered with the scars, and bruises, and burns they had inflicted, would have run the same risks again. But when the French in Canada wanted a priest to go among the Mohawks to try to convert them, Jogues offered to go, and went, saying as he left:

"I am going away, and I shall never come back."

He had scarcely arrived at their village when they foolishly accused him of having spoiled their harvest. He knew what they meant. Smiling, and trusting in God, he walked to the wigwam of the chief, and was struck dead the moment he entered.

Many others, whose stories it would take me too long to tell, perished in the same miserable way. But those who remained were as bold as ever, and as fast as one priest was tortured to death, another took his place; so fervent was their zeal for the cause of Christ. As soon as one of these priests had converted a few Indians, he established a little fort or village, and resided there among them; and in

this way many of the States of this Union were first peopled by white men.

Father ALLOUEZ, for instance, paddled up the Ottawa, crossed over into Lake Huron, and again paddled to the Falls of St. Mary's, at the mouth of Lake Superior, where he established a little fort—the first white settlement within the present State of MICHIGAN. Other priests, in the same way, settled in ILLINOIS. Wherever they set up forts, they claimed the country for the King of France.

The greatest of these French travelers was named LA SALLE. He had been formerly a Jesuit, but had become a trader, and had built himself a fort on Lake Ontario, at a place called Frontenac, where the city of Kingston, in Canada, now stands. Hearing stories of a great river flowing through rich and fertile meadows in the west, and being a man of a roving and adventurous disposition, he set out with several companions to explore it.

On Lake Erie he built himself a small sailing vessel, and sailed westward into Lake Huron, where he bought furs of the Indians. In canoes he roved round Lakes Huron and Michigan, planted a fort at Mackinaw, and wandered up the St. Joseph's River, into the country of the Illinois.

In a storm his vessel was lost. His men lost heart. The Indians began to be unfriendly. But La Salle was a man of iron, and never flinched. With only three companions he set out on foot, without provisions, to find his way back to Fort Frontenac. It took him a year to go and return; but at the end of the year he was again on the banks of the Illi-

nois River, as bold as ever. Down the stream into the MISSISSIPPI he floated, and the current bore him gently southward, through the most beautiful country he had ever seen, until at last he reached the mouth of the great river in the Gulf of Mexico.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH was at that time King of France, and in honor of him La Salle named the country through which he had passed LOUISIANA. He went to France to tell what he had seen, and the King gave him several ships with a large number of settlers to people the new country.

But the day of misfortune had come. His ships missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed their passengers in Texas. Then a storm destroyed their stores, and some of the Frenchmen, disgusted and heart-sick, went on board the ships and sailed back home. With those who remained La Salle built a fort, which he named St. Louis. But they soon began to quarrel among themselves; many of them died, and all were jealous of La Salle. He never lost courage. Over and over again he started out with one or two companions to try to find the Mississippi; but each time he returned ragged and way sore, without having found it.

At last he made up his mind to go to Canada, and set out with sixteen men on foot. Two of these men hated La Salle, and on the journey laid a dark plot to murder him. First they waylaid his nephew in the woods and shot him. La Salle, wondering why he did not come back, went to look for him; and meeting one of the two murderers, asked,

"Where is my nephew?"

At that moment the other murderer, who was skulking in the long grass, leveled his gun, fired, and shot La Salle dead.

This was the sad end of the first white man who sailed down the Mississippi.

It would have been a happy thing if these Jesuits —who were so courageous and devoted that one can not help admiring them—had been as tolerant as the Bible teaches us we should be. Unfortunately, there was at this time a great deal of blundering in the world about religion, and very few people indeed understood what Christ's Gospel really meant. The Protestants of Maryland, you remember, wanted to persecute the Catholics; the Puritans persecuted Roger Williams and the Quakers; and the first thing the Catholics of Canada did, when they converted the Indians, was to get up a persecution of the Protestants in New England and New York.

A war breaking out between the King of England and the King of France, they set to work zealously, and secretly stirred up the Indians to attack the English settlers.

At Dover, in New Hampshire, lived an old man named RICHARD WALDRON, who had taken part in King Philip's War, and had sat as judge over the Indian prisoners. One evening in June, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine, two Indian women came to his house and asked to be allowed to sleep there. At the dead of night, when the old man was fast asleep, they rose and opened the door softly. Instantly there rushed into the house a band of Indians armed.

Waldron sprang from his bed, and seized his sword; but a blow from a hatchet knocked him down. The Indians then placed him sitting in a chair, and began to mock and torture him.

"Judge Indians now!" they cried, and each cruel savage drew his knife across the old man's breast till he fainted from the loss of blood. Then they killed him outright, and fell upon the neighboring houses, and murdered all the white persons they found.

A short while afterward they did the same things at Pemaquid, in Maine; butchering the men, and carrying the women and children into slavery. It is very sad to think that the Jesuits instigated these shocking cruelties, and even promised the poor deluded Indians God's forgiveness for these horrible sins—as though God could ever approve the murdering of helpless creatures in their beds, or gave the Jesuits any right to forgive sins at all.

Then the Governor of Canada, COUNT FRONTENAC, equipped a party of Indians and Frenchmen to attack the English on the Hudson. They started from Montreal in the middle of winter, and marched through the snow-drifts and over the frozen lakes and rivers. Twenty-two days they marched thus, in single file, sleeping at night in holes in the snow, and eating nothing but a little corn they carried with them.

At length they reached Schenectady, on the Mohawk. At midnight on the eighth of February, the inhabitants were sleeping quietly in their beds suspecting nothing, when the signal was given, and the dreadful war-whoop rang through the silent air. Be-

fore the sleepers could rise from their beds the doors were battered open, and the fierce Indians rushed in, slaughtering all they found. A few escaped in their night-dress, and ran through the snow and cold all the way to Albany. But sixty were killed; and nearly half as many poor creatures were dragged away captive into Canada.

Another party of Frenchmen and Indians made a descent on Salmon Falls, on the borders of New Hampshire. In their old way, they killed the men, burned the houses, and carried off the women and children.

A third party attacked Casco, in Maine, and did the same things there. It was better to be killed at once than to be taken prisoner by these cruel savages.

For when ROBERT ROGERS, one of their prisoners, said he could no longer carry the load they had placed on his back, they tied him to a tree, and placed leaves around him, and set them on fire, leaving him to burn slowly to death.

When a poor young girl said she could not walk as fast as they, one of the fiendish wretches scalped her at once.

Another poor woman had a baby with her, and stopped a moment to lull it to sleep, for fear it should cry and irritate the Indians; the infant was snatched from her arms, and its brains dashed out against a tree.

These horrors at last roused the people of New England. All the Provinces sent deputies to New York to consult upon what was to be done. They decided to send expeditions to attack Montreal and Quebec by land and by sea.

The land expedition was commanded by Fitz John Winthrop, the Governor of Connecticut. It marched along the Hudson to Albany, and thence north as far as Lake George; and from thence dispatched a party of friendly Indians under the command of SCHUYLER to attack Montreal.

When Count Frontenac heard of their coming, he prepared valiantly for defense. Though he was nearly seventy years old, he went to the village of the Indians who were the allies of the French, and danced the war-dance. This so inflamed these fierce men that when Schuyler made his appearance he was utterly defeated and driven back.

The sea expedition was commanded by a Massachusetts man whose name was PHIPPS. He was the son of a smith who had his workshop on the Kennebec River. When he was a boy, he had tended his father's cattle, but being of a roving, adventurous disposition, he had resolved to leave his home and go to sea. He first became a ship carpenter, and, by dint of hard work and steady perseverance, had come at last to own a ship. He had told his old mother when he left her that some day he would be captain of a king's ship; which, as you may fancy, struck the old lady as something rather funny for a farm-boy to say.

He had succeeded, however, thus far, and a wonderful streak of good luck enabled him to make good his word in full. Some time before a Spanish galleon had been wrecked on the Bahama reef, and an immense quantity of treasure had gone to the bottom with her. Phipps heard of it, and immediately offered to fish up the lost treasure if the King would

give him a ship. His request was granted. He became captain of a king's ship, sailed to the West Indies, and actually fished up treasure worth a million and a half of dollars.

For this great service the King knighted him, and he became Sir William Phipps. You see what perseverance and industry may do. But I would not advise you ever to hope to find a million and a half of dollars at the bottom of the sea.

With his fleet Sir William Phipps sailed round to the St. Lawrence, and up the river to Quebec. But old Frontenac had heard of their approach, and was ready to meet them with his Indians. Phipps, though brave and persevering, was not a good leader. He landed his men a short distance below Quebec, and made great preparations for an attack. On second thoughts, however, he changed his mind, embarked on board his ships again, and sailed back to Boston. This was not the way to secure peace for the colonies, as they soon found out.

For a time they tried to defend themselves as best they could; but every now and then a party of Indians, spurred on by the Jesuits, would fall, in their old way, on the forest villages, and commit frightful havoc. It was almost always in the winter that these attacks were made, and the bitter cold weather made it ten times more cruel for the miserable captives to be dragged away to Canada. Any thing so pitiable as the sufferings of the people who lived in New Hampshire and on the borders of Massachusetts during this war, I can not conceive.

Sometimes, the horrible cruelties of the Indians

roused the English settlers to deeds of great daring. At Haverhill there lived a woman named HANNAH DUSTIN, the wife of a farmer, who was seized by the Indians in one of their attacks, and carried off with another woman, a baby of a few days old, and a boy. As usual, the baby was dashed against a tree and killed. The others were taken to the Indians' camp on an island in the Merrimac, and every day the cruel Indians would describe their tortures to the captive women, and warn them to prepare for an agonizing death.

But Hannah Dustin had the heart of a lioness, and the boy, whose name was SAM LEONARDSON, was brave as well. One day, while the Indians were making him work for them, he asked one of them where he struck a man with his hatchet when he wanted to kill him. The Indian took the hatchet and showed him how to hold it, and where to strike. Little Sam thanked him, and said that would do.

That night, while the Indians were all asleep, Hannah Dustin, and the other woman, and Sam got up as quietly as the Indians themselves could have done, and each with a hatchet struck the nearest Indian a tremendous blow on the place directed by Sam. Then they sprang to three others, and struck them in the same way. Then to three others, and killed them with the same stroke. It was done so quickly, and so well, that the ten Indians who were in the camp were all killed before they could defend themselves.

Hannah Dustin was so enraged with them—think-

ing of her poor little baby whom they had dashed against a tree—that she actually scalped them.

Sam had a canoe ready, and all three paddled down the Merrimac to Haverhill, where their friends, as you may fancy, were a little surprised to see them.

If all the men of New England and New York had had as much spirit at this time as brave Hannah Dustin, or little Sam Leonardson, I think the French would have found Canada rather warm for them, in spite of the snow and ice. I am rather sorry they did not try, at all events; for though the French in France were a humane and kind-hearted people, the French in Canada were so blinded by their hatred of the Protestants, that they were almost as cruel and as savage as the Indians.

On one occasion the Indians who were their friends took prisoner an old chief who belonged to another tribe. He was so old that he could not fly with his warriors, and was thus taken. The savages set him up in the midst of them, and formed a circle round him, and began to torture him in a hundred cruel ways. The old chief never uttered a groan. At last one of his tormentors seized a sword, as he said, to shorten his life. Then the old man raised his bleeding head, and said,

"Better not shorten my life: better learn from me how to die."

I am afraid there is no doubt but the Jesuits, who were standing by, might have prevented this abominable deed if they had chosen. It was a great thing, no doubt, to teach the Indians to be Chris-

tians; but I think the Jesuits would have earned more glory if they had taught them, at the same time, to be men.

It was not till after many and many such horrible scenes that the Kings of England and France grew tired of fighting, and peace was made.

CHAPTER XIV.

YOU will suppose, perhaps, that while the Indians were pouring down like wild beasts on the houses and villages of the settlers in Massachusetts, scalping, and murdering, and carrying women and children into captivity, the Governor, and the magistrates, and the people spent all their time in trying to devise means to protect themselves from their cruel enemy. Not at all. Most of their time was spent in hunting crazy old women, and other unfortunate persons who were accused of being witches. Long before, as you will recollect, poor old Widow Hibbins had been put to death as a witch, and now the rage for finding witches and killing them began to revive again.

In a respectable family in Boston, named GOODWIN, there lived a young Irish servant girl. This girl was accused by her master's daughter, a little child of thirteen, of having stolen something in the house. The girl's mother, an old Irishwoman, did not believe that her daughter was guilty, and went in a furious rage to the Goodwins's house and said so. Whereupon Goodwin's daughter, with her brothers and sisters, in order to be revenged upon the old Irishwoman, pretended she had bewitched them.

Sometimes they barked like dogs, or mewed like cats: sometimes they said they were deaf, or blind,

or dumb; sometimes they threw their arms and legs in the air, and screamed out, and rolled themselves on the floor; all which, they said, was the work of the old woman, who made them do these things whether they would or no. Of course, we know very well that no old woman, Irish or not, could make little girls bark or mew, or throw up their arms or legs, or do any other foolish thing of the kind unless they liked. And I think if these little Goodwins had lived in our day, it would not have been so very difficult to cure them.

But at Boston, one hundred and sixty years ago, people believed in witchcraft, and when they heard the story of the Goodwins' children, they had the old Irishwoman arrested at once and tried as a witch. The poor old creature was terribly frightened, as well she might be; when they questioned her she stammered, and stuttered, and made foolish answers; often using her own native Irish tongue, which is a queer sort of language, with uncouth sounds and odd words in it.

When the judges heard her foolish answers, they looked very wisely at each other; but when she spoke in Irish, they said there could no longer be any doubt on the point, and hanged her forthwith as a witch.

One of the chief instigators of this murder—for I can call it by no other name—was COTTON MATHER, a very learned man and a preacher. He was so firm a believer in witchcraft that he got little Goodwin to his house, and put all sorts of absurd questions to her, to find out what kind of people the

witches were; and she—little rogue!—managed, by pretending to be bewitched, to deceive him thoroughly.

I think I can see grave Cotton Mather, with a very long face, sitting with this little minx; she squealing, and barking, and crying that the witches were pinching her, and he poring over great big books and watching her with intense interest.

It would have been well, however, if nothing worse had come of this absurd belief. But the little Goodwins had succeeded so well that another batch of little girls, at Salem (now called Danvers), played the same tricks shortly afterward. Others followed their example, and very soon every body was talking of the witches; and a great number of respectable women were sent to prison on vague, ridiculous accusations. People said that the witches had appeared to them in their sleep, and had asked them to make a compact with the devil, threatening, if they did not, to pinch, bite, scratch, burn, or otherwise worry them. Others would throw themselves down on the ground and wriggle as if they were in a fit, and say it was all the doing of the witches. In fact, there was so much of this sort of nonsense going on at Salem, that I think the whole village was turned into a madhouse.

The Puritan preachers, I am sorry to say, did not show much sense or humanity. Many of them were men of dark, gloomy minds, who read the Old Testament more than the New, and liked to talk about Agag being hewed in pieces, and the Philistines being slaughtered by the Jews. They meant

very well, no doubt; but they spent so much time in poring over these stories of the old Jewish times, and paid so little attention to the sweet spirit of the Gospel, that their brains became a little confused in the end.

I am afraid, too, that they had an eye to their own importance, and tried to make the people believe they were a very superior sort of men, and that it was dreadfully sinful to oppose them in any way. For I notice that a good many of those who were called witches had fallen out with the preachers.

At all events, several women and a few men were tried, chiefly through their influence, and hanged. One wrong leads to another. When the witch-hunters could not get evidence against the poor creatures that were tried, they put the witnesses to the torture. No one is so foolish nowadays as to fancy that the truth can be got out of a man better by squeezing his legs, or breaking his arms, or tearing his flesh. Formerly it was quite common to use these tortures in order to extort confessions from prisoners or witnesses; and, as you may easily suppose, under the horrible pain thus inflicted, the victims could be made to say any thing.

Thus, I am not at all surprised to find that the two little children of MARTHA CARRIER, after being tied up till the blood was ready to gush out, pretended to confess that their mother was a witch. Or that grown-up people, in similar pain, or frightened by the fierce Puritan, Cotton Mather, and his friends, swore that they saw this or that old woman coming down their chimney on a broomstick. Or that MAR-

GARET JACOBS, in a moment of agony and weakness, wrote a false account of her old grandfather having meetings with the devil. Or that many old, weak persons confessed that they were themselves witches.

These lying stories were good enough for the purpose of the preachers and magistrates, and for some time the hanging went on at a furious rate. They even hanged a minister, which I think was rather a blunder on the part of Cotton Mather and his friends. As to old women and old men, there was hardly rope enough in Salem to string them up.

At last, however, people began to come to their senses. One man, a farmer, had a servant who pretended to be bewitched, and to roll on the ground in a fit. But when his master got a stout stick, and began to belabor him with it, it was quite surprising to see how rapidly he recovered, and never had any more trouble from the witches. Then a merchant of Boston named CALEF, came out boldly, and said he did not believe in witches at all.

This was a terrible shock to Cotton Mather and his friends, who began to call Calef all the hard names they could think of. Mather said he was a "coal sent from hell," and tried very hard to have him sent to prison for telling the truth. But Calef didn't mind in the least being called a coal, and was not at all afraid of Cotton Mather.

So in the end, as the people of Massachusetts were not all mad, they began to think that Calef might be right and the preachers wrong. It took some time for this impression to spread; and Harvard College, and many of the magistrates, did all they could to

prevent it, and to keep up the nonsense about witches. But the truth is sure to prevail in the end.

A day came when the people of Salem were perfectly enraged with the ministers for having done so much mischief and started so much folly about witchcraft. PARRIS, the preacher, who had been so active in persecuting the witches, was driven out of the place; and another named NOYES, was forced to beg pardon in public for the share he had taken.

The Chief Justice, SEWALL, stood up in church one Sabbath, and in presence of the congregation confessed that he had been all wrong in condemning so many poor creatures to death, and begged the people present to pray God to forgive him. Cotton Mather never repented, but meanly pretended that he had not persecuted the witches.

The Governor of Massachusetts at this time was Sir William Phipps, whose history you read in the last chapter. But the chief power was in the hands of the Mathers, Increase and Cotton. Phipps was rather thick-headed, and was quite content to do what they ordered, and they had a good time generally. After a time, however, disputes arose with the king's officers at Boston; and Phipps, being of a fiery disposition, thrashed one or two of them with his stick. King's officers do not like to be thrashed any more than other men, and they sent tremendous complaints to England of Phipps's conduct, which led to his being summoned to answer to the King for what he had done. He died in England, and a short while afterward the Earl of Bellamont, an Irish nobleman, was appointed Governor in his stead.

Meanwhile the Governor of New York, Sloughter, had died, and King William had sent out a fighting man, named BENJAMIN FLETCHER, to be Governor in his place. Troubles having arisen in Pennsylvania, the King, something like the fox in the fable, stepped in, said hereafter that he would govern the Province himself, and bade Fletcher see to it.

A short while before, the people of the lower counties of Pennsylvania had separated themselves from the other counties of the Province, and taken the name of DELAWARE. Over them, too, Fletcher had authority.

He said he wanted very little of them: a trifle of money would answer his purpose perfectly. Would they be kind enough to give him some?

The Quakers of Pennsylvania said they would rather not.

"But," said Fletcher, "you see how expensive it is to carry on this war with the Indians; won't you give me something for that?"

The Quakers answered that, in their opinion, throat-cutting, and stabbing, and shooting were great sins, not by any means to be encouraged, and that they would not give a penny.

Then Fletcher went away.

After a short time he returned, and said that the poor people at Albany were starving, and that their houses had been burned by the Indians; and he asked for money to clothe and feed them. To this the Quakers had no objection, and gave him accordingly a sum of money, on the condition that it was not to be "dipped in blood."

In New York the people gave Fletcher money enough, but other causes of dispute arose. He said he must have the power of appointing the ministers to the churches: the people said they must have the power. So when Fletcher bade them pass a law, giving him the power, they said bluntly they would do no such thing.

Fletcher flew into a great rage, and abused them as if they had been thieves or pickpockets. But they stuck to their resolution, and he was obliged to make the best of it.

King William had given Fletcher the command of the militia of Connecticut and New Jersey; and he sent word to the people of Connecticut that they were to turn out on a given day, as he intended to review them. The people of Connecticut had made up their minds not to submit to Fletcher, as they thought their own officers could command their militia as well as any stranger.

When the day came, Fletcher arrived at Hartford with a splendid company of officers, and a great flourish of trumpets. The militia were all drawn up to receive him, with bold CAPTAIN WADSWORTH at their head. Fletcher ordered his Secretary to read the King's order, appointing him to command the militia. The moment the Secretary began to read, Captain Wadsworth made a sign and the drums began to beat, so that not a word of the King's order could be heard.

Fletcher, in a rage, commanded silence, and ordered the Secretary to proceed. But the moment he began again, Wadsworth gave the signal, and the

drums beat louder than ever. Boiling with fury, Fletcher ran to the soldiers roaring,

"Silence!"

Then Captain Wadsworth stepped up, and shouted,

"Drum, drum, I say!" and turning to Fletcher: "If you interrupt my men again, I will make daylight shine through you directly."

This was quite enough for Colonel Benjamin Fletcher.

After him the EARL OF BELLAMONT became Governor of New York as well as Massachusetts. He was an easy-going, good-tempered Irishman, who quarreled with nobody; and as most of the other governors were terrible tyrants, he has come to be regarded as a very respectable man indeed. I notice, however, that he contrived to squeeze nine thousand dollars out of the people of Massachusetts in the space of fourteen months, which is doing better than any governor of Massachusetts ever did before or since, and may perhaps account for his being in such a very good humor.

He was succeeded by LORD CORNBURY, who was cousin to the Queen of England. He ruled New Jersey and New York. His plan was very simple. He said to the people:

"I know of no rights that you have but such as the Queen is pleased to allow you."

The people thought differently; and when Lord Cornbury tried to screw money out of them to fill his lordly pockets, they refused to vote it.

He contrived to cheat them, however; for a sum

of money being voted to build fortifications at the Narrows, Lord Cornbury got hold of it, and pocketed the whole. When a man had any favor to ask of the government, the best way to get it was to go to Lord Cornbury, and say to him: "I want such or such a thing;" at the same time slipping a purse into his hand.

He made rules, too, obliging merchants and every one who traded to pay him large fees, and by these dirty means he succeeded in scraping together a great deal of money.

The more he got the more he wanted. After robbing the merchants he said the preachers must have a license, which he was ready to sell, of course. But the old Dutch Reformers were very sturdy men when their church was meddled with; they said they saw no use in licenses, and would have none of them. Accordingly, one of their ministers at New York went on preaching as usual without a license. The Governor had him arrested, and tried.

As he was in every way a bad, corrupt man, he thought others were like him; and managed to find a jury, none of whom belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, hoping, of course, that they would find the minister guilty without hesitation. It happened, however, that they were honest men: and they gave a verdict of not guilty, to the delight of the people, and to the unspeakable disgust of Lord Cornbury.

The same thing he did in New Jersey. The Quakers of that Province, who were plain, straightforward men, and never said no when they meant

yes, or concealed the truth on any account, went to Lord Cornbury, and one of them read him a long speech, in which all his villainies were roundly stated and reproved. He was so astonished that he could not speak at first; but after a moment, he collected his senses, and roared,

"Stop! what is that you say?"

The Quaker, as quietly as if he had been saying the pleasantest things in the world, repeated all he had uttered before.

Lord Cornbury, made more angry by the quiet manner of the Quaker, stormed and raved, and accused the Quakers of all sorts of crimes. The Quaker answered as quietly as before,

"There is no such thing done as thou sayest, but thou feignest them out of thine own head."

This was pretty bold language to use to a Governor, but the Quakers, though they thought it wrong to fight, thought it worse to be afraid of speaking the truth.

At length, when the Queen of England heard of the bribes, and the other vile acts of her cousin in New York, she dismissed him from his office. As he was very much in debt, notwithstanding all the money he had squeezed out of the Province, his creditors sued him, and he was thrown into jail. The people were in hopes he would learn wisdom and virtue in his prison-cell; but they forgot he was a lord, and cousin to the Queen of England.

There is a law in England which declares that peers shall only be imprisoned in certain very rare

cases, and never for such paltry matters as not paying their debts. With the help of this law, Lord Cornbury got out of jail. His father dying shortly afterward, he became Earl of Clarendon, and went home to England, where he passed for a very remarkable man, and a great statesman.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Sir Edmund Andros was sent back to England by the people of Massachusetts, King William made him Governor of Virginia. I am happy to be able to say one thing in his favor; he took great pains to collect the records of the Old Dominion, and without him we should know very little of its early history.

But he was still the same overbearing man as formerly, and soon contrived to quarrel with Blair, the head of the church. They fought and scolded at each other for some time; but in the end Blair was the strongest, and Andros was recalled.

NICHOLSON, who had filled the office before, and had been for a short time Governor of New York and Maryland, was for a time Lieutenant-Governor, and afterward Governor. He was a hungry fellow, who was always wanting money, and the people were very glad to get rid of him.

After him the Queen of England made the EARL OF ORKNEY Governor of Virginia. He was Governor nearly fifty years, and did one thing for which he deserves great praise. He never went to Virginia at all, but lived quietly at home and pocketed his salary, leaving the government to his deputy. How much trouble would have been saved, if all the royal governors had been as wise as the Earl of Orkney!

The King of England used to say that the people of Virginia were good, quiet people, very easy to govern; very different from the people of the Carolinas, who were an unruly set. And so they were, and I don't wonder at it.

One of the first governors of North Carolina, or Albemarle, was SETH SOTHEL. He set to work in the old way, to squeeze money out of the people by every means, fair and foul.

They bore it for five years, then rose up, and turned him out of Albemarle.

At Charleston, in South Carolina, COLLETON was Governor. He tried to set up the great model constitution of Locke and Shaftesbury, with its lords, and its caciques, and its palatines, and its landgraves, and all the other rubbish which these Englishmen had intended to transplant to Carolina. But the people would have nothing to do with it. Colleton threatened to punish them. They sent his secretary to jail, and defied him. He called out the militia, but they were all on the side of the people. Seth Sothel appearing at Charleston at that moment, and pretending to be on their side too, they drove Colleton out of the place, and chose Sothel governor.

Very soon, as you may imagine, they found they had gained nothing by the exchange, and told Sothel he had better go home, which he did.

Other governors followed, but did not get on any better. For the Englishmen to whom King Charles had made a present of Carolina, long before, always wanted to rule the Provinces in their way, and the people wanted to rule them in theirs; so that there

was no end of quarrels and disputes, in which the governors always got the worst.

War breaking out between the Kings of France and Spain on the one side, and the Queen of England on the other, the people of South Carolina, who had a great dislike to their Spanish neighbors, determined to attack them.

At that time Florida belonged to Spain, and the Spaniards had founded several villages and forts, where they lived with the Indians. The greatest of these was St. Augustine, and against it the first expedition sailed, under the command of JAMES MOORE, the Governor of South Carolina.

He landed his men in good order, and drove the Spaniards out of the town; but he could not take the castle, which was very strong and full of soldiers. While he was thinking how he should get cannon to attack it, two Spanish ships sailed into the port, and Moore was glad to run away, leaving his ships and his stores behind.

He soon made up for his defeat, however. The Spanish and Indians had several villages and forts on Appalachee Bay. Moore collected a few white soldiers and a large army of Indians, and marched through the woods and swamps from Charleston to the place where St. Mark's now stands.

At sunrise on the fourteenth of December, he burst suddenly on the fort of Ayavalla; but the Spaniards fought with such bravery that Moore was driven back. The battle lasted nearly all day. Fire was set to the church; and a barefoot monk came out to beg for mercy, with many Indians. Next morning a

party of Spaniards came up from the bay, and the fighting began again. Moore beat them; but still he could not take the fort. He was obliged to abandon it at last, and march to the other villages, which he plundered. The end of it was, that the Indians who were friendly to the Spaniards were driven away from that region, and Moore gained great glory, which cost more than it was worth.

The Spaniards resolved to be revenged on the people of Carolina for these injuries, and, with the help of their allies the French, sailed to attack Charleston. A dreadful fever was raging in the place at the time; and when the French and Spanish ships came in sight, there were only nine hundred men strong enough to fight.

But the Governor, NATHANIEL JOHNSON, was as brave as if he had had nine thousand; and no one in Charleston thought of surrendering. When the French landed, the people fell upon them with such fury that they killed or made prisoners nearly half of them, and the rest were glad to run away. Then, starting in boats, they boarded the French frigate, and took her; which was quite enough for the Spaniards, who made off with all the haste they could.

All this time the kings of Europe were hard at work fighting, and their subjects led dreadful lives with war always at their doors. A great number of Germans, being quiet, peaceable people, grew tired of seeing their farms ravaged by soldiers, and themselves often forced to fight for this or that king for whom they did not care a straw; and they asked leave to settle in America. It was granted at once,

and some went to New York, some to Pennsylvania, some to North Carolina. These last planted themselves on the borders of the pretty river Neuse, where there were already some French and Swiss settlers.

One day as their leader, GRAFFENRIED, and the surveyor LAWSON were ascending the river to explore the country, a band of Indians called Tuscaroras fell suddenly upon them, seized them both, and carried them off to their village. There the Indians held a great council for two days to decide what was to be done with the white men.

When they had decided, a great fire was kindled, the prisoners were brought out, and the Indians ranged themselves in a ring around them. One of the chiefs then said that Lawson, the man who had sold their land, must die; and they took him and thrust him into the fire—the warriors and young men dancing and singing till his body was nothing but a heap of ashes. Graffenried was not put to death; but they kept him a prisoner five weeks.

While he was away, on the twenty-second of September, night fell gently on the quiet homes of the Germans on the Neuse, and these peaceful people ceased their work and prepared for sleep, wondering, as they had wondered for many days, what had become of good Graffenried. As night stole on, and all was silent in the little hamlet, a wild whoop rang through the woods, flaming torches waved on every side, and Indians dashed into every hut, shouting and brandishing tomahawks. Soon a blaze burst from the huts, and by its light the poor settlers were killed wherever they showed themselves.

Morning came, and all was desolate; but the Indians were not satisfied. They ran like wild beasts from village to village, from the Neuse to Albemarle Sound, slaughtering, and burning, and laying waste. Three days they ravaged the Province, and went home only when they were too tired to fight any longer.

From Albemarle swift messengers were sent off to Virginia and to Charleston, to tell the piteous story and to implore help. The bold men of South Carolina, who liked nothing better than fighting, took the field at once, with the brave BARNWELL at their head. Up they marched through wood and swamp, and never stopped till they came to the Tuscarora village, where they gave the Indians battle, and defeated them with great slaughter. Then a treaty of peace was made.

But as the South Carolinians returned home, they fell in with several parties of Indians, and very unfairly made them prisoners, and sold them as slaves. This roused the fury of the Tuscaroras, who began to ravage and lay waste the country more savagely than before.

In the midst of the war the yellow fever broke out, and the people on Albemarle Sound died in great numbers. What with the Indians, and what with the fever, the North Carolinians were in despair, and fled in all directions.

The men of Charleston, however, had no notion of giving up the country. Up again they marched —this time under the lead of the son of brave James Moore, as bold a man as his father—fighting the

Tuscaroras wherever they found them, and with the help of friendly Indians, hunting them as they had hunted the whites.

At last the Tuscaroras were driven to their great fort on the Neuse, where poor Lawson had been burnt, and the South Carolina men, with a few troops from Albemarle and a large band of friendly Indians, besieged them there. The fort was soon taken, and eight hundred Indians with it, who were sold as slaves. The remainder of the tribe were pursued and hunted all through the Province, and were glad at last to fly to the north for safety.

It was soon the turn of South Carolina to be attacked in the same way. The revengeful Spaniards of Florida had never forgiven bold Moore for burning and plundering their villages during the war; they enticed the Indians of the South to make a sudden onslaught on the white villages on the Savannah River.

It was on Good Friday morning that the slaughter began, at a trading fort named Pocotaligo. So fierce were the savages that only one boy and a man escaped by running into the woods, wounded as they were, and hiding from their cruel pursuers. Partly by running and partly by swimming the man reached Port Royal, and gave the alarm. But the Indians were there almost as soon as he, shouting their terrible war-whoop, and brandishing their tomahawks.

In fact, they were every where, burning, and ravaging, and murdering in their old way. The wretched settlers had only time to fly at full speed, on horses, in canoes, or on foot, to Charleston.

Governor CRAVEN was there, making ready for defense. When he had collected a sufficient number of men, and received assistance from Virginia and North Carolina, he set out to meet the Indians. They were encamped on the river Salke-Hachie, in overwhelming numbers, all the tribes which had formerly been friendly to the white men being now united against them. But Craven did not stop to count them; he gave the signal, and the attack commenced.

The Indians fought desperately; crouching behind trees and stones, and taking deadly aim at the white men. When they were driven back, they would retreat for a short distance, and then rush forward again with greater fury than ever. But in the end they were defeated. They fled, and the Carolinians pursued them through the woods, far beyond the last white village. Then there was peace once more in South Carolina.

As soon as the war was over, the people began to think, and found that they were deeply in debt. They sent word to the Englishmen, to whom King Charles had given the provinces, and who were always called proprietors; but the answer was, that they had no money to spare.

Then the people laid taxes to pay the debt; but the proprietors said the taxes injured their interests, and took them off.

By this time the people had got quite used to quarreling with the proprietors; and, at last, they resolved to have nothing more to do with them whatever.

The Governor, ROBERT JOHNSON—the son of old

Nathaniel Johnson—struggled hard to maintain his power. The people offered to make him Governor, if he would join them against the proprietors; but he would not. Then they elected brave JAMES MOORE, and said they would proclaim him on a given day in the great square at Charleston, with beat of drum.

When the day came, Johnson went into the square and forbade the drums to beat. But the officer said he was the servant of the people, not of the proprietors, and the drums beat a tremendous tattoo, and James Moore was proclaimed Governor of South Carolina.

Johnson went on board some ships of war which were lying in the port, and threatened to bombard Charleston; but the people only replied,

"Do it, if you dare!"

And he didn't.

This was the end of the proprietors in South Carolina. A messenger was dispatched to the King of England to say that the people would be much obliged if his Majesty would send them a Governor. He sent them accordingly old Francis Nicholson, the same who had been Governor of New York and Maryland and Virginia, and had been turned out of the latter on account of his grasping avarice.

At this time, however, he was old, and had learnt prudence, and he governed the Province much better than it had ever been governed before.

Nine years afterward, the King of England bought out the proprietors, and thus their power ended in North as well as South Carolina.

For many years after this, both provinces prospered in peace and quietness. Robert Johnson, the old governor who had struggled so manfully to maintain the proprietors, again became Governor of South Carolina under the King, and ruled so well that when he died the people erected a monument to his memory.

In North Carolina there were quarrels now and then between the governors and the people. Sometimes the governors tried, in the old way, to squeeze a little money out of the farmers; and sometimes the people tried to evade payment of the rent for their lands. Whenever this happened there was commotion in the Province; but in the end it came to nothing worth mentioning.

In Maryland the Protestants had the upper hand and treated the Catholics shamefully, not allowing them to vote at elections, and punishing them cruelly when they tried to hear mass in their own way. For a great many years old Lord Baltimore was excluded from the Province, and no notice taken of him whatever.

But at last, his son turning Protestant—I hope from honest motives—the King of England, who had ruled the Province in the mean time, gave it back to him, and all went on as before, except always that the Catholics had a hard time of it.

In Pennsylvania, disputes arose between the people and good William Penn, which so preyed on his tender heart that he was just going to give up the Province when he died. After his death, his heirs quarreled and went to law about their inheritance,

and for some years Pennsylvania heard very little of them.

At last, however, matters were made up, and the three sons of William Penn became proprietors of the Province. They were foolish men, not at all like their father, and were not loved by the people. But there was more liberty in Pennsylvania than in the other provinces; for though by far the greater part of the people were Protestants, some German Catholics who came to settle there were allowed to set up a church of their own.

Delaware had separated from Pennsylvania, as I mentioned before. It was called "The Territories," and was ruled by the Governor of Pennsylvania. The people were quiet and orderly, and every one seemed happy.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Earl of Bellamont dying suddenly, Cotton Mather chose JOSEPH DUDLEY to be his successor as Governor of Massachusetts, and he was appointed accordingly. Dudley cared for but two things in this world—making money for himself, and standing up for the King.

The people of Massachusetts, who did not care for either of these, very soon got to quarreling with him, and their quarrel grew very bitter indeed. Even Cotton Mather, when he found that Dudley was not to be twisted round his finger as stupid old Phipps had been, said he would not do at all, and that Massachusetts must have a new Governor. But cunning as Mather was, Dudley was more cunning still; and the end of the dispute was that Mather lost his power, and Dudley remained Governor.

While they were quarreling, the war between France and England, of which I have already spoken, broke out. The Jesuits in Canada had not got over their hatred of the Protestants of New England; in the long winter evenings, over their fires at Quebec and Montreal, they planned an expedition against Deerfield, in Massachusetts.

HERTEL DE ROUVILLE, a young Canadian, was the leader. He marched over the snow and the frozen surface of the Connecticut River, and arrived in

sight of Deerfield—then quite a small place, with only about two hundred inhabitants—on the last day of February. The New Englanders knew very well he was coming, and every night sentries were posted to keep watch.

Rouville hid in the woods till morning, when the sentries went home; and then, just as the people were awakening from sleep, he and his men ran in upon them. Some tried to resist, but were soon killed; and the others were hurried off as prisoners to Canada, men, women, and children together, under a guard of Indians.

One of these prisoners was MRS. WILLIAMS, the wife of the minister at Deerfield. She had just given birth to her youngest child, and was very weak and sickly; after a day or two, she could no longer keep up with the Indians in their swift march over the snow. She took her Bible and read a few verses, then commended her soul to God, and her five poor little children to their father, who was a prisoner with them, and bent her head meekly to a savage, who split it open with a tomahawk.

Many years after that day, when the Indians were at peace with the New Englanders, a woman, dressed in the Indian dress, walked into Deerfield, and asked the people if they knew her.

When they answered they did not, she said she was one of the daughters of Mrs. Williams; that she had married an Indian in Canada, and had several children.

The people of Deerfield were overjoyed to see her again, and begged her to cast away her Indian dress,

and live once more among them. But she replied, that she could not leave her husband and her little ones away in Canada.

They prayed and entreated her to stay; the minister ordained a public fast, in the hope that God would change her resolution; but she could not bear the thought of not seeing her children again, and, after a loving farewell from her friends at Deerfield, she returned to her Indian home.

Then the war broke out afresh, with the same horrors as of old. It seemed as though the people of New England were never to be at peace.

There lived in New York a brave and humane soldier, named PETER SCHUYLER; he wrote to the Governor of Canada, and said he held it his duty to God and his neighbor to try to prevent these barbarous and heathen cruelties.

The Governor of Canada—whether sincere or not we can not say—replied, that he agreed with Schuyler, and for a time the butchering ceased.

But Dudley, the Governor of Massachusetts, thought it would be a great thing to seize the French fort at Port Royal, in Acadie (as Nova Scotia was called when the French owned it), and persuaded the people of Massachusetts to fit out an expedition for the purpose. New Hampshire and Rhode Island sent men to assist, and the expedition set out in high feather.

But it was easier to talk about taking Port Royal than to take it. The French shut themselves up in their fort, and allowed the New Englanders to burn and plunder the neighboring villages; but whenever

they tried to storm the fort, they were driven back with great loss. The only result of the expedition was to rouse the French in Canada once more; and their old commander, Hertel de Rouville, marched into New England for the second time, and sacked Haverhill.

The people of Massachusetts sent word to the Queen of England, that if she would give them some assistance, they would engage to conquer Canada. Nothing could have suited the Queen's counselors better than this; and a large expedition was fitted out in England and sent to Boston. All the northern colonies were eager for the conquest, and soldiers were raised in New York and every province of New England.

In the last days of July, the fleet that was to take Quebec began to sail up the St. Lawrence. It was quite strong enough to conquer Canada; but the Admiral, SIR HOVENDEN WALKER, was a foolish fellow, who spent his time in wondering what he should do with his ships when winter came, instead of taking care of them then.

One night, while he was in his cabin, one of the soldiers came running down in breathless haste to say that there were breakers ahead. The Admiral only laughed at him. Almost at the same moment several of the ships struck, and the shrieks of the drowning sailors were heard high above the roaring of the waves. It was so dark, and the fog was so thick, that nothing could be seen, and all night the vessels which had not struck lay expecting to go on the rocks every moment. When morning came,

eight of the ships, with nearly nine hundred men on board, were nowhere to be seen. The blue waters of the St. Lawrence covered them all.

After this, Sir Hovenden Walker thought the best thing he could do was to return home. He did so; and shortly after, peace was declared between France and England, and the colonies had a few years rest.

Governor Dudley never ceased to quarrel with the people of Massachusetts until they prevailed upon the King of England to recall him. He had never had a moment's peace during the twelve years he ruled Massachusetts; and I fancy nobody was sorry when he went away.

The next Governor was COLONEL SHUTE, an old soldier. Very soon after he arrived at Boston he got into trouble with the people. The dispute arose in this way.

In the country which is now the State of Maine, and was then part of Massachusetts, there grew forests of pines, so tall and so straight that it seemed that nature had planted them there to supply masts for ships. These pines one BRIDGER, a king's officer, claimed as the property of the King. The people of Maine, on the other hand, said they were theirs, as much as any other trees in the country.

Bridger said they should cut none of them; the men of Maine said they would cut as many as they pleased. As the dispute went on, ELISHA COOKE, a member of the Massachusetts Council, took the part of the woodsmen in Maine, and proved very plainly that they were right, and Bridger wrong.

This enraged Governor Shute so much that he turned Cooke out of the Council.

Then the Assembly of Massachusetts, or the House, as it was called, took up the quarrel, and wrote a letter to the Governor, complaining of what he had done. Colonel Shute, being an old soldier, and accustomed to knock people about pretty much as he liked, flew into a rage with the Assembly's letter, and dared them to print it. They sent it to the press directly and had it printed. Then the Governor said he would prosecute the printer; but when he came to look into the matter, there was no law found that would answer the case.

But the House was not done with him. The very next year they elected Cooke Speaker. Shute said he should not be Speaker; the House said he should; and the Governor dissolved them, and called another House. The first thing the new House did, was to refuse to vote any money to the Governor. Shute was furious; stormed, raved, and threatened; but the House didn't mind him in the least. So he dissolved them, too, and called a third House. From it he got a small sum of money, much less than usual, but it was better than nothing, and he took it.

When he tried, however, to have matters managed in his own way, they rose up as stoutly as the former Houses, and said that they would not submit to any thing of the kind.

Wearied and sickened at last, this old soldier, who always fancied he was commanding a regiment instead of ruling a free people, slipped out of Boston one fine day, without saying a word to any one.

went on board ship, and sailed away to England, calling the people of Massachusetts all sorts of hard names.

More Indian wars then followed. At Norridgewock, on the Kennebec, in what is now the State of Maine, there was then a small Indian village, where a famous Jesuit priest, named SEBASTIEN RASLES lived. This was one of those Jesuits who had given up every thing to preach to the Indians and to convert them to Christianity.

He lived among the red men as they did; built his own hut, sowed his own corn, cooked his own food, wrought as hard as any of them, and yet had time to teach them all, and to become a great Indian scholar. In course of time—he had been thirty-seven years among them—they grew very fond of him, and called him their father, and obeyed him strictly; by which means the village of Norridgewock became quite a flourishing place.

The people of Massachusetts, who hated the Jesuits, watched its progress with a jealous eye. They said the whole of the country in which it stood belonged to them. Perhaps it did. On their side the Indians said the New Englanders had already more land than they had any right to; which is also quite likely to have been the case. Any way, a pretext for fighting was soon found, and they all began to murder each other again in the old way.

Twice the New Englanders sailed and marched to Norridgewock, in the hope of seizing Rasles; but each time he had notice of their coming and escaped. The third time they succeeded.

There were very few warriors in the village, and when the New Englanders attacked it, they ran out and made for the river to escape with their wives and children. The aged Father Rasles, it is said, did not try to escape, but thrust himself in front of the pursuers, in order to gain time for the Indians. He was killed; and when the Indians returned, after the New Englanders had left the place, they found his body hacked, his skull broken and scalped, and his mouth filled with dirt. A shocking end!

The Indians buried him under the altar where he had so often preached to them the words of truth.

It is very horrible to think of the cruel death of this poor old priest. But you must remember that the men of New England had great reason to be enraged against the Jesuits, and also that in a battle, especially a sudden attack of this kind, persons are often killed whom the assailants would have been glad to spare.

While Shute was Governor the people of Massachusetts improved vastly in some respects. They began to see that every one had the same right to worship in his own way that they had themselves; which was a great improvement on former days. When a Baptist Church was established in Boston, Cotton Mather himself preached a sermon in which he showed very plainly that people should live together in amity, whatever their form of worship was.

It must have sounded odd to hear such things from old Cotton Mather, but he had grown wise as his hair grew gray. Indeed, at last, he came to be

a very far-seeing and enlightened man; and when he heard that in Turkey the doctors used to check that dreadful disease, the small pox, by means of a very simple process, which was called inoculation, he set about having it tried in Massachusetts. The people were at first very much afraid of it, and all manner of absurd things were said and written against it, as is usually the case whenever any thing new and useful is discovered; but Cotton Mather was as stubborn this time on the right side as he had been formerly on the wrong, and he triumphed at last, as you know who have been vaccinated.

It is very pleasant to have something good to remember him by, for he was a learned man, and his name is wound up with the history of the Bay State.

About this time, too, a boy, a printer's apprentice, suddenly rose into notice by writing short essays on various subjects, in the *New England Courant*, the only newspaper in New England. As he told the truth in his essays, he offended many persons whose consciences smote them, and they resolved to put him down.

The House called him before them, and reprimanded him; and the great people in Boston would have nothing more to say to the *Courant*, which soon expired in consequence. Almost every body said the boy was rightly served, and no one had a good word for him. Above all, his master, who was also his brother, though not very brotherly in his feelings, used to beat him, and ill treat him in many ways.

Wearied by this harsh usage, the printer's apprentice ran away to New York, in the hope of finding

work there. He found none, and went on to Amboy. No work there; and on to Burlington, whence he rowed in a boat to Philadelphia.

He was very ragged, and tired, and dirty, and poor when he landed there, and walked about the streets seeking work; and no doubt if the great people at Boston had seen him, they would have said many fine things about his being thus punished for his boldness in telling the truth in his essays. Ragged and poor as he was though, I know many boys who would gladly have been that printer's apprentice; for his name was BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

After Shute had run away in disgust, the Province was governed for a time by the Lieutenant-Governor, whose name was DUMMER. He did just what the people pleased, and all went on smoothly.

But when he was succeeded by WILLIAM BURNET, a ruined Englishman, who was also Governor of New York, the old disputes arose again. Burnet said the House must fix a regular salary for him, and pay it every year.

The House said "No;" but each time they met they would vote a sum of money for the Governor, so that, if he governed badly, they could refuse to vote him any thing at all.

Burnet replied that this would not do.

The House said they were very sorry, but they could not help it.

So the members were allowed to go to their homes, and nothing was settled.

Then the people of Boston held a great meeting, and declared that the House had done quite right.

Which so enraged Governor Burnet that he forced the next House to meet at Salem instead of Boston. But the members were as stubborn at one place as the other.

Burnet wrote to the King of England that he could do nothing with them; and the House also wrote to the King, saying that Burnet was extorting money from the people—which was true—and acting in a foolish, arbitrary manner.

When the House met again, Burnet made the members go to Cambridge instead of Salem. But if he had ordered them to meet in Patagonia or Timbuctoo, it would not have made the smallest change in their minds. They told him again and again, wherever they were, that they would not give up their rights as freemen.

At last Burnet died, and a Boston man, named BELCHER, took his place as Governor. He was bidden by the King of England to ask for a fixed salary, as Burnet had done; but the House still refused to grant it. He then dissolved it, and when another was chosen, he set about bribing the members to carry his point. But it was of no use. The men of Massachusetts said he might threaten, or bribe, or promise, or argue till his tongue would wag no longer; they would not yield one inch.

And at last, when the King of England learned the sort of people he had to deal with, and how undaunted and persevering they were, he decided to give up the point, and Belcher told the House they might vote what they pleased.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN England there lived, one hundred and thirty years ago, a brave and humane gentleman, whose name was JAMES OGLETHORPE. He had been a soldier, and had fought valiantly in the wars of the time; when he returned home, he devoted himself to the noble task of visiting the prisons, and trying to better the condition and soothe the miseries of the unfortunate prisoners.

At this time a foolish idea prevailed in England—so foolish that it would seem almost laughable, if it were possible to laugh at so grave a wrong. It was this. When a man owed money and could not pay, it was supposed that the best way of making him pay was to shut him up in prison. You and I know well enough that when a man is locked up, and can not go about and see his friends, and work, or do business, it is not very easy for him to earn money; and if we had a debtor and wanted him to pay us, we should think it better to give him as much liberty as possible, and so put him in the way of earning what he could, than to deprive him of the means of gaining any thing by burying him within four walls. But this was not understood by the English (I am not sure they understand it yet); and the consequence was, that when a hard-hearted creditor wished to persecute his poor debtor, he had him imprisoned.

And as there were a great many hard-hearted creditors in England, the prisons were full of poor debtors.

Besides whom, scores and scores of other unfortunate people, who had committed slight offenses, were barbarously imprisoned for very long periods, and suffered incredible hardships from the cruel discipline of the prisons of that period.

For the people, or rather the King and nobles of England, had another odd idea, which was, that when a man had committed a crime and was sent to prison for it, the best thing to do was to thrust him into a crowd of other criminals, to keep him in idleness, and, by harsh treatment and carelessness, to afford him a fine chance of becoming ten times a worse and more depraved man than he was before. What with these two very odd ideas, you may fancy what state the English prisons were in, when good James Oglethorpe began to visit them.

He turned his whole thoughts to the subject, and finding that it would take too long—if, indeed, it was at all possible—to make the prisons what they ought to be, he resolved to find some new country whither poor debtors and unhappy prisoners might flee for a refuge.

I am very glad to say that he soon found a number of rich persons to join him in the scheme, and that the King—it was George the Second, and it is pleasant to meet with one bright spot in his rather dusky history—granted him what he asked without scruple or hesitation. King George gave him and his friends a wide tract of land between South Caro-

lina and Spanish Florida, and named it GEORGIA, after himself, of course.

In February, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three, James Oglethorpe landed on a sandy bluff on the banks of the river Savannah. He had with him one hundred and twenty poor Englishmen. They chose the bluff, which was then called Yamacraw, to be the site of their future city, and bought it from the Indians.

It is quite delightful, after all the horrible Indian wars I have related, to think of the friendly way in which these Indians welcomed Oglethorpe. One of the chiefs went to his tent, bearing a large buffalo skin, on the inside of which an eagle was painted, and said:

"The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm, and is the emblem of protection. Therefore love and protect our little families." A very pretty speech, is it not?

As soon as the town of Savannah was laid out, and people in Europe heard of the beautiful climate of Georgia, and the wise manner in which Oglethorpe ruled the colony, many poor persons from Germany and Switzerland, as well as Scotland and England, came to live there. The Germans had a settlement of their own, which they called Ebenezer; and besides Savannah, Oglethorpe founded Augusta on the Savannah River, Frederica, Darien, and other places which are now flourishing.

The Spaniards of Florida were very jealous of the new colony. They said that Georgia belonged to them, and sent a messenger to Oglethorpe to tell him

so, and to order him to decamp. But he civilly replied that he would do no such thing.

War breaking out again between the King of England and the King of Spain, Oglethorpe, who was very fond of fighting, collected an army in South Carolina and Georgia, and crossed over into Florida. Several small forts he took easily, and laid siege to San Augustine.

The Spanish Governor of Augustine, whose name was MONTEANO, was a man of great spirit, and had no notion of being beaten. When Oglethorpe sent him word to surrender, he replied,

"Tell General Oglethorpe that I will be happy to shake hands with him in my castle, if he can get in."

Then Oglethorpe ordered his batteries to fire, and the Spaniard bade his do the same; but neither did much harm to the other. The Spaniards made a sally, and cut off a part of Oglethorpe's army; and sickness made great havoc among the remainder. In the end Oglethorpe, himself among the sick, was obliged to return home without taking Augustine.

Then the Spanish General, Monteano, thought his turn was come, and fitted out a great fleet, boasting that he would not leave an Englishman south of the Potomac. He sailed to the mouth of the Altamaha, and landed a short distance up the river.

Oglethorpe had very few men with him; and, though he had sent to Carolina for help, none came. He knew that if the Spaniards attacked him, he must be beaten; but he said he did not fear death,

if he could but protect Carolina and the other settlements from the Spaniards.

Monteano sent forward small parties of his men; but each time Oglethorpe's Highlanders, who were lying in ambuscade alongside the road, fell upon them, and routed them. Then Oglethorpe resolved to surprise the enemy. With three hundred chosen men he marched at night in the direction of the Spanish camp. The Spaniards, suspecting nothing, were asleep. Oglethorpe advanced close to their lines, and was about to give the order for the attack, when one of his men, a renegade Frenchman, fired his gun, ran over to the Spaniards, and gave the alarm.

This was a very untoward accident, for the Spanish Gereral had no idea how few men Oglethorpe had with him, and it was likely that when the French deserter told him, he would advance with his whole army and cut Oglethorpe's force to pieces.

To prevent this, Oglethorpe wrote a letter to the deserter, desiring him to tell these things to the Spaniards, and gave the letter to a Spanish prisoner to deliver. As he had expected, the prisoner ran straight to the Spanish General, and gave him Oglethorpe's letter.

Monteano read it, and supposed, of course, that the deserter was a spy, and that Oglethorpe had laid a plan to destroy the Spanish army in case they attacked him. Three ships of war appearing at the same moment in the offing, the Spaniard lost courage, re-embarked without loss of time, and sailed away. Thus Georgia was saved.

You will suppose, of course, that after so great a

feat, accomplished with so much daring and so much skill, Oglethorpe was a great favorite with every one. Quite the contrary. The first thing he was obliged to do, after the retreat of the Spaniards, was to defend himself from the mean attacks of the people of Georgia, who accused him of all sorts of improper acts without any reason whatever. This obliged him to return to England.

He very soon demolished his accusers, and proved that he was in the right and they in the wrong; but he never returned to Georgia.

I like to dwell upon the character of James Oglethorpe, for he was a noble, great-hearted man. Among all the good men who were the fathers of this nation, none were truer than he. None had a higher notion of manly honor. He loved his King and his country, and loved truth and honor as well. He deserves a high place in that long list of great men which includes John Smith, Edward Winslow, John Winthrop, Roger Williams, Leonard Calvert, Peter Stuyvesant, and William Penn.

You should likewise remember, among those who deserve to be called the fathers of Georgia, JOHN WESLEY, the founder of that great and numerous sect of Christians called Methodists, and that other great preacher, GEORGE WHITFIELD, who founded the Orphan House near Savannah.

It is, I think, a very striking circumstance that so many of the best Christians of that age either settled in America, or lived some time here. GEORGE FOX, the great Quaker, was a long time in this country. The famous BISHOP BERKELEY was a citizen of Rhode

Island. Many of the preachers of New England were the ablest men of the day: Cotton Mather himself, though he often made mistakes, wrote several works which are now regarded as excellent by the English as well as the Americans. I hope the meaning of this remarkable assemblage of good ministers was, that religion should always be preserved in its truth and purity in America.

For many years Georgia did not thrive as well as the other colonies. The reason was this:

The rich men in England who had agreed to provide money to carry out Oglethorpe's plan for settling Georgia, were so lavish in their benevolence that the settlers began at last to expect that every thing would be given to them without work or trouble on their part.

This arose from another of those foolish old ideas which people formerly indulged; namely, that it was a right and proper thing for rich men to give enough money to the poor to save them the trouble of working. We know very well nowadays—though some very fashionable people in cities not a hundred miles from this do not seem to understand it quite yet—that it is both foolish and cruel to bestow charity in such a way as to save the poor all thought or care for their existence. We know that if we give money to poor people whenever they ask for it, they will come at last to expect us to put beefsteaks all ready cooked into their mouths, and great-coats all ready made on their backs; and that true benevolence consists in enabling every man to perform the work God intended him to do.

The rich people who helped Oglethorpe to plant the colony of Georgia—and who were called trustees—did not understand this. They thought they were acting right and charitably when they gave money to the poor settlers.

The consequence was, that these poor settlers preferred living on money they got so easily to working for a livelihood, as the men of New England and Virginia and Pennsylvania had done. Great poverty and distress followed, as a matter of course; for no man who trusts to another for his bread is ever any thing but poor and distressed.

At length the trustees found out that they were spending a great deal of money and doing very little good. The people of Georgia were not at all grateful for the unwise charity they received; and the trustees—coming to their senses—gave up the colony to the King.

King George sent out a governor named REYNOLDS to rule the Province. Like all the other colonial governors he did not get on well with the people, and after a time, he was recalled and a fresh governor, HENRY ELLIS, was appointed in his stead. Ellis falling ill, JAMES WRIGHT succeeded him; and by this time the people began to learn the necessity of working, and Georgia throve accordingly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER the Queen's cousin, Lord Cornbury, had cheated his creditors by escaping from jail, another lord, whose name was LOVELACE, was appointed Governor of New York. He died on arriving, and the next governor was a Scotchman, named HUNTER.

He had been a common soldier; had risen to be an officer; had become friends with many of the great people in England, among others a great lady of a noble family, whom he married. His idea was that it would be a delightful thing to be Governor of New York, and that he would have nothing to do but to live like a lord and knock the people about when the humor seized him.

He found himself tremendously mistaken when he arrived here. For the Assembly which represented the people had not forgotten Lord Cornbury; and when Hunter asked them for money, they flatly refused to grant any thing beyond what was required for a single year.

Then began the same struggle as took place in Massachusetts—the Governor dissolving the Assemblies, the Assemblies defying the Governor; the Governor threatening, the Assemblies mocking his threats. The people of New York were quite as bold and as firm as those of Boston. Poor Hunter, who was not

a bad man, but only weak, and who did as he was bid by the King of England, said that he was treated like a dog; which I doubt, as dogs don't ask for more than enough to feed them, whereas Hunter wanted a fixed salary to be paid every year, and no questions asked.

After fighting for four years, Hunter hit upon a new plan. He went to the members of the Assembly, and said to one, you rendered such and such a service to the Province, worth so much; to another, you worked for the Province at such a time, and it owes you so much; to another, your father did so and so, and the Province ought to have paid him for it; to another, your grand aunt made soup for the Governor in such a year, and she deserved to receive something therefor; and so on to all of them. Now, said this cunning Governor, if you will grant me what I ask, I will agree to pay all of you these various sums of money out of the funds of the Province.

The members were a little surprised at first, but, after thinking it over, they thought the idea capital, and agreed to it; by which means Governor Hunter got a fixed salary for several years, and the members of the Assembly each had a slice of the loaf. Of course no such thing ever takes place in our time; our members are far too honest for that. Oh! far!

All went on pleasantly after this between the Governor and the Assembly—though the people grumbled a little. Hunter left New York, and Burnet, whom I mentioned before as Governor of Massachusetts, was sent out by King George to take his place.

I suspect that the members of the Assembly found out that they, or their fathers, or their grand aunts, had rendered other services to the Province for which they had not been paid; and that Burnet, who was not so shrewd as Hunter, declined to give them any more money. For very soon they began as before to refuse to vote what he wanted. He grew angry and dissolved them, and called a new Assembly—the old one having lasted eleven years.

The new Assembly went straight to work to upset the Governor; and they had such a fine chance—great corruptions having crept into the government during the past eleven years—that Burnet was soon recalled, and sent to Massachusetts, where you know what became of him, 1729.

After him, King George sent one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, who was named JOHN MONTGOMERY, to rule New York. He thought probably that it was much the same thing to keep a Province as a bedroom in order. It chanced that John Montgomery was a quiet, easy-going man, who let the people govern themselves, and was content with what they chose to give him. So New York was quiet in his time.

His successor was a fighting man, WILLIAM COSBY by name. He contrived, like Hunter, to wheedle the Assembly, and thought he had nothing more to fear. But by this time there was another Power established in New York, to fight for freedom when the Assembly forgot its duty; that Power was the press. A poor printer named JOHN PETER ZENGER, the son of some Dutch farmer, I dare say, had set up

a little newspaper named the *Weekly Journal.* It would seem a very insignificant little sheet, in comparison with our great newspapers, which appear every day filled with news, from all parts of the world, and which speak out boldly for the people and the right.

But, little as it was, it told the truth; and Governor Cosby and his friends were terribly shocked and disgusted. They said that it must be put down at once, and ordered the public whipper—that is to say, the man who whipped criminals when they were condemned to suffer this barbarous punishment—to burn it in the market-place. It would not have done the newspaper much harm, if fifty copies instead of one had been burned, as they could have printed ten times as many more in a few hours. But the people of New York liked the *Weekly Journal,* and would not suffer it to be burned. So they told the whipper not to mind the Governor's order.

Then the Governor and his councilors laid their long heads together and resolved upon another plan. The Chief Justice tried to persuade the Grand Jury to indict—that is to say, to accuse—John Peter Zenger. As they said he had done no wrong, and would not indict him, another of the Governor's friends, the Attorney-General, agreed to do the dirty job, and Zenger was arrested and thrown into prison.

When he was brought up for trial, two lawyers appeared to defend him; but the Governor refused to let them speak on his behalf. He said openly that he would not allow any lawyer who should defend Zenger to plead again in court.

He then thought he had the poor printer fairly under his heel; and his friends chuckled amazingly when the jury were sworn, and John Peter was dragged into Court from his damp, dirty cell in the prison. But just as the Clerk asked who defended the prisoner, a venerable old man tottered into Court, leaning on a stick for support, walked up to the bar, and answered,

"I appear for the prisoner."

Every body asked who the gray-haired old man was, and very soon every body whispered his neighbor that this was the famous ANDREW HAMILTON, the great lawyer of Philadelphia, who had come all the way to New York on purpose to save the poor printer.

You can fancy how savage the Governor's friends were, when this fine old man rose, and with a voice clear and firm, spoke of all the corruptions of the Governor, of the honesty of poor John Peter Zenger, and called on the jury to decide, not for themselves, but for all ages, that the press of New York was free. And so they did.

"Not guilty," said the foreman; and the crowd in Court caught the words, and gave a shout which rang through the building, and was caught up again by the crowd outside, and rang from street to street, and from square to square, till all New York knew that poor John Peter Zenger was free once more.

That night the people gave old Andrew Hamilton a splendid dinner; and, until he went back to Philadelphia, there was no end to the honors paid to him, or to the rejoicings of the men of New York. All

which must have been particularly agreeable to snarling William Cosby, as he sat in his house watching the crowds through his window.

They say the disappointment killed him. At all events, he died soon afterward, and GEORGE CLARKE, one of his friends, succeeded him as Governor. With him the old dispute about salary ended, as it had ended in Massachusetts. The people would not yield; so the King and the Governor were forced to make up their minds to be content with what they chose to vote.

While he was Governor, a very singular and lamentable occurrence took place, to understand which we must turn for a moment to South Carolina.

When the war broke out between the King of England and the King of Spain, the Spaniards sent secret messengers to South Carolina to stir up the negroes to rebellion. By promising the negroes plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and nothing to do, the messengers succeeded in their object; and a band of black men suddenly rose at Stono, stole some guns, and began to ravage, burn, and murder, just like the Indians. The Governor of South Carolina chanced to fall in with them, and had only time to fly at top speed and give the alarm.

The news reached Wiltown while the people were at Church; and the men, who had their guns with them—it was then usual to take one's gun to church in case of sudden attack—rushed off at once in pursuit. They soon found the negroes, many of them drunk, and all half mad; and, after a short battle, routed them, and put an end to the rebellion.

This affair was well known in New York, and, as you may fancy, people looked rather suspiciously on the negroes in consequence. All at once fires began to burst forth in the city; one, two, three, as many as nine, in rapid succession.

A woman came forward in the midst of the trouble and confusion, and said that she had overheard the negroes talking about the fires, that they were all their work, and that they had a plot to burn down the whole city and kill the whites. It is very hard to tell, now, whether there was any truth at all in this; it is quite certain that it was not all true. However, from the reason I mentioned, the people were ready to believe any thing of the negroes.

A perfect panic spread. Every man armed himself, and an immense number of negroes were arrested. Many were tried, and convicted; some burned at the stake, some hanged, some transported.

I am sorry to say that the trials were exceedingly unfair. The Chief Justice, Delancey, the same who had tried so hard to have John Peter Zenger convicted, railed at the wretched negroes like a ruffian. All the lawyers were against them; not one had the manliness to stand up in their defense, to see fair play. Oh, that old Andrew Hamilton had been there, and not in his grave!

Altogether this business, like that of the witches in Massachusetts, was a very shameful one, and ought to serve as a lesson against the danger of allowing one's self to be carried away by the impulse of momentary passion.

Soon afterward, Clarke was succeeded by GEORGE CLINTON, an English Admiral.

The Governor of Massachusetts was a lawyer named WILLIAM SHIRLEY, who had succeeded Belcher. New Hampshire and New Jersey both got governors of their own, for the first time, about this period; and, as usual, the people fell to quarreling with them for their rights.

Connecticut and Rhode Island were very prosperous and quiet, building towns and ships, planting corn and trading; far better things in their way than the most glorious wars that have ever been waged.

Pennsylvania had her quarrels with her governors, like the other colonies, and was very bitter against her proprietors, the sons of William Penn, who, of course, sought to tyrannize over the people. Delaware and Maryland were quiet.

While every thing was thus tranquil, the restless kings of England and of France must needs go to war again. There were a great number of French in the island of Cape Breton, and they had erected an exceedingly strong fortress at Louisburg. It so happened that the news of the declaration of war reached Louisburg before Boston, and the French resolved to pounce upon the English unawares.

One party crept over to Canseau, and took the inhabitants prisoners, and sent them to Louisburg. Another, led by a Jesuit priest, who had much better have been reading his Bible, attacked Annapolis, and only retreated after a desperately hard fight. Ships of war, too, sailed forth, like birds of prey, and

seized the New England fishing and trading vessels, wherever they found them.

When the news of these things reached Boston, the people began to ferment in the old way. Governor Shirley was a man of great spirit. He called his Assembly together, and made the members take a solemn oath that they would not divulge what he was going to say to them. When they had taken the oath, he told them he had a plan to attack Louisburg, which he laid before them.

But the fame of the strength of the fort the French had built there had spread, and the Assembly said the scheme was too bold and could not succeed. So they all went away to their homes, thinking over the daring project of Governor Shirley, but not uttering a word about it, on account of their oath.

That night, as one of the members was offering his usual family prayer to God, he prayed that Providence would watch over the enterprise in which the men of New England might shortly embark. As soon as the prayer was over, his children and servants asked what enterprise he meant, and little by little, the secret came out.

Very soon every one in Boston knew it, and there was great commotion in the city. The people were all of one mind; they said the Governor was right, and the expedition must be sent to attack Louisburg. Then the Assembly, finding the people so resolute, agreed to it also.

Messengers were sent to all the other colonies to ask for assistance. Pennsylvania and New Jersey gave a sum of money; New York sent money, and

provisions, and cannon; Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island sent men. The little army chose its own officers, all of them civilians, some lawyers, some carpenters, some fishermen, some woodsmen. The commander was a Maine merchant, named WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

Away they went, in high spirits, and on the last day of April came in sight of Louisburg. The French tried to prevent their landing; but the New Englanders swept forward like a wave of the ocean, and the enemy fell back into the fort.

Then a bold man from New Hampshire, named VAUGHAN, marched up to the town and set fire to several stores which contained tar and pitch. So dense a smoke arose, that the French thought the whole army was coming under its cover, and they ran away from one of their batteries, which Vaughan took, with loud cheers from his men.

Still, it was not all as easy work as this. From behind their strong walls the French never ceased to fire at the New Englanders, who were without shelter. The French had comfortable beds to sleep in, and roofs to shelter them: the New Englanders slept on the cold ground, and the dews fell so heavily that many soon died of fevers. It was desperate work, drawing up the cannon through the bogs and swamps, and the men toiled incessantly, with straps fastened round their shoulders. They knew very little, as you may fancy, of the science of war; and the French, who were soldiers by trade, thought them a very contemptible set of fellows.

They were quite sure of it when a party of New

Englanders attacked one of the batteries, and were driven back after a desperate fight, in which a great number of their men were killed.

But there was one thing which the French did not understand, and that was the untiring perseverance and dogged tenacity of their enemies. You may learn what was the spirit of the New Englanders from a letter of one of them to his wife, in which he said that Louisburg seemed almost too strong to be taken, but that he was willing to stay till God's time came to deliver it into their hands. And from his wife's answer:

"Suffer no anxious thought to rest in your mind about me. I leave you in the hand of God."

They dug trenches, and mounted their guns, and began to fire; showing pretty plainly by their attitude that they meant to succeed. A French ship of war, sailing into the port during the siege, was attacked by the New England ships, and captured. Several English ships of war sailed up about the same time, and got ready to help the land forces when the assault was made.

Before that day came, however, the French, who had quite changed their minds about the men of New England, hoisted a white flag. This was a signal of surrender; and with great shouts and cheers Pepperell's little army entered the French fort, and had the pleasure of listening to a sermon from their own Puritan preacher in the very chapel of the French Jesuits.

The news of this glorious victory set the people of New England wild with joy; and the church bells

rang all day long, and bonfires blazed merrily in every town and village.

The people of France were mightily enraged, and fitted out a great fleet of ships to retake Louisburg, and give the New Englanders a terrible lesson. But Providence did not intend they should succeed. For storm after storm burst upon them, and several ships were lost. Then a pestilence broke out on board the fleet, and day after day, nothing was so often heard as the hollow plunge of dead bodies over the side into the blue waters of the ocean. Then the commander died suddenly. His successor, heart-broken at so many disasters, went mad and stabbed himself with his own sword. Finally, a furious storm, which lasted several days, dispersed the fleet altogether.

This was a great relief to the people of New England, who had been much alarmed at the news of the French fleet coming. They said they saw in it a clear proof that the Almighty was on their side.

Now that Louisburg was theirs, they felt pretty secure against the French; and though it had cost them a great many men, and a vast sum of money to capture it, they did not grudge it in the least, and felt proud that they had taken it without help from England.

In the midst of their rejoicings, news came that the kings of England and France had made peace again; and one of the first conditions of the peace was that Louisburg should be given back to the French! You may fancy how annoyed the men of New England were, when they heard that the King of England had given back the fort they had had so

much trouble in taking. But this was the way matters were arranged at that time.

The King of England was always squabbling with the King of France, or some other king; and every now and then, when he was in the humor, he would declare war. Then, as you have heard, the settlers in the colonies, who had no interest whatever in these royal squabbles, were obliged to fight for their lives, and often saw their houses burned down, and their wives and children carried off into captivity.

After a time, when the kings were tired of the sport, peace would be made, and nobody ever asked what the colonies wanted. They were expected to fight when the King was in the war-humor; and to lay down their arms when he was in the peace-humor again, and always to look pleasant and cheerful. How comfortable it must have been to be a colonist in those days!

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the French found themselves in Louisburg once more, they began seriously to think of securing themselves in such a way that they could not be driven out by the English. The plan to do this, they thought, was to send officers to all parts of the country where the English had not settled, to dig holes in the ground and bury leaden plates with the French arms engraven thereon, and to nail some of the same plates on the trees. The meaning of these plates, buried and nailed up, was that the King of France was the rightful sovereign of the country where they were. So they buried plates all through the west, and along the Ohio and Illinois rivers.

In this way, the King of France came to claim a great deal more land in America than the English did. He had a fort, as you know, at the seaward point of Cape Breton; others were scattered along the St. Lawrence, at Quebec, Montreal, and Frontenac (which is now Kingston); he had others at Niagara, on Lake Erie, at Detroit, and at Michilimackinac. The Governor of Canada had built a fort quite recently at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. Along the Ohio and Illinois rivers, besides the plates I have mentioned, the French had trading houses and forts. On the Mississippi, New Orleans had already been founded by French settlers, and

other forts or trading posts stretched up the river to Natchez and beyond. Wherever the French had the least little bit of a fort or a trading post they claimed the country far and wide for miles around. And thus, as you will see on looking at the map, the dominions of the French king were like a monstrous bow, of which the English colonies along the shore of the ocean were the string.

There were ten times as many people in the English as in the French settlements; but the French were very fond of fighting, very jealous of the English, and very anxious to be masters of the whole continent.

One of their governors wrote to the French king to say that he would be obliged to conquer New York. Not that he liked the idea of butchering so many people, or that he thought he had any right to the country; but he could not help it. He was very sorry, but he would be obliged to do it.

While this virtuous man was making up his mind to put an end to the English in this way, a number of English traders started to plant a new colony on the borders of the Ohio.

The French sent them word they could not stay there, that being the territory of the French king. But the people of Virginia said, on the contrary, that the territory was theirs, and they would not give it up.

When the French sent a party of soldiers, took the English prisoners, and carried them to their fort on Lake Erie—the place where that very quiet and orderly little town—Erie—now stands.

Virginia was much enraged when the news came, and the Governor, ROBERT DINWIDDIE, sent a message to the French that the prisoners must be surrendered. To be the bearer of this message he chose a young man of twenty-one years of age, who was a surveyor by trade, and was already known by his great bravery and judgment. His name was GEORGE WASHINGTON.

He set out on foot with a guide to walk through the woods to the nearest French fort on a river flowing into the Ohio. It was a long and perilous journey; not less than four hundred miles through the bush, and among Indians who were quite ready to kill any white man for the sake of robbing him.

Once, as Washington was plodding through the woods, an Indian fired at him from behind a tree, and the ball just grazed his body. The guide sprang forward and was going to kill the savage; but Washington spared his life, and took him prisoner.

When he reached the French fort, and delivered his message, the French officer said he would not give up the prisoners; his orders were to take any Englishman found in those parts. So Washington returned home, and the colonies saw there was nothing for it but to fight it out.

A regiment was raised in Virginia, and marched toward the Ohio, where the French were attacking the English whenever they showed themselves, and persecuting the Indians likewise.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh of May, an Indian ran in haste to Washington, who was Colonel of the Virginia regiment, and told him the French

were quite close. It was raining in torrents; but Washington set out to find them. He came upon them so suddenly that they had hardly time to seize their arms. Washington cried: "Fire!" and fired his own gun. In ten minutes the French were defeated, their commander killed, and many taken prisoners. This battle was called the battle of the Great Meadows.

Washington then sent messengers home asking for reinforcements to enable him to hold the fort. He knew the French would soon attack him again; and day after day he looked out wistfully for the succor he had prayed for. But it did not come. A few men from North Carolina came, but they were not of much use, and their officer, who took the command from Washington, knew very little about his business. In a short while the French advanced, as Washington had expected, in overwhelming numbers.

The Virginians fought desperately for nine hours; but the French general proposing a parley, it was accepted, and Washington marched out of the fort with the honors of war.

About the same time a meeting of delegates from all the northern colonies took place at Albany, in order to consult together about their defense. One of the delegates from Pennsylvania was Benjamin Franklin—the poor printer's apprentice, now a ripe man, much esteemed and loved in Pennsylvania.

Franklin proposed a plan of union for the colonies, under one Governor, who should live at Philadelphia. Being a very wise and cautious man, he proposed

that power should be divided between the King and the people; which would have been the best thing that could have been done, if the King was to have any power at all. But the other colonies, Massachusetts especially, would not agree to giving the King the power to tax the colonies. The King, on the other hand, when he heard of it, would not agree to giving the colonies any powers at all. So Franklin's plan was dropped for the present: you know when and how it was taken up again, and how much the King gained by rejecting it.

On this, the King resolved to send soldiers to America to fight the French. He chose GENERAL BRADDOCK, a very brave man, but conceited and headstrong, to be their leader. When he arrived in Virginia, he met several of the governors of the colonies, and asked them why they had not taxed the people to raise money for the war. The governors, who had all of them tried it and failed, replied that the Assemblies would not vote any.

"Then why don't you make them?" cried Braddock.

To which the governors made answer, that if he knew what a stubborn set of people the colonists were, and how unflinchingly they stood out for their rights, he would not talk about making them do any thing against their will. And I do think the governors were right this time.

Braddock was eager for the fight, and made quite sure of victory. He said he would take Fort Duquesne on the fork of the Monongahela and Ohio rivers; then he would march to Niagara, and take

the French fort there; then sail to Fort Frontenac, where he would rest a short while.

When Benjamin Franklin advised him to beware of the Indians, he laughed at the idea. He said Indians might be dangerous to the men of America, but that his English soldiers would make short work of them. Boasting in this way, and abusing the Americans, who, he said, did not know how to fight, he marched toward Fort Duquesne, which stood where the fine city of Pittsburg has since been built.

The French knew he was coming, and sent out a party to meet him. They met a short distance from the fort, and the battle commenced in the middle of a wood. For a short while Braddock's soldiers fought bravely; but very soon the warwhoop of the Indians began to terrify them, and the Indian plan of hiding behind trees and firing without showing themselves puzzled them completely. They fired their guns without taking aim, and one by one lost courage and ran away. The slaughter was very great, especially among the officers. More than half of them were killed or wounded.

Washington, who was aid-de-camp to Braddock, had two horses killed under him and four balls in his coat. An Indian chief, who had fired at him several times, at last threw down his gun and cried that some great spirit must be guarding him.

The battle was won by the French, and Braddock's English soldiers fled like sheep. Braddock himself was shot in the side, and was carried away by his men. He never spoke for a whole day after the battle. Then turning to his officers, he said:

"Who would have thought it?"

There were people who would have thought it, though General Braddock did not; and those were George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and other Americans who had warned him beforehand. But he would not listen to them then, and now he died murmuring: "Who would have thought it?" This was a very gloomy sign for the beginning of the war.

A far gloomier scene, however, and more shameful than all the running away of Braddock's soldiers, was witnessed that same year, in another part of the colonies.

Nova Scotia, or Acadie as it was then called, belonged to the English; but there were living there a great many of the old French settlers with their families. They were called neutrals; that is to say, they had promised not to fight against the English on the one hand, and on the other they declared they would not serve against their old countrymen the French. They were mostly quiet, orderly people: very simple in their customs and ideas, loving their church and their priests, and seeking no harm to any one.

To describe to you the way in which these unhappy people were treated by the vile British king, I can not find words. They were tyrannized and trampled upon by every Englishman who came to the country. They were made to carry firewood for the soldiers and the Governor, and were told, that if they did not bring it as fast as it was wanted, the roofs and doors of their houses would be taken instead. When any crime was committed, the first

French settler, whether he had any thing to do with it or not, was seized and punished. When these wretched people asked leave to go to France or Canada, the Governor said:

"No; they must stay and till the ground."

After a time, however, the Governor and the lords in England thought that if they could find any plan to get rid of the French in Acadie, so as to seize their farms, it would be still better than keeping them there against their will. So, on a given day, they were ordered to be all present in their village churches; and when they had all entered, soldiers surrounded the buildings, and the French were told that they were to be carried off in ships to the other British colonies.

You may fancy how horrible a thing it was to be torn away from one's home and one's farm, and to be thrown on shore in some strange country without a friend in the world, or any means of earning one's bread. But even this was not cruel enough for the cruel monsters who managed the affair.

On the tenth of September, the exiles were made to embark, the young men first, the old men next; before the turn of the women and children came the ships were full, and sailed away.

It was agonizing to see the misery and to hear the wailing of the poor little ones and their mothers on the beach, as their fathers and husbands sailed farther and farther out to sea till the ships seemed nothing but a speck, and then disappeared altogether. They threw themselves at the feet of the British soldiers, and prayed wildly to be sent where their friends had

gone. But the brutal soldiers only laughed at their distress, and said they must wait for more ships.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month passed and no ships came. On the cold sea-shore, in holes in the rocks or in the sand, the poor creatures shivered and wept, and thought of those they loved, now far away across the sea, they knew not where.

From the desolate cliffs they could see the smoke rising from their old homes, which the soldiers had set on fire to prevent the Acadians coming back again, and they knew they had henceforth no home in this world. Many poor little children died of the sufferings of that cruel time, and no stone marks their graves. Many mothers, too, robbed of their husbands and their sons, lay stiff and stark when the soldiers came at last to say that the ships were there, and they must go.

They were all exiled. Some went to Massachusetts, some to Connecticut, some to Pennsylvania, some to Virginia, some to the Carolinas, some to Georgia. Fathers and sons, husbands and wives were separated, and never found each other again in this world. When they were landed, they found themselves in a strange country, where their language was not understood, and where all Catholics, as they were, were disliked. The Assemblies of some of the colonies gave them a little money to prevent their starving. But they were not allowed to worship God according to their conscience, and very often, when the whim seized the governor of the province where they were, they were wantonly persecuted.

Once a few of them, driven to despair, built rude

boats in Georgia, and tried to find their way back to Acadie along the coast; but they were caught on the way, and forced to return.

When some others complained to one of the governors of their cruel hardships, they were seized and sent to sea as common sailors in the King's ships. Every man was against them.

But God, who is just, beheld their sorrows from on high, and He cursed the miserable men who caused them.

At the very time the unfortunate Acadians were being driven from their homes, a brave French officer, BARON DIESKAU, was marching from Canada toward New York. A large body of New England soldiers were on their way at the same moment to attack the French fort at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. Their leader was an Irishman named WILLIAM JOHNSON. He was encamped on the border of Lake George, when the news arrived that the French were coming in great force to attack him.

Being a very poor soldier, Johnson sent forward a party of his men under Colonel Williams to meet the French. They marched on, suspecting nothing, till they reached a place where the road was surrounded on both sides by thick woods and swamps. There, of a sudden, a furious fire assailed them from French and Indians lying concealed in the thicket: Williams and many others were killed, and the rest retreated. Then brave Dieskau ordered his men to pursue them, and to attack the main body of the New Englanders at once.

They were waiting quietly in the camp for the at-

tack, and had cut down a few trees to serve as a breast-work. When the French came rushing on, Johnson, who received some slight wound, went away; but a Massachusetts man, named LYMAN, took his place. He went round to the soldiers, bade them keep cool, and take good aim. They were mostly men who had been used to hunt, and were very good shots; when the French and Indians charged, almost all the front rank fell dead.

Dieskau ran to his Indians, and ordered them to charge again; but they did not like to face that steady, quiet fire from behind the fallen trees. They would begin a charge, then they would fall back; then begin again, then rush once more to shelter. For five hours the New Englanders never moved. Lyman was constantly reminding them to take good aim before they fired. They took such aim that as evening came on, all the Canadians were lying dead on the field. Then Lyman gave the word to advance, and they jumped over the trees, and drove the Indians to flight.

Dieskau had been wounded three times, and could not stand. He had sat down upon a stump, in the midst of the bullets, and bitterly upbraided the Indians for not charging the New Englanders. While he was still calling to them, a shot struck him, and he fell to the ground. There he lay when the New Englanders came up and made him prisoner. They carried him back with them to Boston, and sent him to England, where he died of his wounds.

Immediately after the battle, the Irishman Johnson wrote a splendid account of what had taken

place, and made out that he had acted the part of a real hero. Lyman he never mentioned.

In New England people were not deceived by his vainglorious story; but in old England, it succeeded perfectly, and he was made Sir William Johnson, and was as much praised as if he had been a good soldier or a true man.

This is the man after whom that beautiful property on the Mohawk River, in the State of New York, is called Sir William's Dreaming Land. The story goes that once upon a time, Johnson, who was fond of fine clothes, received from England several very splendid suits, covered with rich lace. A Mohawk chief happening to see them, coveted them, and accosting Sir William, said he had had a dream.

"Indeed," replied Sir William; "and what did you dream?"

"I dreamt that you gave me one of those rich suits."

Johnson was as shrewd as the Indian. He took one of the finest suits from his drawer, and gave it to the chief, saying that the Great Spirit evidently intended it should be his.

A few days after this, he met the Indian again, and stopped him, saying,

"By-the-by, I have had a dream."

"Ah!" said the Indian, "what was it?"

"Merely that you gave me that tract of land," pointing to a beautiful tract on the Mohawk.

The Indian saw how he was caught. But he gave the land, simply observing,

"I will never dream with you again, Sir William: you dream too hard for me."

CHAPTER XX.

THE next summer the war began to rage again. The great lords of England said that the reason the French had beaten Braddock, was that he had too few English and too many American troops. Which was about as near the truth as most of the things the lords said, for the English had been the first to run away, the Americans the last to give ground at Fort Duquesne.

To remedy matters for the future, the King sent to America a large English army, with several English generals; the leaders being an English Earl named LOUDOUN, and GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

When these generals arrived, Bradstreet of New York and Shirley of Massachusetts urged them to lose no time in sending support to Oswego, which was the only fort the British had on Lake Ontario. Every one knew that the French would attack it, and that it could not resist without aid from headquarters.

But the English generals had something else to think of besides defending it. They were busy trying to force the people of the colonies to feed and lodge their English soldiers. Now, as the colonies had raised large sums of money for the war, and had set on foot quite as many men as they could support, it seemed hard to ask them to board and

lodge several thousand English soldiers as well; especially as the war was much more for the benefit of the English King than for their own.

So when the generals told the people of Albany that they must provide houses and provisions for the English soldiers that were stationed there, they at first declined. When the English general insisted, they said they had rather defend their borders themselves than have strange soldiers living among them.

But the English general replied that he did not care whether they liked it or not; he would billet his soldiers among them, and he did so.

The Earl of Loudoun acted in the same way at New York and Philadelphia. When the people of New York said that their houses were their own and not the King's, and that he had no right to lodge soldiers in them against their will, the Earl swore horribly, and threatened to bring all the English soldiers in America to New York, and put some of them in every house. The people gave way, and a short time after the same thing occurred at Boston.

But the men of Massachusetts were quite used to fighting with lords and earls, and flatly refused to allow the soldiers to be billeted among them. They offered the Earl a barracks, however; and as he was a little scared by the bold tone of the bold men of Boston, he pretended to be quite satisfied.

In the mean while, the French General who had succeeded Dieskau — a brave and gallant soldier named MONTCALM — was hastening with great speed toward Oswego. While Loudoun was drinking and sleeping and brawling in his comfortable house at

New York or Philadelphia, this active Frenchman was traveling night and day, teaching his officers their duties, and watching like a father over his men.

He fell upon Oswego at night, and commenced the attack almost immediately. It was guarded by New Englanders; and though it was quite plain that they could not resist, they did not surrender till they had fired away all their powder and shot, and lost their commander, the brave MERCER. Then the white flag was hoisted, and the French took the fort and did not leave one stone or one log upon another.

They raised a pillar on the spot and inscribed on it—

"BRING HANDFULS OF LILIES;"

the lily being the arms of the King of France. Little thought they that on that very spot, years and years after the descendants of that King of France were driven from their throne and became wanderers and beggars on the earth, the sons and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the New Englanders they took prisoners would be building ships and stores, and spreading peace and plenty with open hand.

All that winter, and all the next year, the Earl of Loudoun and his English soldiers fattened in ease, plenty, and idleness. The people implored him to march forward and meet the French; but the Earl replied he was more comfortable where he was.

Once, indeed, he started up, and mustered all his soldiers, and sailed to Halifax, looking prodigiously important; and people said when they saw him that it was plain he had some great scheme in his head,

and meant perhaps to bring back Montcalm in chains. But it appeared he only went to Halifax to sow potatoes, and turnips, and cabbages, which were, as he said, a fine thing for the scurvy; and after he had sown several acres, he set sail again and returned to New York.

If any thing could have roused his sluggish blood, it was the news he received on his return. While he had been planting turnips and cabbages, brave Montcalm had been planning fresh victories.

On the place where Lyman had defeated Dieskau on the border of Lake George, the English soldiers had built a fort called Fort William Henry, and left Colonel Munro with about two thousand men to guard it. This fort Montcalm now resolved to take. He was so skillful and adroit that nearly all the Indians from the great lakes and the St. Lawrence shores were his friends, and large parties of them joined him when he pushed on from Lake Champlain into Lake George.

Up the lake they paddled in such a fleet of canoes and boats as those quiet waters had never seen before. They landed close to the fort, and summoned the commander to surrender.

Old Colonel Munro replied, "Never!" and the siege began.

The French and Indians far outnumbered the English, and fought bravely; but Munro would not give up till most of his guns had burst, and nearly all his powder was spent. Then he agreed to yield Fort William Henry, provided the lives of his men were spared and they were allowed to return to New York.

But that night, while the French were taking possession and the English soldiers were moving out, the Indians, who had fought with Montcalm, found a quantity of brandy, and drank it. Maddened by the poison, they fell upon the defenseless English, and began to rob and murder them.

Montcalm and his officers rushed from their tents to prevent them, and implored, ordered, threatened, but often in vain. Montcalm cried:

"Kill me, but spare the English under my protection!"

But the Indians heard nothing. Scattered and naked, the poor English soldiers fled through the woods, with these blood-thirsty savages at their heels, scalping or shooting them whenever they had an opportunity, and never stopped till they reached Fort Edward. Then the Indians returned and burnt Fort William Henry to the ground.

You will suppose perhaps that, when the Earl of Loudoun heard this terrible story, he was eager to fight the French with his brave English army, of which he boasted so much, and for which he made the colonies furnish board and lodging. By no means. He said it was a very horrible thing; a dreadful business; a shocking affair; adding that he thought he had better go and station himself on Long Island for the defense of the country.

It would have been all the same if he had stationed himself in Australia or in the moon.

Happily for the English, the old lords and nobles, who had so long ruled the kingdom in the King's name, now saw that it was impossible to go on any

longer without common sense; and as they knew they had none among them, they looked out for some one who had, and they found WILLIAM PITT. He agreed to manage the war for them, and the difference between his system and theirs was soon seen.

First, he sent GENERAL AMHERST with an army and a fleet to attack Louisburg. With Amherst came two young men whom the world afterward learned to love and honor.

One was JAMES WOLFE, who was a general, though only thirty-one years of age; as brave as a lion, but as gentle as a woman. The other was ten years younger, and was only an ensign; his name was RICHARD MONTGOMERY, and you will hear of him again.

Wolfe led the attacking party. He dashed through the surf on the sea-shore, in the teeth of a fierce fire from the French batteries, and landed without firing a shot in return. Then he gave the word to charge, and the nearest batteries were soon taken. The French fought very bravely, and held out till the fort was one heap of ruins; but at last their defense grew hopeless, and they surrendered.

The imbecile Earl of Loudoun had done the only wise thing he ever did; he had gone home to England.

General Abercrombie now planned another attack on the great French fort at Ticonderoga, and collected the largest army ever seen in America for the purpose. They filled one thousand and thirty-five boats, besides rafts for the cannon, when they set out from the ruins of Fort William Henry, on Lake

George. Among them were many brave Americans, of whom we shall hear again; ISRAEL PUTNAM, of Connecticut, like Wolfe, brave, but gentle and mild; bold CAPTAIN STARK of New Hampshire; Bradstreet of New York.

Arriving near the French fort at Ticonderoga, Abercrombie sent some of his officers, part English and part Americans, to examine the defenses. The English came back, and said the defenses were very slight, and could easily be surmounted. The Americans said it was not so; they were strong, and would need to be attacked with caution. But Abercrombie asked what the Americans knew about such matters, and ordered the assault.

Montcalm was there, as usual, brave and cool. It was a very hot day in July, and he had thrown off his coat, and walked to and fro inside his trenches, encouraging his men and giving orders. When the English came on, he waited till they were quite close; then gave the word "Fire!" Down fell the English in heaps.

Then others advanced; but the defenses, of which the English officers had thought so little, stopped them quite long enough to give the French time to shoot them at their ease.

Again and again the gallant English soldiers and Americans charged, but each time the fatal French bullets drove them back. At last night coming on, they lost heart and fled.

That miserable man, General Abercrombie, had never been in the fight at all. He had kept himself far away in the rear, out of reach of the balls, and

when the retreat began, he was one of the first to run away. Bradstreet did his best to restore order among the flying troops, and after a time succeeded in collecting them together.

It was very dangerous work. After the victory, the French had let loose their Indians, and bands of these cruel savages prowled the woods like wild beasts in search of straggling Americans or Englishmen.

One of these bands fell in with Israel Putnam and a dozen others, and took them prisoners. All but Putnam were scalped at once. He was reserved for a more cruel death. First, an Indian gashed his cheeks with his tomahawk, till the blood streamed down. Then he was seized and bound to a tree. Dried leaves and dead branches were heaped together at his feet, and the Indians danced their dance of death, and prepared to kindle a fire. Just at that moment a French officer came up, and with great trouble prevailed upon the Indians to spare his life.

After this Abercrombie went home, like Loudoun, and said his failure was all owing to the Americans, who did not know how to fight.

I don't think William Pitt believed a word of it, however; and if he did, he soon found out his mistake. For a few weeks after the battle of Ticonderoga, Washington marched toward Fort Duquesne, took it, and gave it the name which it bears to this day. And Bradstreet, furious at the folly and cowardice of Abercrombie, headed an expedition himself, sailed across Lake Ontario, and took Fort Frontenac.

Early next spring, brave General Wolfe sailed

to attack Quebec. GENERAL AMHERST, who had succeeded Abercrombie, had quietly taken possession of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and was to join Wolfe in the attack. The French were in low spirits, and bad condition. They had always been outnumbered by the English; and during the winter they had suffered dreadfully from famine—all the farmers having spent the year in fighting instead of sowing the fields.

But the gallant Montcalm never quailed. He wrote to the King of France that the people of Canada were sorely tried, and wanted peace very badly; but having done this, he prepared to fight as bravely as if he had been sure of victory.

Quebec is, as you know, one of the strongest places in the world. The rock on which it stands rises out of the St. Lawrence to a towering height; and Wolfe, when he sailed up, saw that, to reach the city, he must either climb the heights on one side, or ford a river and a marsh on the other. Both were very difficult operations. He had said, however, when he left England, that he would either conquer or die in the attempt; and he meant to keep his word.

On the last day of July he gave orders for the attack. But fortune was against him. Some of his boats ran aground and the French destroyed them. When his men landed, Montcalm ordered a fire, which threw them into confusion, and before they could be rallied, night came on.

This reverse did not discourage Wolfe in the least. He sent word to General Amherst, who was at Crown Point, to come directly to assist him; and

day after day, for weeks, he watched for his coming, but Amherst never stirred. Then a fever seized him, and his teeth chattered so that he could hardly speak, and he knew he had but a short time to live. But his resolution to take Quebec never faltered.

He had moved most of his troops some miles above the city, and pretended to be meditating a landing there. Some of his ships—commanded by the famous sailor CAPTAIN COOK—he ordered to sail to and fro below the city, so that the French might expect him there too.

Then, at the dead of night, on the twelfth of September, he dropped down the river in boats with muffled oars, and landed opposite a narrow path leading up the cliffs. There was only room for two men to walk abreast on the path; and often the soldiers were obliged to seize hold of branches and roots of trees to drag themselves up. But at last they all reached the heights above, and a messenger ran in haste to Montcalm to say the English were close to the city. He would not believe it at first; but when he saw the flags waving in the distance, he ordered his men to march to the attack.

Then the battle began on the thirteenth of September. It was long and bloody; but in the end the French gave way. Brave Wolfe had been in the thick of the fight, and had been wounded twice. At last a ball struck him in the breast, and he would have fallen but for an officer who caught him in his arms. As he sank exhausted, some one cried,

"Ah! they run."

Wolfe raised his drooping head and asked,

"Who run?"

The officer answered,

"The French run on every side."

"Then," said the dying hero, "God be praised, I die happy!"

Almost at the same moment an English ball struck the gallant Montcalm, and he fell. A surgeon running to him, he asked how long he would live. The surgeon replied,

"Ten or twelve hours, or perhaps less."

"So much the better," said the noble Frenchman, "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." And turning to one of his officers: "To you, sir, I commit the honor of France."

In the middle of a pretty garden in the city of Quebec, there stands a tall column which can be seen from a great distance. There is no ornament of any kind about it; nothing but the plain stones laid one above another, and rising into the air. The rain and snow patter against it, and the east wind whistles round it on the cold winter nights. On one side of that column is inscribed the name of Wolfe: on the other, Montcalm. I do not know where to look for a monument that bears the names of two braver men.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE great lords in England were never tired of sending out members of their own families to be governors of the colonies in America. If all these lords and their sons and brothers and nephews and cousins, and all their relations generally, had been good and sensible men, the colonies might have had little reason to complain; but as most of these noble gentlemen were rather thick-headed and hard-hearted than otherwise, the colonies had great reason to dislike the system.

One of these governors—whose family was so very ancient and respectable that they thought the King an upstart—was LITTLETON of South Carolina, who was appointed when the people in their old way made the place too hot for GOVERNOR GLEN.

Governor Littleton, besides being a very wrong-headed man, had an idea that all the common sense in Carolina was stored away in his own skull. So, when a disturbance took place between the settlers and the Indians, and the Assembly of South Carolina undertook to settle it, he thanked them in a very grand way, and said he would manage it himself.

Having heard that some of the whites had been killed, he sent to the chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, and demanded that a like number of their warriors

should be delivered up to be put to death. The Indian chiefs replied that the whites had first attacked the Indians, which I have no doubt was the case, and that they could not give up any of their warriors.

Then Governor Littleton, having cheated the Assembly by telling a falsehood, spread the alarm far and wide, and called for men to march against the Cherokees. At the same time he sent them word that if they chose to depute any of their chiefs to parley with him, he would receive them well and allow them to return safe.

On this over thirty of the chiefs and warriors came down to Charleston to talk with the Governor. They had queer names, like most of the Indians: one was called Old Hop, another The Little Carpenter, another the Black Dog, and so on; but they were brave and true men, very different from the noble Governor. They said they loved the English, and sought not to harm them; related how ill they had been used by the whites, and begged protection from the Governor.

The people of Carolina—Lieutenant-Governor BULL especially—were for granting their prayer and making peace at once. But Governor Littleton, in his grand way, said he was going to the Cherokee country, and that if they would not give up as many warriors as there had been whites slain, he would take them.

Then the Indian chiefs asked to be allowed to go home. The treacherous Governor replied,

"Oh! certainly: but you had better go with my warriors, who will protect you."

The meaning of this was that they were prisoners, and he intended to keep them so.

When they marched into the Indian country some alarm arose, and an order was given to put the Indians in irons. So gross an outrage roused the blood of the proud sons of the forest: the first white man who brought the irons was struck dead. This was the signal for a massacre; the soldiers fell upon the poor red men and killed them all.

Far and wide, on the banks of the Cherokee and Tennessee and the other beautiful streams of that region, the red men raised the hatchet, and swore a dreadful oath to be revenged on the treacherous white men. In their old way they swept like a pestilence over the land, burning and scalping and laying waste.

But by this time the white men were far more numerous than they, and knew how to fight in the woods quite as well. Strong bands of soldiers marched into the woods and attacked the Indians wherever they found them, slaughtering without mercy, and burning their villages. So many were killed that one of the officers wrote to the Governor that they fattened their dogs with Indian carcasses. In the lovely vale of Keowee, many peaceful Indian villages had flourished: they were all destroyed, and hundreds of Indians perished.

On the other hand, the English fort called Loudoun, on the Tennessee River, was besieged, and the garrison starved out. When they surrendered, the Indians put a great number of the poor famished creatures to death, and made the rest prisoners.

I like to think of a noble deed done on this occasion by one of the Cherokee chieftains—The Little Carpenter.* In former days, before the war began, one of the Englishmen taken in the fort, named STUART, had been his friend. When he fell into the hands of the red men, The Little Carpenter gave up every thing he had in the world—his clothes—his powder—his knife—to buy his friend's safety. Fearing even then that some harm might come to him, he took Stuart into the woods under pretense of hunting, and led him by unknown paths for nine days till he reached a white village in Virginia. There he left him and returned home to his warriors.

Another wonderful escape was that of DR. DAVID MENZIES, who was caught by a fierce band of Cherokees, and carried off to their village. As they dragged him along, they told him that one of their chiefs had been lately killed, and that he would be offered to the dead man's mother in exchange for her son. Menzies was glad of this, as he supposed, of course, he would be well treated.

But when they reached the old squaw's hut, he saw the most hideous old woman that he ever beheld, nursing a bear's cub, and scowling with blear, bloodshot eyes at him. One look was enough for her; she said the white man would not do instead of her murdered son, and growled to the Indians to put him to death.

They seized him accordingly, and stripped him naked. Then, kindling a great fire, they larded one of his sides thoroughly, and fastened him close to the fire to roast—dancing, shouting, singing, and

drinking rum, like fiends, in a circle all round him. When his side was nearly roasted, they were going to turn him.

But at that moment a shout was heard, and very soon the cry came that the whites were upon them. Setting fire to the village, all the Indians rushed away. Menzies, untying himself with all the strength he had left, seized a burning brand, set fire to the wigwam, and took care, also, to place another in the lap of the wicked old squaw who had ordered him to be roasted.

Then flying at the top of his speed, naked as he was, to the woods, he journeyed for several days toward the white settlements. Often he was nearly starved, as he had no gun to shoot game; and the pain of his side and wounds almost drove him crazy. But at last he reached Augusta in safety.

In the end, the Cherokees were beaten and forced to beg for peace. Their villages had been burnt, and a great many of their warriors killed; they were but a feeble remnant of the bold tribe of former times. Peace was granted, but their grounds were taken, and little by little the tribe dwindled away.

About the same time all Canada surrendered to the English, and the King of England made peace with the King of France. When the kings were about to conclude a peace, the great English lords proposed that Canada should be given back to the French, in order, as they said, that the colonists should have too much fighting to do on their borders to have time to guard their rights against the

King of England. But Benjamin Franklin, who was in London at the time, opposed this with such vigor, and the English people at bottom were so proud of calling the whole of America their own, that the idea was abandoned.

It would have been a very happy thing for the great lords of England, if the people of America had always had some war to occupy their minds; for they were growing very weary of the tyranny of the British king. I should fill this book with nothing else, if I were to enumerate one by one all the harsh, and unfair, and despotic acts which the King ordered his officers and agents to do in America.

I have told you already of the many, many attempts that were made in almost every colony to screw out of the people a salary for the royal governors; and how the people and their Assemblies steadily resisted them, and fought and struggled, until, in most cases, the King was forced to yield. They were not always so fortunate.

For when the colonies had been planted some time, and were thriving, and beginning to grow more corn, and tobacco, and rice, and so forth, than they could use, a law was made in England that the colonists should sell these articles to the people of England, and to them only. They were called enumerated articles, and included almost every thing produced in the colonies.

The colonists said, when the law was passed, that they could sell more profitably to the people of France and Spain, and other countries, than to England; but the King and his lords made answer that

that did not matter, they should sell to the English, or not at all.

In like manner, the colonists bought and used many things that were grown or made in France and Spain, and they asked to be allowed to send their ships to these countries to fetch them. But the King and his lords again said that no such thing could be allowed; that the Americans must buy from the English every thing they wanted, or not at all.

So when the colonists began to make woolen cloths for themselves, and hats, the King and his lords said that it could not be allowed, and that none of these articles, made in one colony, should be carried into another.

And in the same way, when forges were set up in America, and the great beds of iron began to be worked into steel, the King gave orders that the work should be stopped, and that the Americans should buy their steel from the English.

Altogether, it was very plain that the King and his lords, and for that matter a great many of the people of England too, had one idea about America, which was, that they should get as much money out of it as they could, and that the Americans should be kept as dependent as possible.

There was, besides, a great company in England, called the African Company, which had been established for the purpose of kidnapping Negroes in Africa, and carrying them off and selling them as slaves. At first, this Company sent a great number of slaves into the colonies without objection. But after a time most of the colonies began to dislike this importa-

tion of black men, and Virginia, the Carolinas, and some of the other States, made laws to prevent it.

When these laws were known in England, the African Company were much enraged, and went to the King, and said that the colonies were ruining their trade by preventing the landing of slaves. The King agreed to all they said, and sent word to the colonies that these laws must be repealed, and that the business of the African Company must not be injured.

The colonies prayed hard that the King would not force the slaves upon them; but, as usual, he was obstinate, and they were forced to submit. Even Georgia, where slavery was not permitted by the good Oglethorpe, was at last forced by the King to admit slaves, and they soon became very numerous.

Another source of trouble had been an old English custom, which was called the impressing of seamen. Formerly, when the King wanted sailors to man his fleets—as he almost always did—he used to send a party of armed men into a sea-port town to kidnap as many sailors as they could find, and force them to work on board his ships, whether they liked it or no. The present Queen of England does not allow any thing so infamous to be done; but until a very few years ago, sailors used to be kidnapped in this way, and impressed in all the great ports in Great Britain.

During the French wars I have related, the English Admiral often used to send a boat's crew ashore at New York, or some other sea-port in America, and kidnap a few men. No notice was taken of it until one day ADMIRAL KNOWLES sent several boats into the

port of Boston early in the morning, kidnapped all the men he could find, sailors, laborers, and carpenters, and carried them off on board his ships.

The moment the people of Boston heard of it, they rushed out of their houses, assembled in the streets, and resolved that the kidnapped sailors must be given up, or they would keep the English officers who were on shore as hostages. The Sheriff tried to appease them, but they locked him up. The Governor spoke to them, but they roared and shouted so loudly that his voice could not be heard. The Assembly talked about moderation, but they broke the windows of the house where it was sitting. They said they would have their friends restored to them, and nothing else. They had secured the English officers, and would not give them up.

Governor Shirley called out the militia to put down the riot; but the militia said they would not fight against their friends, and that the people were right.

Admiral Knowles, who was on board his ship in the harbor, flew into a great rage, when he heard that his officers were in the hands of the mob, and threatened to bombard Boston, and send his marines ashore to put down the riot.

But Shirley, who knew the people of Boston, and saw very plainly that if Knowles fired but a single gun, there would be an end of all the British officers in the country, implored him to remain quiet.

Meanwhile, a great meeting of the people was held, and every one agreed that Knowles had no right to do what he had done. The militia promised to pre-

vent the mob from committing any violence, but they persisted in demanding that the men who had been seized should be given back. And Knowles, after thinking over the matter, thought it best to give way, and sent most of them home again.

When the great lords in England remembered these things, and how sturdily the Americans had fought for their rights with the Governors, they began to think that they had too much liberty, and the King too little power in America. From every Province the Governors wrote to England to say that the people were growing more and more impatient of their authority.

It was the fashion to call them hard names. Shirley said the people of Boston were a mobbish set. Clinton wrote that, unless the King punished the people of New York, he might as well go home. The Governor of Pennsylvania called the people of that Province an obstinate, wrong-headed set of Quakers. Glen said the people of South Carolina were a parcel of levelers. BISHOP SHERLOCK abused the people of Virginia. The people of North Carolina were said to be wild and barbarous. Belcher wrote that the men of New Jersey were wicked rebels.

All which meant this, and nothing more, that the Americans knew their rights as free men, and were sworn to defend them against royal Governors and every one else.

There had been a time when the people of England, too, had been called levelers and wicked rebels, and a mobbish set, and wrong-headed, and all the other names in the catalogue. Which time was when the

bad King Charles the First tried to tax them without their consent, and was driven from his throne, and had his head chopped off for his pains. Also when that other bad king, James the Second, tried to make the English people Catholics against their will, and had likewise been driven from his throne, and had saved his thick head by running off to France. Indeed, all through their history, the sturdy people of England had stood up from time to time for *their* rights, and thought very little of chopping off heads, or driving great lords out of the country to get them.

But very few, indeed, of these English seemed to think the Americans had any rights at all. And when the peace came, and the great lords began, as they said, to set matters straight in America, there were but a few, a very few wise Englishmen who saw where their blind folly must lead.

In Massachusetts, the King's officers complained that they were not strong enough to carry out the laws called the Acts of Trade, which I explained above. They had often asked for help, but the old Chief-justice, Sewall, would never grant it. When he died, the Governor, whose name was BERNARD, appointed a merchant named HUTCHINSON, to take his place, and he was quite ready to grant what the King's officers wanted.

The people of Boston crowded the court-room on the day when the question was to be decided whether assistance should be given or not. First the King's lawyer rose and made his speech. Then OXENBRIDGE THATCHER rose and made his against granting help. Then a very young man, named JAMES OTIS, stood up,

and poured forth a torrent of eloquent words, proclaiming so boldly and so stoutly that Americans were free, that the whole audience, and even the judges, were wild with excitement.

Hutchinson decided against him, and in favor of the King's officers; but young James Otis had kindled a flame which all the judges in Christendom could not have extinguished.

In New York the King appointed a judge named PRATT, on condition that he should have the right of removing him when he pleased; which was as much as saying, that Pratt must always decide in favor of the King, or lose his place.

The Assembly rose up and declared that no such condition could exist, and that the judges must be allowed to hold their places as long as they judged faithfully; but neither the Governor nor the King would listen to them. Then the Assembly refused to give Judge Pratt any salary; and Judge Pratt immediately discovered that his Majesty's colonies in America were going to wrack and ruin.

It was the same thing every where. The Assembly of Virginia made a law to prevent slaves being brought into the colony. The King would not allow the law to go into force, because he said the African Company must not be injured.

When the Governor of New Jersey refused to appoint a judge to decide always in the King's favor, he was instantly dismissed.

As to Pennsylvania and Maryland, the people were warned that the King intended to bring them to their senses in a way that would startle them.

CHAPTER XXII.

KINGS, and lords, and lord bishops, and armies, and navies, may be very fine institutions to keep up in a country; but they cost an immense deal of money. This the great lords of England found out as soon as the war with the King of France was ended; and they set their wits to work to discover some new plan of getting money to support them.

Some one said that he thought the colonies might be squeezed a little. The idea was not quite new; long before, many of the great lords who put their whole souls into the business of squeezing the people of England, had thought of trying their hands on the people of America. But the Americans, as you remember, had risen so sturdily against their Governors when they attempted anything of the kind, that the lords put off their project till a fitting opportunity should arrive. The King's friends now said that this was the opportunity.

One of these, whose name was CHARLES TOWNSHEND, and who pretended to know all about America, made a speech in the British Parliament, in which he said that the colonies had been "planted by the care of the English, nourished by their indulgence, and protected by their arms;" and that it was only fair they should give their mite toward relieving England of her heavy burdens.

Upon this the brave ISAAC BARRÉ rose in his place in Parliament, and cried,

"They planted by your care! No; your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny. They nourished by your indulgence! They grew by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defense."

Much more that gallant soldier said, which you will find in larger books than this; telling the bold truth to the great lords in much plainer and gruffer language than they were used to hear, and giving to the people of America the new and glorious name of SONS OF LIBERTY. There was a buzz and a murmur in the house of Parliament when he sat down, and a great many Englishmen, I dare say, then remembered how their fathers had fought for their rights, and for a brief moment saw that the people of America were but doing the same.

But at this time—it is very different now, I believe, though they do say the lords have still a great deal of their own way—the King's friends held the people of England by the neck, so tightly and so strongly, that they had not the smallest chance. Charles Townshend and his set only laughed at Barré's fine talk, as they called it, and proceeded as calmly as possible to make laws to tax the colonies.

These laws were of two kinds. One was what is called a Customs' Duty, to be levied on coffee, silk, calico, wine, sugar, and such articles, when brought into the colonies. That is to say, on every yard of calico or silk, on every bottle of wine, and on every

pound of coffee or sugar, that was brought in ships to the ports of America, the King required the owner to pay him so much.

The other was the Stamp Act. This curious law declared that, instead of using common white paper for public or legal documents, the people of America should be obliged to use a particular kind of stamped paper, which the King sold at an enormous price.

The lords did not pretend that the King had any right to the coffee, or calico, or silk, or wine, or sugar brought into the country, or that the stamped paper which he sold was any better of its kind than the common white paper which the stationers sold. They only said that they wanted money from the colonists, and that, in their opinion, this was the simplest way of getting it.

A tremendous uproar arose throughout the colonies when these laws were known. When the people were told that henceforth the King was to be paid so much on every bottle of wine brought into the country, they said they would drink no wine. Others promised they would use no coffee. The ladies made a vow to wear no silks. The men of Massachusetts agreed to kill no lambs that year, in order that wool should be plentiful in the colony, and that they should not be forced to bring wool from England. In New England people said they would wear no mourning, because they would have been compelled to buy it from the English. All over the country, from New Hampshire to Georgia, the farmers' wives and daughters wrought with their

spinning-wheels from morning to night, and the richest men were proud to be dressed in homespun.

But it was the Stamp Act which created the most excitement. The news of its passing reached Virginia when the Assembly was sitting. One of the members was a very young man, named PATRICK HENRY, a firm friend to the people, and a thorough defender of the rights of the colonies. When the debate began on the new Stamp Act, Patrick Henry rose and denounced it in glowing words.

"Tarquin and Cæsar," said he, "had each their Brutus; Charles the First had his Cromwell; and George the Third—"

"Treason!" cried the Speaker, very much agitated.

"And George the Third," Patrick Henry continued, "may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."

And the Assembly of Virginia resolved that the King had no power to force them to use stamped paper, and that they would not give up their rights.

The men of Boston said bluntly and plainly that they would not submit to the act. They did not care what the King or the lords might do or say, they would not submit. Never.

James Otis and his friends called a convention or meeting of delegates from all the colonies, to take counsel upon the danger, so that they might act in concert. It was very difficult to carry out a plan of this kind, for the royal governors had cunningly contrived to sow jealousy between the colonies, and

left no stone unturned to prevent the assembling of any such convention.

Governor Bernard, of Massachusetts, thought he had succeeded so well that there was no fear of any meeting being held; and he and his friends chuckled mightily at the noise made by Otis and his party. But they were a little too fast in their chuckling; for while the other colonies were doubting how they ought to act, CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN, of South Carolina, came out boldly in favor of the convention, and several of the others followed. It was to meet in October at New York.

Meanwhile, on the morning of the fourteenth of August, the people of Boston, as bold as ever, hanged the King's stamp-seller in effigy from a bough of a great elm which stood on the outskirts of the city. Hutchinson, the Chief Justice, ordered the sheriff to take down the effigy. But the people would not let him.

When night came, an immense crowd gathered with torches and marched through the city, carrying the effigy before them. Hutchinson sent orders to beat the drums for an alarm. But the drummers were in the crowd, and the Chief Justice was told that if he wanted the drums beat he must beat them himself.

Then he went out with the sheriff, and ordered the crowd to disperse. But one man gave him a shove, and another knocked his hat over his eyes, a third trod on his toes, a fourth poked him in the ribs, and so on, until his honor the Chief Justice was exceedingly glad to escape to the house of Gov-

ernor Bernard, where he spent the night in quaking and lamenting.

All next day, and for several days after, the noise and tumult continued. Oliver, the stamp-seller, promised faithfully to resign his office, and to sell no stamps. The Governor fled to the castle, where he hid himself in abject terror. The Attorney-General also hid himself, first in one friend's house, then in another's. The people did not mean to do them any harm; but they knew how much they had to answer for, and they were afraid of being seen.

For several days Hutchinson stood firm. The people knew he had written letters to the lords in England, advising them to pass the Stamp Act; and they demanded now that he should say openly that he would not support it any longer. He made answer that he would say no such thing; and, in a fury, with ax and crowbar, they broke into his house and destroyed every thing it contained. They also knocked to pieces the old court-house, where Hutchinson had decided against the people and in favor of the King, in the matter of the assistance asked by the King's officers. Having done this, they went to their homes.

SAMUEL ADAMS, and the other great leaders of the people, said they were very sorry that these disturbances should have taken place. But I don't think their sorrow was very deep. For, though it is a great pity that fine houses and rich furniture should be destroyed, it would have been better for the people of America that all the houses in Boston had been battered to atoms and all the furniture thrown

into the sea, than that the Stamp Act had gone into effect.

This was what every body thought in his heart. And ever after that time the old elm-tree, on which Oliver had been hanged in effigy, was loved by the people, and was called the Tree of Liberty.

The whole country was united as one man against the Stamp Act. When the stamp-seller for New Hampshire landed, the people seized him, and asked him what he meant to do. He replied, as quick as lightning, that he resigned his office.

In Maryland the people rose in the same way and pulled down the stamp-office. Their stamp-seller ran off as fast as he could to New York. But several of the citizens followed him thither, and he resigned likewise.

The same thing was done in Rhode Island, Virginia, Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

The stamp-seller for Connecticut was a stout-hearted man, named JARED INGERSOLL. When the people of New Haven asked him to resign, he said he would not, and rode away into the country with the Governor. Four hundred men on horseback, each holding a stick freshly cut from the woods, and with the bark peeled off, followed him, and soon overtook him.

They rode together into the pretty village of Wethersfield, and there the horsemen said Ingersoll must decide whether or no he would sell stamps against the will of the people.

Ingersoll replied, that he wanted to know what the Governor and the Assembly intended he should do.

The horsemen cried that their intention was of no consequence: that the people called on him to resign.

"But," said Ingersoll, "if I resign, another will be appointed."

The horsemen answered that there was no danger of that.

Then Ingersoll asked what would happen if he should refuse.

And the answer was, that his fate depended on his choice.

Still he held out, and asked leave to go to Hartford.

But the horsemen replied, that he should not go two rods from that spot till he had decided.

So at last, after a long contest, Ingersoll gave in, and promised that he would not sell stamps.

The people were not satisfied with this, and demanded that he should swear to it. But this he flatly refused to do.

Then they said he should cry Liberty and Property thrice, in presence of the crowd, which he did accordingly. And this was the end of the stamp quarrel in Connecticut.

On the day fixed, the Convention that had been called by Massachusetts met in New York. The fort was full of English soldiers, and the Lieutenant-Governor, CADWALLADER COLDEN, had often declared that he would enforce the King's authority, no matter what it might cost.

But the delegates — representing Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and South Caro-

lina—paid very little attention to what he said or did. They met in a solemn manner, and declared that they were freemen, as free as any Englishmen; that no power on earth could tax them without their own consent; and that the Stamp Act was unjust and tyrannical, and ought to be repealed. Having made this declaration, they signed it, saying that henceforth the colonies were a bundle of sticks, which could neither be bent nor broken.

Before any of the stamped paper, which the King was to sell to the colonists, arrived in America, there was not a man in all the country to sell it. From north to south the stamp-sellers had resigned their offices. When it did arrive, the bells of the churches were tolled, and the ships lowered their flags in sign of anger and grief.

On the first day of November, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five, the King had declared that the people should begin to buy the stamped paper, and that no ship should sail without stamped papers, and no action be brought into court without a stamped writ. All the colonies looked to New York, whose Governor had sworn that the Stamp Act should be obeyed, and where the English officers had said that they would cram the stamps down the throats of the people with the points of their swords.

Early in the morning, the men from the country all around, and from the ships in the harbor, flocked into the city. Notice was given by the people that no one would be allowed to sell stamps, or to ask for any, in the city of New York.

Governor Colden had run to the Fort when the crowd began to swell, and threatened to fire upon the people. To which threat ISAAC SEARS, the leader of the people, replied, that if he dared to burn one single grain of powder he would hang him to a lamp-post.

All day Governor Colden sat in the Fort with the English officers, wondering how it would feel to be hanged to a lamp-post. When night came, the crowd grew larger and larger, and rushed to the Governor's house.

There they found his coach of state, and in it they placed two straw figures—one to represent the Governor himself, the other in the shape of the devil. Then they dragged the coach through the streets of New York, shouting and waving their torches, and crying,

"Liberty, Property, and No Stamps!"

When they reached the Bowling Green, opposite which the old Fort used to stand, they made a great bonfire and burnt the coach and the figures under Colden's very nose.

Next morning the Governor asked for peace. Isaac Sears answered that peace would be made as soon as the stamped paper was given up to the people. I dare say Governor Colden remembered very bitterly his old threats about making the people buy the stamped paper, and the English officers likewise recollected what they had said about cramming the stamps down the people's throats with their swords; but, whether they did or no, I am sure they had not forgotten what Isaac Sears said about the lamp-post;

for, after a little delay, they agreed to give up the stamped paper. Part of it was lodged with the Aldermen of the city; but ten boxes, which fell into Sears's hands, made a glorious bonfire in the shipyards.

The King had said that no ship should sail without stamped papers, and no cause be tried in court without a stamped writ. The people of America were resolved that their ships should sail as usual without any rubbish of the kind.

When the first ship was about to sail from New York, the captains of the English frigates that were lying there threatened to prevent her leaving the port; but bold Isaac Sears was up in a moment, and said they should sail, and the captains of the English frigates thought better of it.

At Charleston the people rose in the same way, and sent their ships to sea without the smallest scrap of stamped paper on board.

But of all the colonies the boldest was little Rhode Island. Her people agreed in a quiet way that the Stamp Act was altogether a mistake and an absurdity; and that the best thing to do was to take no notice of it whatever. So the courts there went on as usual, just as if no Stamp Act had ever been dreamt of.

After a time Maryland followed the example. The Governor of Massachusetts tried feebly to prevent the courts from hearing cases without stamped writs; but James Otis and Adams had resolved to carry their point, and they did so.

All this while the people of the colonies had

been preparing for defense in case the King should resolve to make them buy stamps against their will. In every colony the men formed themselves into societies, and called themselves by the name Barré had already given them—Sons of Liberty.

In the Carolinas and the Old Dominion, every man said he was ready to fight to the last drop of his blood rather than yield to the King. In New York the Sons of Liberty declared that nothing but death would subdue them. In Connecticut, old ISRAEL PUTNAM said he would lead ten thousand men against the King's troops, if it were attempted to force the stamps on the people. Massachusetts swore that her people would stand or fall by the standard of freedom. The merchants of Philadelphia declared that they would send no ships to England, and buy no goods from the English, so long as the Stamp Act remained in existence.

When the news of this terrible rising in America reached the great lords in England, they were in sore dismay. Some were for sending soldiers at once to shoot down the rebels. Others could not find words hard enough to call the Americans.

But the people of England and their great leader William Pitt saw very plainly that the colonies were right in what they had done. William Pitt thundered in Parliament that if the Americans had submitted to the Stamp Act they would have deserved to be slaves. And the people made such a clamor that the lords grew frightened, and began to ask each other what was to be done. William Pitt said,

"Repeal the Stamp Act altogether."

Benjamin Franklin, who was in London, was asked his opinion by the great lords. He answered,

"The people of America will never submit to the Stamp Act."

He knew them well. "Then," said the great lords, who did not relish the idea of getting no money out of the colonies, "suppose we try some other tax on the same plan?"

But Franklin answered that it made no difference what the tax was, the Americans would not pay it.

It was a dreadful blow to the proud lords of England, and William Pitt lashed them with his cutting words till they writhed again; but there was nothing for it but to yield. And yield they did.

A great many of them—splendid old fellows with long lines of ancestry and rich estates, and heads of unspeakable thickness—wrapped themselves up in their dignity, and protested that, for their part, they never consented to giving way to the rabble in the colonies. King George himself was very angry at being obliged to yield; and afterward, when he grew old and very stupid, he used to say that all his sorrows were caused by the repeal of the Stamp Act.

But it was repealed nevertheless, and the honest people of London lit bonfires, and rang bells, and pranced through the streets shouting for joy and blessing Pitt, when they knew that the Americans were again free. Swift messengers rode off on fleet horses to the sea-ports, and fast-sailing ships dashed

through the waves bearing the joyful tidings to the people of the colonies.

When the news arrived, there was nothing but gladness and joy throughout America. The people were so delighted with their victory that they even glorified King George the Third.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUT the people of America very soon found out that the King and the great lords were still the same as ever, and that the repeal of the Stamp Act really signified nothing. The great lords had made up their minds to do what they liked with the colonies, and to squeeze money out of them, if not on one pretense, on some other.

First they quartered a large body of British troops in New York. The people said they did not want the troops, as there was no fighting to be done, and begged that they might be sent away, as they were troublesome, noisy, and ill-behaved. But the Governor replied that he would not allow the soldiers to go; and, moreover, that the people must feed them. This the New York Assembly flatly refused to do.

Then the great lords in England, to punish them, sent word that they must pass no law for the government of the Province until they had provided for the feeding of the soldiers.

Day after day quarrels would arise between the people and the soldiers. The people set up liberty poles: the soldiers cut them down. The soldiers got drunk and made disturbances in the city; and when the people complained, fights followed. The British officers talked of nothing else but running their swords through the bodies of the Americans.

This was not the worst. Money was the thing the great lords wanted. Charles Townshend—a vain, fickle fellow, who had been put down, as you remember, by Barré, in his great speech—hit upon a fresh plan for squeezing the colonies.

This was a customs duty, by which the colonists were to pay so much to the King on every pound of tea, and so much on every package of glass, lead, paper, and other articles brought into the country from abroad. The great lords thought the plan a capital one, and it became a law immediately.

You know, of course, that all these and many other articles pay a tax or duty of so much to this day, when they are brought into this country from abroad. But you know, also, that this is done in virtue of a law made by Congress, in the name of the people, and that the money which is thus paid goes into the Treasury of the United States, and serves to pay the President, the other public servants, the army, the navy, and so forth. This is the difference between the customs duty which is paid to-day and that which Charles Townshend proposed nearly ninety years ago. He did not ask the consent of the people of this country; and the money paid on tea and the other articles he proposed to tax was to go into the pocket of the King of England, to be used by him and by the great lords as they thought fit.

When the news of this new plan reached America, the people said, in their old blunt way, that they would not submit to it. They said that the King of England had no right to take their money without their consent, that they had given no consent to

the tax he imposed, and that they would not pay it.

Charles Townshend, who thought himself a wonderful statesman, had supposed they would be satisfied with the repeal of the Stamp Act, and that they would make no objection to a duty. But they said the name didn't matter: call it a Stamp Act, or call it a duty, it was all one so long as their money was to be taken without their leave: he might give it any name he liked, they would not pay it.

So they entered into an agreement not to eat or to drink or to wear or to use any thing that was named in the new law, or on which the King could have claimed payment of the new duty. The same spirit fired the whole country from north to south: there was nothing heard so loudly and so often as the cry for American freedom.

Boldest among the bold was JOHN DICKINSON, a farmer in Pennsylvania, who wrote letters to the newspapers calling on the people to stand up for their rights, and never to pay the new tax to the King. Glorious old Massachusetts, too, was foremost in the defense of the rights of the colonies. Her Assembly sent a petition to the King, declaring in the old-fashioned, Puritan way, that the new customs duty was unfair and unjust, and could not be endured.

When the great lords received the petition, they burst into a fury, and sent it back to Boston with orders to the Governor to make the Assembly eat their words. But he might as well have tried to move the mountains: the men of Massachusetts made

answer that they would not alter one single letter in what they had said.

Governor Bernard, who was a great coward, never felt comfortable unless there was an English ship of war lying in the harbor. On the tenth of June, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight, the captain of an English frigate — the *Romney* — which was there, kidnapped a man in the streets of Boston. The people rose, as usual, and rescued him. But the Captain had his revenge.

On a mean pretext he sent sailors and soldiers that night to seize a sloop called the *Liberty*, which belonged to a Boston merchant named JOHN HANCOCK. The people asked them to wait till the owner came; but the sailors and soldiers would not wait, or listen to any argument, and the *Liberty* was towed away as a prize.

John Hancock was a great favorite in Boston, being a friend of Adams and Otis and the other leaders of the people; and this seizure enraged them. Finding a boat which belonged to one of the King's officers, they dragged it through the streets and made a bonfire of it on the Common. When the officers themselves were seen in the streets, the boys pelted them with mud.

Fright seizing Governor Bernard and the other King's officers, he begged piteously that the King would send him some soldiers to protect him. It was just what the great lords wanted.

They said to each other that the bold men of Boston would be sure to quarrel with the troops, and thus the latter would have a chance to punish

them. But they blundered in this as in every thing else.

When the troops came and landed in Boston, with their colors flying, their drums beating, and their guns loaded, the people were much enraged to be sure; but wise James Otis and Samuel Adams had warned every man to be quiet and to make no disturbance. So the troops had no chance of shooting any one.

But when night came, the officers asked where the soldiers were to sleep. And the magistrates of Boston replied that they really did not know. The commanding officer ordered the people to find quarters for his men; but the people said that was not their business. There were barracks over at Castle William, which they might take if they chose; if they didn't like them there was the Common, a fine airy place, where they might pitch their tents.

The Colonel replied that neither of these would do: he wanted a building in the town.

The people rejoined that they were very sorry, but they had no buildings to spare. They didn't want the soldiers, and wouldn't lodge them.

So, in the end, the Governor was obliged to hire houses for the troops. He was also forced to feed them; for when he asked the Assembly for money for the purpose, as the British Parliament had directed, they answered they would never give a shilling.

All this time the colonies had been petitioning and begging the Parliament and the King of England to deal fairly by them and to repeal the unjust duty. They never ceased to assure the King that they were

faithful, loyal subjects, and that they would give their blood and all they had for the glory and safety of England; but that they would never yield their rights as freemen. But the great lords only scoffed at their entreaties.

Once they thought of seizing Otis and Adams and a few other of the best men in America, and carrying them off to England to be tried as criminals; but when they proposed this to the lawyers in England they all said it could not be done. The great lords foamed with rage. When more petitions poured in from Virginia and Massachusetts, one great lord cried that they could grant nothing to the Americans except what they asked with a halter round their necks. Above all, the royal governors were quite disgusted with the King because he did not shoot down a few hundred of the Americans.

In Boston, the people and the soldiers hated each other with a deadly hatred. The officers were enraged that they had not had a chance to fire on the rebels, as they called them. The people could not bear the sight of the red-coats marching up and down their streets, and beating drums at all hours, and often insulting and maltreating their wives and their daughters. In his prayer to God on New-Year's Day, the greatest preacher in the town prayed that the Lord would remove them.

A quarrel arising between a rope-maker and a soldier, they fought with their fists, and the soldier was beaten. Other soldiers came, but they were thrashed likewise. On this the whole garrison resolved to be revenged, and on the evening of the fifth

of March, just as the moon appeared, bands of soldiers ran up and down the streets beating every man they met, and seeking a quarrel. One or two of the officers stood by, crying,

"Knock them down! Stick them!"

First one man was knocked down, then another; then a poor boy was cut on the head with a sword by a soldier.

Some one rang an alarm bell, and the people began to turn out in great numbers, and hurried to King Street, where the soldiers were crying,

"Come on! come on! where are the cowards?"

When the poor boy who had been wounded told his story, other boys ran up to the soldiers and jeered them, shouting, as boys would,

"Ah! you bloody-backs, ah! you lobsters, you scoundrels! fire if you dare!"

And one of these boys throwing a stick which hit a soldier, they fired on the crowd before them, taking good aim, and not missing a shot. The two first soldiers who fired had been thrashed by the rope-makers. Five persons were killed and nine wounded.

It was late at night, but the church bells began to ring furiously, and every man in Boston ran out of his house to ask what had happened. When they heard that their friends had been shot, and saw their blood trodden into the snow in King Street, their fury was terrible. I know many cities where, if such a thing had happened, the people would have rushed to the barracks and fought with the soldiers that night. But the people of Boston never acted rashly or hastily. They arrested the officers and soldiers,

left a hundred men to guard them, and went to bed, sternly resolved that justice should be done.

The next morning Samuel Adams told the Governor—it was Hutchinson, Bernard having gone to England—that the soldiers must be removed from the town.

Hutchinson replied that he could not remove them.

"Then," said Adams, "we must do it ourselves."

And ten thousand stout men of Massachusetts buckled on their swords and loaded their guns to drive out the murderers. But Governor Hutchinson was awed by their threat. Before the week was out the soldiers slunk out of Boston and took up their quarters in Castle William.

The murdered men were buried with great pomp, almost all the citizens following the hearses. As for the murderers, they were brought to trial, and the people, who were just above all things, gave them two of the best lawyers in Boston to defend them. Two soldiers were found guilty; the others were acquitted.

In New York quarrels of the same kind had taken place between the people and the soldiers. Again the latter had cut down the liberty-pole which the former had set up. The people assembled and declared that they would not submit to be insulted in this way; and the soldiers appearing, a fight took place with sticks and fists. The soldiers were soundly thrashed; and the people this time set up a new liberty-pole in what is now the Park, and railed it round, and dared the troops to touch it.

Meanwhile the great lords in England saw that their latest plan for taxing the colonies was a failure, and that every day the Americans were growing more and more resolute to defend their rights. The people of England clamored against the plan; and as the colonies would not buy any of the articles taxed, the King made nothing by it. Above all, the merchants of London, who could not sell glass, or paper, or any of the other articles taxed, to the Americans, declared that the plan was bad and must be abandoned. It was another grievous disappointment to the great lords; but they were compelled to yield, and most of the taxes were taken off.

Still the King could not bear the thought that the colonies had defied him and conquered him. A wise man would have seen at once that, as the Americans would not submit to the Stamp Act, neither would they submit to any other tax imposed on them without their consent.

But George the Third was any thing but a wise man. He saw he could not enforce the laws he had made, and yet he had not the heart to abandon them altogether. So he and his lords repealed the old law and made a new one, taking off the taxes from every article except tea. Tea alone was still to pay so much a pound to the King.

When the Americans heard of the new law, they said it was no better than the old one. For if the King had a right to tax tea, he had as good a right to tax any thing else. They said it was not the amount of the tax they cared for, but the prin-

ciple; and their dislike of the King and of his lords grew stronger every day.

But the merchants began, as before, to buy goods from England—tea only excepted.

The rest of the people were greatly annoyed at this conduct of theirs. In South Carolina and Virginia, especially, the true-hearted planters were furious with the merchants for yielding to the King, and said that, perchance, this want of firmness might cost them their liberties.

King George was too obstinate and cross-grained for that. The quarrel between the people and the Governor of Massachusetts never ending, Hutchinson ordered the Assembly to meet at Cambridge instead of Boston. This was contrary to law; and the Assembly refused to proceed with any business, or to make any laws, unless they were convoked at the proper place, which was Boston. Week after week they staid where they were; but not one vote would they take, except to say that the Governor had no right to exile them to Cambridge.

One day in September, while they were there keeping a fast, according to the good old custom, a letter came to Governor Hutchinson, ordering him to give up Castle William to the British soldiers.

The Castle belonged to the people of Massachusetts. They had built it with their money, and they had as good a right to it, and the British soldiers as little, as to the houses of the private citizens. But the Governor, who was always trembling and thinking of the fate of the old Governor Andros, was rather glad to make sure of a refuge to which he

could fly in case of trouble, and took the keys and handed them to the colonel of the soldiers with the best grace in the world. His wretched heart failed him so utterly after he had done it, that for a long time he dared not go out at night, and slept in the Castle surrounded by guns and bayonets.

He need not have feared. I know of nothing in history more grand or more sublime than the calm forbearance of Massachusetts at this time. Every man knew that the Governor had no right to call the Assembly to meet at Cambridge, and the King none to give away the Castle to his soldiers. Every man felt that his rights were being stolen from him little by little. Every man intended, in his strong Anglo-Saxon heart, that a time should come when he would submit no longer.

But, as yet, all was sternly, terribly quiet. Trade went on as usual: ships sailed in and out of the harbor; people bought and sold in the town; farmers plowed and sowed in the fields. But for the dark, thoughtful faces that were seen in the streets, and the grave, manly talk that was heard at the fireside of an evening, no one would have guessed that the King of England was trying to make slaves of the people of Massachusetts who had resolved to be free.

The ardent James Otis was gone. In a quarrel with several of the King's officers, which was caused by a bold paper he wrote, he had received a blow on the head which had destroyed his reason. The last the men of Boston saw of him who had battled so fiercely for their rights was a poor lunatic,

raving and screaming, and bound hand and foot, as he was carried in a cart to an asylum.

But there were others to take his place: stern Samuel Adams; generous John Hancock; glorious JOSIAH QUINCY; and many more, of whom you will soon hear. There was no fear for Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL this time the governors of the southern colonies were getting on very badly with the people. The men of the south were heart and soul with those of New York and Massachusetts in their battles with the King and the great lords. Of course the royal governors tried to bully them; and of course they failed.

In South Carolina the Governor took a dislike to one of the members of his council and dismissed him. After this, none of the planters would sit in the council. They said the Governor was not fit to associate with them: and bore themselves so proudly and so haughtily that he shrunk into his own house like a thief, hardly daring to look any one in the face.

In North Carolina matters were still worse. From the Governor down to the tipstaffs, every King's officer thought he had a right to pillage the people. They did not go to men's houses with pistols in their hands, and ask for their money or their lives, as highwaymen did; but they pretended that so much was due to them on every marriage, so much on every purchase of land, so much for taxes, so much for this and so much for that; and in the end it came to the very same thing.

For a long time the farmers of North Carolina bore all in patience; but at last they rose up and re-

solved to try to obtain their rights. They chose certain good men from among them, who met together at Maddock's Mill, near Hillsborough, to take counsel on the sufferings of the people.

They were plain, honest farmers—the boldest among them HERMAN HUSBANDS, of Sandy Creek; and they very soon said what they had to say, and asked the Governor to protect them from the King's officers. A new Governor coming from England at the time, by name WILLIAM TRYON, they hoped they might obtain redress.

But William Tryon was too much of a fine gentleman to listen to poor farmers. He said when he came to the Province that it was in a very sad state; the people were unhappy, and worse than all, there was no palace suitable for a man of his dignity. So he set to work to build a grand palace, of course with the people's money; and to satisfy those who complained, he ordered an ox to be roasted whole and given to the poor, with as much beer as they pleased.

He was very much disgusted when the people would not touch his ox, and spilled his beer on the ground; saying that they wanted their rights, not beef or beer.

When this William Tryon went into the Indian country to draw the boundary line of the Province, the Indians gave him the name of the GREAT WOLF. A very sensible people, these Indians.

For one of the first acts of Governor Tryon was to lay a new tax on the poor farmers, in order to get money to build his new palace, and to keep himself and his friends, FANNING and others, in the style

suited to men of their rank. With the help of this new tax the sheriffs and the other King's officers ate up the substance of the farmers; and they would have starved altogether had not a few of them met and formed themselves into a society, calling themselves REGULATORS, and refusing to pay the new tax.

Fanning, at first, thought he could easily master them, and finding one of the Regulators alone, near Hillsborough, he seized his horse. But, in a twinkling, a band of his friends came riding down, and set the prisoner and his horse free.

Then Fanning called out the militia, and finding, with great trouble, a few who were willing to serve—for most of them said they would not fight against the Regulators—marched to Sandy Creek, and took Herman Husbands prisoner. Though he made no resistance, and was a quiet, orderly man, they bound him cruelly with cords and thrust him into prison.

When his trial came on, the Great Wolf was there; and so was Fanning, swearing that he should be hanged. But in spite of their efforts the jury could find no fault in him, and he was acquitted.

Then the jury put Fanning himself on his trial, and found him guilty of many crimes and unjust acts; but the judges, who had sold their souls to the King and the Great Wolf, only fined him one penny.

After this, he went on as before, pillaging the people, and gorging himself and his friends with the plunder, while the farmers were starving.

The latter, who were poor, ignorant people, and

had no idea what villains Fanning and the judges were, brought actions in the courts to recover the money which had been taken from them; but, of course, the causes never came to trial. Losing patience at last, a band of Regulators went to Fanning, and asked him when their causes were to be tried. He laughed at them, and abused them. In a burst of rage they seized him and thrashed him with their cowhide whips till he roared again.

He soon had his revenge. Herman Husbands, the great friend of the people, was in the Assembly: Fanning took counsel with his ally, the Great Wolf, and, without any reason, they expelled Husbands, and once more thrust him into prison.

When the Regulators heard of it, they rose and swore they would have their friend Herman Husbands set at liberty, or it would be worse for the Governor. And as they were the sort of men who do what they say, Tryon very soon grew frightened, and let Husbands go.

But the Great Wolf had laid his plans. Early in March he collected more than a thousand soldiers, and set out from Newbern to punish the Regulators. The latter had no idea they were to be attacked. They sent word that all they wanted was protection against the extortions of the King's officers, and liberty to till the fields in peace. But the Great Wolf answered by burning their houses, laying waste their fields, and robbing their orchards.

On the fourteenth of March he came up with them on the borders of the River Allemance. They were a confused crowd, many of them without arms,

and very few, indeed, suspecting that the Governor intended to make war upon them. As the Governor approached, he sent word that all their leaders must give themselves up; which of course they refused to do, as they had committed no offense.

Then the Great Wolf seized a gun, and, with his own hands, shot one of the Regulators who had come to parley; and directly after, the cannon roared, and the battle began. The Regulators fought as bravely as men could; but their powder was soon spent, and they broke and fled.

The Great Wolf returned in triumph to Hillsborough, with many prisoners.

Six of them were at once condemned to death. One, named MESSER, had a wife and a young family of children. His wife went to Tryon, and begged on her knees that her husband's life might be spared. The Great Wolf would not listen to her. Then her son, a little boy of seven years of age, clasped the knees of the Wolf, and begged that he might be hanged instead of his father.

"What do you want to be hanged for?" growled the Wolf.

"Because," said the brave little fellow, "if you hang my father, my mother will die, and all of us will be sure to perish."

But the Wolf had no heart. Messer and the other five were hanged.

This bloody-minded man took such pleasure in the work, that on the morning of the execution he went himself to superintend the building of the gallows, and made all the arrangements with as much

relish as if he had been settling matters for a feast instead of a murder.

I wish I could leave him out of this book altogether; but there is one more story of him which paints his black heart so truly, that it can not be omitted. When he was Governor, before the rising of the Regulators, there was a poor man in North Carolina, whose name was FEW. He loved very dearly a young girl at Newbern, and was betrothed to her.

One day this girl, who was very pretty, was seen by one of Tryon's friends; and her beauty made such an impression on him that he resolved to carry her off. By art and false promises he succeeded, and she was lost to her lover forever. When Few went to meet her at the usual place, and was told that she had gone away with one of the Governor's friends, his mind reeled under the shock, and next day he was a madman. He was not dangerous or violent, but only a poor crazy creature who went about talking nonsense, and whom nobody minded. When the Regulators rose, some glimmering of the affair found its way into the poor lunatic's mind; and he began to say that Providence had appointed him to save the world from tyrants, and that he was to begin with North Carolina.

Of course, every one saw that he was mad, and that what he said meant nothing; but the Wolf, whose conscience probably smote him whenever he saw the poor creature, took advantage of the speech, and hanged him without a trial.

The Regulators lost heart and fled from the Prov-

ince. Plunging into the forest, they crossed the Alleghany Mountains, and found, beyond, a rich and glowing prairie, where every kind of game abounded, and the sweet vale of the Watauga seemed intended for their reception. There they settled.

There was no Governor or King's officer to trouble them there; no one but the wasted Cherokees, now peaceful and timid, to deal with for the purchase of lands. They drew up an agreement for their own government, without taking the slightest notice of the King of England; and many years afterward, their sons, who had multiplied and grown rich, gave to the region the name of the State of TENNESSEE.

Some time before, a great hunter of North Carolina, named DANIEL BOONE, had heard of the astonishing richness and beauty of the country lying west of Virginia. Being passionately fond of hunting and adventure, he set out on foot to explore it, and marched to the Kentucky River. There he and his companions found deer, and bears, and wolves, and buffaloes, and wild-cats, in immense numbers, and for a time they did nothing but enjoy the sport from morning till night.

After a while, however, Boone's companion was killed by the Indians, his brother went home to the sea-coast, and the great hunter was left alone in the wilderness. For many weeks he lived quite alone, without a human being within hundreds of miles of him, shooting deer, and watching the buffalo herds, in a vast region where no voice was ever heard but his own, and where sometimes not even the rustling of a leaf broke the solemn silence.

Returning afterward to his old home, he sold his farm and took his wife and children with him to the borders of the new river; and they, and those who came after them, founded the State of KENTUCKY.

But this was not till long afterward. In the mean time, the old colonies on the sea-coast had a hard battle to fight.

Under the old governors there was no peace any where. In South Carolina, the Governor would not put down a band of robbers who used to prowl about, robbing persons, and carrying off horses and other cattle; and the people organized themselves to do his work. They took the same name as the men of North Carolina—Regulators—and punished the robbers whenever they caught them: just as is done in parts of California at this day. This gave rise to more troubles with the Governor.

In Georgia, GOVERNOR WRIGHT would not allow the Assembly to elect their own Speaker. They said it was their right as British subjects; but he answered he did not care, they should not elect any man he did not like. And the King sent word he had done quite right.

In Virginia, a young man of great talent, whose name was THOMAS JEFFERSON, together with PATRICK HENRY and the patriot LEE, made great endeavors to stop the slave-trade. They sent petition after petition to the King of England against it, imploring the King not to force slaves upon them, and to allow them to make a law against the entrance of more Negroes into the colony. But the King was as deaf as a stone to their prayers, and

every law which they made on the subject was annulled by him.

In Maryland and New Jersey the people were plundered shamefully by the King's officers. They complained, and sent petitions to the King; but they were only thrown into the fire, and no relief came.

In Rhode Island, the most cruel grievance was the frantic tyranny of a King's officer, named DUDINGSTON, who was captain of a revenue schooner called the *Gaspe*. This fellow used to cruise about the port of Providence, and board every ship or schooner which entered or sailed out, for mere amusement and the pleasure of worrying the captains.

When the people of Newport complained of his conduct, the English Admiral replied that he had done nothing wrong, and that if the men of Rhode Island interfered with him, he would have them hanged as pirates.

After this, Dudingston became more reckless than ever. He would send a boat ashore and plunder a farm-house; fire at the fishermen as they went to sea; tell every man he met that he would hang him in a day or two; and render himself such a nuisance that many prayed some storm would rid them of him altogether.

One afternoon in June, a little schooner was sailing into Providence. Dudingston, as usual, for a a piece of fun, gave chase, and began to fire guns. The schooner sailed close to the land to escape; and Dudingston was so eager that he pursued her into shoal water, and very soon the *Gaspe* grounded.

As soon as it was known at Providence, a few stout-hearted men resolved to rid the country of the hated schooner. JOHN BROWN was the leader, and that evening he and his little band started from Providence in a whale-boat.

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached the *Gaspe*. They pulled alongside in the darkness so softly that the men were not waked out of their sleep. Springing on board at the signal, Brown and the bold men of Providence quickly mastered the crew without killing any one. Dudingston tried to resist, but he was quietly knocked on the head, and was taken ashore with his men.

As soon as they had gone, Brown and his friends set the *Gaspe* on fire, and pulled back to Providence, while she blazed fiercely and brightly in the night air.

You may fancy what a rage the Admiral and the great lords were in when they heard that a King's ship had been boarded by the colonists of Rhode Island and burned. One great lord took an oath that he would never rest till he had taken away the Charter of Rhode Island by way of punishment. Governor Hutchinson, of Massachusetts, said that after this nothing but hanging would do for the Americans.

Accordingly, a Royal Commission was sent forth, appointing several very great men to be judges in the matter of the destruction of the *Gaspe*, and enjoining on them to make short work of the turbulent fellows of Providence. But when they were ready for the trial, they could not find a single witness.

Every body in Providence knew who had burnt the *Gaspe;* but when the Royal Commissioners asked the people they met, they looked the other way, and said, "Yes; it was very fine weather," or something of the sort.

The great lords offered a reward of five hundred pounds to any one who would give evidence against the men who had done the act; but no one came forward. So in the end they were obliged to give it up; and there was no trial at all.

Roger Williams was dead, of course; his bones had been long mouldering in an unknown grave. But I think there was a good deal of his fierce, manly spirit in the men who burnt the *Gaspe*, and also in those others whom neither threats nor bribes could induce to betray their countrymen.

CHAPTER XXV.

TEA was the only article which the King still taxed. Paper, glass, and the other articles which he had formerly tried to tax, were now admitted free into the colonies.

You must not suppose, however, that he gave up his tax on them to please the Americans. It was altogether from a different reason. For when the Americans, as I told you, refused to buy any paper, or glass, or other goods on which the King had laid a tax, the people of London were the greatest sufferers, being deprived of the custom of their old customers in America. It was to please them, and not to satisfy the colonies, that King George and the great lords consented to take off the tax on paper and the other articles.

The great lords, who boasted—as I have heard some other great people do in our time—that they never gave up their point or changed their minds, however wrong they might be, now resolved to put the people of America to a final test. The colonies had solemnly declared they would buy no tea. The lords said:

"Let us send some ship-loads of tea to America and see what they will do."

A good many of them felt quite sure that the Americans would give way, and that the matter would end there.

They were fine old fellows, these lords, full of spirit, and very proud of their ancestors, and their castles, and their titles; but they were astonishingly thick-headed and blind. For when the news of the sailing of the tea-ships reached America, the people all over the country began to ferment.

At Philadelphia the citizens held a meeting, and made the merchants who were to receive the tea promise that they would have nothing to do with it. At New York the same thing was done; and the pilots were ordered to pilot no tea-ship past the Hook. At Charleston, in South Carolina, the people agreed not to allow the tea to be landed.

At Boston, the merchants who were to receive and sell the tea refused to submit to what the people required. John Hancock and Samuel Adams entreated them to send the tea back to England; but they answered they would do as they pleased. Come what might, they would not give up their profits on the sale of the tea.

The men of Boston met together, and all the neighboring towns sent deputies to consult with them; and they resolved that the tea should not be landed. While they were discussing matters, the first tea-ship—the *Dartmouth*—sailed into the harbor. That very day a watch was set by the people, with loaded guns; and the captain of the *Dartmouth* was warned that if he tried to send the tea ashore it would be at his peril. Two other tea-ships sailing into the port, they were bidden to anchor alongside the *Dartmouth*.

The Governor and the merchants were all this time in the Fort, looking on very quietly; they calculated that as the law gave them the right to seize the ships at the end of thirty days, and to land their cargoes by force, they would then easily master the people.

But Samuel Adams and his bold friends knew this as well as they. Day after day the committee appointed by the people met together at Faneuil Hall and laid their plans. There was no wavering or doubting among them. They were determined, cost what it might, that they would defend their rights.

At length, on the sixteenth of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, a great meeting was held at Boston to decide what was to be done. Men rode in from the country and from all the neighboring towns; and every man had made up his mind to see the matter out. The owner of the *Dartmouth* had agreed to send back his ship with the tea on board, and had gone that morning to obtain permission from the Governor to sail.

At about six o'clock in the evening, while the meeting was still in the Old South, listening to the fervid words of Quincy, YOUNG, and other patriots, and the candles were being lit, the owner of the *Dartmouth* returned, saying that the Governor would not allow his ship to sail until she had landed the tea. Old Samuel Adams arose in the Assembly, and in a grave, solemn voice, cried:

"Then this meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

That instant the old familiar war-whoop of the Indians was heard at the door of the church. A band of men in the Indian dress dashed past, running at full speed toward the water. Every body cried that these were the Mohawks—not real Indians, but bold Bostonians, who were called Mohawks from their disguise and their daring.

On they ran to the water's edge, and in a very few minutes they were on board of the *Dartmouth* and the two other tea-ships. Then nothing was heard on shore but the tearing open of boxes, and the cracking of wooden lids, and the splash of the tea as it fell into the water. For three hours these strange noises continued; many brave men keeping watch on shore lest the soldiers should come. But no one came, and every atom of the tea was thrown into the dark waves that washed the sides of the ships.

Then the Mohawks went quietly home; and all the men of Boston, who had that day shown how firmly resolved they were to maintain their rights, returned thanks to Providence for the deed that was done.

At the news that the tea had been thrown overboard in Boston harbor, the King and the great lords flew into a fury. There was not a hard name they did not call the Americans; and old Benjamin Franklin, who was still in London, was insulted and vilified as though he had been a thief.

Though New York and Philadelphia had likewise refused to let tea be landed on their wharves, and the men of Charleston had thrust their cargo into

damp cellars where it soon rotted, the rage of the King and his lords was against Boston alone. To punish Boston, they made a law forbidding any ships to sail thither, or any foreign trade to be carried on there; and sent General GAGE to be Governor, with more regiments of English soldiers. They said the time was come when the colonies must be crushed.

It would have done the great lords good to have seen the American people at the time they received the news of the law against Boston. In all the large towns the people agreed to wear mourning, and to toll the church bells on the day when the law was to go into force; and the other ports in Massachusetts freely offered the use of their wharves and stores to the people of Boston.

The lords had hoped that Salem would be glad to get the trade of Boston; but the men of Salem were true as steel, and scorned to make money out of the injury of their fellow-countrymen. They said they would gladly give what they had to relieve any distress that might be felt in Boston; and so did other towns.

The men of New York saw that nothing could be done unless the colonies were united, and advised that each should send delegates to a general Congress.

This was violently opposed by the royal governors; and Governor Wright, of Georgia, prevented the people of that colony from choosing delegates. But all the others succeeded in baffling their governors; and on the fifth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four, the

CONTINENTAL CONGRESS—as it is called in history—met at Philadelphia.

It would take me too long to speak of all the great and good men who met on that day to guard their country from oppression. I can not think of any assembly that ever met in any country in which truer patriots were gathered together.

It was a very small matter—the tax on tea—which they had met to resist: only a few pence a pound; but they knew that if the King had the right to tax them even the millionth part of a penny, they were no longer free, and therefore they had resolved to resist. They knew that the King was ready to enforce his unjust laws with guns and bayonets; that they were but a handful in comparison with the King's troops; that great suffering and hardship must ensue from their resistance. But they thought of their sons, of you, who now read these pages; and they determined to leave you a heritage of freedom.

So they resolved, after declaring solemnly that the people of the colonies were free, that all the Americans should enter into a league not to buy from, or sell to, the people of England, until the tyrannical laws of which they complained were repealed.

They also sent an address to the people of England, who were as cruelly oppressed by the great lords as themselves; calling upon them to join them in standing up for the rights of man. Nothing came of this last paper. I believe the people of England often thought, over their firesides, that their brothers in America were quite right, and wished the time would come for them too to rise against the King and

the great lords. But it did not; and has not come quite yet, though there are many wise persons who think it is not far distant.

In all the colonies the people now prepared for serious work. Men began to drill and collect arms and ammunition; and in many places in the north, as soon as the day's work was done, the young men would meet to practice firing at a target. Every one felt in his heart that before long he would have a different mark.

At Boston Governor Gage had nearly three thousand British soldiers, and was quite sure he could put down any rising that might take place. Hearing that the people had some cannon at Salem, he sent a party of soldiers to take it. They searched the town, but could find nothing, and marched toward Danvers on Sunday morning.

When they reached the river, they found the draw-bridge up, and COLONEL PICKERING, with thirty or forty volunteers—or minute-men, as they were called—drawn up on the opposite bank. LESLIE, who commanded the English, ordered them to lower the bridge.

Pickering answered that he would not.

Leslie told his men to cross the river in some boats which were at a short distance.

But before they could get to them, one or two Americans jumped into them with axes and knocked holes in their bottoms. Leslie, in a rage, was just going to order his men to fire, when the minister of Salem, who was standing by, cried that blood should not be shed on the Sabbath-day.

Pickering then offered to let the soldiers cross the bridge, provided they would not march more than thirty paces beyond it. It was not what Leslie wanted, as he could not expect to find the cannon so near; but he agreed to it, marched his thirty paces, and then marched back again.

A few weeks after this, Gage heard that the Americans were collecting powder, and ball, and arms, at Concord, in Massachusetts, and resolved to seize them. At the dead of night he dispatched eight hundred men to Concord. The noise of their footsteps awoke one or two Americans who lived by the roadside; they rose, mounted their horses, and started to give the alarm.

At five o'clock in the morning, when the soldiers arrived at Lexington, they found a few Americans assembled with arms in their hands. The English officer cried:

"Disperse, ye rebels! throw down your arms;" ordering his men to fire.

The Americans, being hardly one to ten, fled; and the soldiers advanced to Concord.

Very soon after they arrived there, the minute-men began to collect, and MAJOR BUTTRICK led a party to attack the soldiers. The Americans were eager to fire; but Buttrick would not allow a single man to pull a trigger till the English had commenced the attack. At the first shot he gave the word, and the soldiers fell back. On the minute-men pressed, firing from behind trees, and houses, and fences; and the soldiers fled as fast as their legs could carry them to Lexington. There they met another band of British

soldiers, under the command of LORD PERCY, who had marched up during the day, his bands playing Yankee Doodle in mockery of the Americans, and scoffing at the rebels.

For an hour or so they were left in peace; but the moment the soldiers moved, the attack began again, the English retreating, the Americans pursuing. All the way to Bunker's Hill the chase continued, and in that afternoon nearly three hundred of the soldiers were killed or wounded. To Lord Percy word was sent that as he had played Yankee Doodle on the way up, he had better play Chevy Chase on the way down.

At Bunker's Hill the soldiers were safe; and thus ended the first battle of the Revolution—the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

The news roused the whole country. In every village of New England the young men left their work, and took up arms, eager to be led against the soldiers. Boston was soon besieged; and it was all the leaders could do to prevent the young men from rushing upon the soldiers whenever they saw them.

In Connecticut, a plan was formed to capture the fort of Ticonderoga, where, as you remember, the English had fought with the French in the old war. The leader of the expedition was a bold mountaineer, named ETHAN ALLEN, who had quarreled with the royal Governor of New York, and was delighted to find a chance of showing him what he could do.

Crossing the lake at night, the Americans crept cautiously to the fortress, and surprised it while the soldiers were asleep. The sentry took aim at them, but his gun missed fire, and, after a short scuffle, the

place was won. When the commandant, who was in bed, rushed out of his room in his shirt, and asked by what authority he was required to surrender, Ethan Allen answered:

"I demand the surrender of the fort in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

After this there was nothing more to be said, and Crown Point was soon after taken likewise.

The British general, Gage, held Boston with a large army, and had, besides, a strong fleet in the harbor. The Americans threw bomb-shells into the town and burnt many houses; and moreover, in consequence of the siege, and the great number of soldiers there were to feed, a dreadful famine began to oppress those who still remained there.

To lock up the English in the city more securely, a party of Americans were dispatched under COLONEL PRESCOTT, on a dark night in June, to take possession of Bunker's Hill, opposite Boston. Whether they mistook their way, or did not obey orders, is not now well known; but instead of going to Bunker's Hill, they marched to Breed's Hill, quite close to Boston.

The men brought spades and pickaxes with them, and wrought all night so steadily without speaking a word, that by morning they had thrown up quite a formidable breast-work and redoubt.

The moment day dawned and the English saw Prescott and his men working on the heights, the English generals resolved to take possession of the hill if they could; and the ships and forts opened

fire upon the Americans It did not delay the works in the least. Though the bullets rattled around them, and every now and then a brave man fell dead with his spade in his hand, the breast-work grew larger and larger every hour.

Old Israel Putnam, of Connecticut, who had left his plow in the earth when he heard of the battle of Lexington, was there among the minute-men, directing and encouraging them; wherever danger was, there were his grisly head and his stern face to be seen.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the British soldiers crossed over from Boston, and advanced against the breast-work. They had set Charlestown on fire; the flames rose fiercely in the air, and at times the smoke almost blinded both English and Americans. But the former marched bravely on.

Behind their work, which they had lengthened with rails from fences, and earth and hay, the Americans crouched, and watched the enemy slowly ascending the hill. General Putnam walked backward and forward among them, as active as if he had been twenty instead of sixty, and gave the word:

"Don't fire a shot, boys, till you can see the whites of their eyes!"

So not a shot was fired, and the English could not understand why they were permitted to advance. In every window, and on every housetop in Boston, there were crowds of people looking on, and wondering why the patriots allowed the English to fire away at their ease without returning a shot.

At last the sharp-sighted Yankees saw the whites

of the Englishmen's eyes. Up they rose in an instant, and fired. Such a volley, fired with such good aim, and from so short a distance, stunned the soldiers, and, losing many men, they broke and ran down the hill.

The officers, who were as brave as steel, rallied them at the foot of the hill, and again they charged. Again the Americans crouched or squatted behind their breast-work. Cool as if the enemy had been a thousand miles off, the American officers walked about, bidding each man take good aim, as their stock of powder was small. When the soldiers were quite close, bang went the Yankee guns again, and every ball brought down its man. Down the hill again ran the soldiers, in spite of their officers, who were nearly all killed in the endeavor to restrain them.

Bursting with rage at these two repulses, GENERAL CLINTON, and several other British officers, came over from Boston and rallied the troops for a third charge. By this time the Americans had spent nearly all their powder and ball.

Up the hill for the third time came the English, the officers shouting and cheering their men; and once more the deadly bullets of the Yankee rifles laid many a stout man low. But by this time the English had planted cannon so as to rake the redoubt; and the soldiers, leaping in among the Americans, began to sweep them back with the bayonet.

The American soldiers, who were nothing but farmers, fishermen, and mechanics, had only their guns, with which they had been used to hunt, and

no bayonets. When the English came on, and their powder was spent, they clubbed their guns and fought desperately, battering down their enemies as they advanced. But the English outnumbered them, and were already inside their breast-work.

There was nothing for it but to retreat. They did so; slowly and angrily, fighting as they fled. Brave DOCTOR WARREN, who was one of the chief leaders on the American side, stood firm, shouting to the English to come on. A soldier took aim at him, and shot him through the head. As evening fell the battle ceased, and the English were in possession of the hill.

This battle, which was fought on Breed's Hill, is called in history the BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL, just as many other things are called by wrong names. The Americans were beaten, and the English, though at an awful cost of life, won the victory.

You will hear, in this Child's History, of many other battles in which your countrymen were beaten. But, as you know, there are many plants which grow the better and the stronger the more they are trodden and trampled into the earth—so the Americans gained boldness from every defeat, and were never more trustful or more unyielding than just after they had lost a battle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEFORE the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought, the Continental Congress had again met at Philadelphia. Massachusetts was for declaring the colonies independent without further delay; but Pennsylvania, New York, and the southern colonies did not like the idea of separating from England. Despite the cruel wrongs they had suffered, they loved the old country in their hearts; and determined, if it were possible, to gain their rights without ceasing to be subjects of the King of England.

They sent the King a very dutiful petition, setting forth their grievances, and praying for redress; and most of them believed that King George would act fairly by them at last.

Only John Adams and a few of his friends knew the King too well to hope any thing of the kind.

Still, blood having been shed, the Congress set about preparing for the contest with great vigor. It was necessary to appoint a Commander-in-Chief. This was no easy matter, for each of the colonies had its own officers and fighting men; and without great good sense on the part of the members of the Congress, jealousy might soon have been awakened and divisions created.

But the Massachusetts men averted the danger by supporting a Virginian — GEORGE WASHINGTON;

and all the other provinces agreed to the appointment. Washington accepted the office in a very pretty, modest speech, in which he said he would take no pay for his services.

All over the country the people began to rise against their governors.

WENTWORTH, the Governor of New Hampshire, tried vainly to keep the people down. Failing, and seeing that the case was hopeless, he shut himself up in the fort at Portsmouth, and afterward ran away to Boston.

In New York the King had many friends; most of them rich, comfortable men, who said the republicans were low fellows, and that it was far more respectable to submit to the King than to rebel against him. The Great Wolf, Tryon, had just gone thither to be Governor; and you may fancy he did all he could to keep down the Americans. Happily, however, bold Isaac Sears was not dead yet; and, thanks to him and his brave men, New York held fast by the other colonies, and the Great Wolf was forced to run away to a British ship of war, which was lying in the port.

The Governor of Virginia was a foolish lord, named DUNMORE. When troubles first arose, he swore that if the people of Virginia stirred he would declare all the slaves free, and would lay Williamsburg in ashes. Fearing an outbreak, he removed some powder from the arsenal at Williamsburg, and had it carried on board an English ship of war.

The moment he heard of it, Patrick Henry took up arms, and, with his burning words, soon aroused

an army to march against the Governor. But this vain lord was more of a talker than a fighter.

When he heard of Patrick Henry's approach, he sent a sneaking message to him to say that if the powder were wanted to put down a rising among the slaves he would return it.

Patrick Henry replied that he must have the powder at once, or its value in money, without conditions. And Lord Dunmore, thoroughly frightened, paid the money down as required.

But though he had not the courage of the soldier, he had the daring of the robber. Flying to a British ship for safety, he spent the summer in trying to persuade the negroes to revolt, and in making sudden descents on the coasts, and plundering the people. A pretty royal governor!

Just in the same way, the royal Governors of the two Carolinas endeavored vainly to stem the tide, and were finally obliged to fly on board British ships. In the county of Mecklenburg, in North Carolina, the people assembled one bright May morning to talk over the news of the battle of Lexington, which had just reached them. A few bold men proposed that they should declare themselves independent of Great Britain altogether; but many opposed this plan for a particular reason, which was this:

After the battle of Alemance, the Great Wolf, being afraid of more risings among the people, had obliged all who did not fly (as the Regulators did) to take an oath never to bear arms against the King of England. This oath weighed on the consciences of the honest men of Mecklenburg. They said to each other:

"How can we, who have sworn, make war upon the King?"

While they were in doubt, one man rose and said:

"If I take an oath to do such and such a thing as long as the leaves remain on that tree, I am bound to do it as long as the leaves are there; but when the leaves fall, my oath no longer binds me, and I am free to act as I please."

And the people, convinced by this argument, agreed to a declaration, which has been called the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

I do not think myself that the argument of the leaves was quite as conclusive as the men of Mecklenburg seem to have considered it. The fact was, the Great Wolf had forced the people to take the oath against their will; and, as you know, oaths extorted by violence are not binding on any one. Between you and me, oaths have never stood in the way of any popular or national movement, based on real necessity. They have often been imposed by tyrants who were afraid of being overthrown, and who calculated to fetter the free action of the people by calling in the aid of superstition; but when the time came, they have generally been broken with very little ceremony.

At the north, the war went on. At sea, the English had a vast number of ships of war, which sailed along the coast, pouncing upon American vessels, and laying contributions on the seaports and villages on the coast. In general, the English were successful in these forays; but sometimes the inhabitants made a bold stand and drove them off.

The people of Falmouth—now called Portland, in Maine—seized a ship laden with masts for the King, and threatened to keep the officers of a British frigate prisoners. In revenge, the captain of the frigate, having received reinforcements, sailed to Falmouth, and gave the people notice to quit the town, as he intended to destroy it. They tried in vain to induce him to alter his resolution. He persisted in declaring that he would destroy the place; but afterward offered to spare it, if the people would give up their arms and promise not to serve against the King. This they refused to do, and Falmouth was accordingly burnt to ashes before their eyes.

The Americans raised a small army and invaded the province of Canada, which had refused to join the other colonies. Their leaders were the brave Montgomery, Ethan Allen, and BENEDICT ARNOLD. The two former advanced by way of Lake Champlain to St. John's, which they took.

Ethan Allen, who was a very daring soldier but wanting in prudence, undertook to take Montreal with only one hundred and fifty men. He set out by night, and appeared suddenly before the town, hoping to surprise it. But GOVERNOR CARLETON was on the alert. When Allen advanced, he was attacked by a much larger force than his own, defeated, and sent to England in chains.

After this, Carleton, fearing that Quebec might be taken, embarked in a boat with a few soldiers and rowed down the river. Montgomery crossed over to Montreal, took it, and followed Carleton with all speed to Quebec. There he had arranged to meet

Arnold, who was to cross the mountains from the Kennebec.

But the journey had been a desperate one—through bush and briar, swamp and bog, over mountain and river. Many of Arnold's men had died on the way of fever and hunger. Others had lost heart and gone home. When he joined Montgomery he had nothing but a miserable famished band, hardly able to walk.

But Montgomery's courage never flagged. He climbed the heights which Wolfe had ascended and offered battle. Carleton would not leave the city. Then Montgomery tried to make a breach in the walls; but his guns were far too light.

It was in the depth of winter. The snow was several feet high; and it froze so hard that the sentries were often found stiff and dead at their posts. Montgomery saw that if they did not take the place they would all die before spring.

Accordingly, long before daybreak, on New-Year's morning, in the middle of a heavy snow-storm, he led his men to the attack. For a short distance they advanced over the snow-drifts and masses of ice, Montgomery leading the way toward a battery. But the garrison were awake and at their posts, and the very first shot killed Montgomery and many others. At the same time, Arnold, who had advanced on another side, was wounded; and, after a brief struggle, the Americans gave way and returned to their camp.

The body of brave Montgomery was found in the snow frozen stiff next morning, and was buried with great honors by the English Governor, Carleton.

Many years afterward, his bones were brought to New York, and buried a second time in St. Paul's Church, where you can at this day see the monument erected by Congress to his memory.

The British had remained quiet in Boston ever since the battle of Bunker's Hill, closely besieged by the Americans. General Washington, who commanded the Americans, finding himself at last strong enough to make an attack, sent a large party of men by night to Dorchester Heights—now called South Boston.

When day dawned next morning, the English were astounded at the sight of the new American batteries, which were expected every moment to thunder on the ships and the town. The English General—it was General Howe, General Gage having gone home—at first thought of attacking the Americans; but a storm arising, he changed his mind, and sent word to Washington that he would evacuate the town if the Americans would allow him to embark in peace. This was agreed to, and on the twenty-seventh of March General Washington entered Boston in triumph. The English, nearly ten thousand strong, sailed away to Halifax.

This was a truly glorious victory, won without a drop of blood spilt. The wretched people of Boston had been half starved during the siege. During the winter firewood had been so scarce, that the pews and benches had been taken out of the churches and burnt in the stoves. You may imagine how glad people were when Washington entered, with drums beating, colors flying, and every man shouting for joy.

By this time almost every one knew that there was no hope of obtaining any thing from King George except by beating his soldiers. When RICHARD PENN presented the loyal petition of the Continental Congress, the King said he would make no answer at all to such a paper.

The great lords—with a few bright exceptions—called the Americans rebels, and advised the King to have them punished without mercy. King George himself hated them. I am sorry to say it, for in many respects George was a good man, went very regularly to church, and led a moral life. But he was as obstinate as a Spanish mule. He had been brought up in foolish musty old notions that kings had a divine right to tyrannize over their subjects; which appears a horribly blasphemous idea. Formerly almost every body in Europe believed it was true; and as it was a great help to kings when they were hard pushed, I am not surprised they did all they could to have it generally admitted. It was of no use to talk to King George of the rights of the people of America. He said that the Almighty had conferred upon him full authority over them; and if they denied it, they were impious rebels, and must be shot or hanged.

So he ordered that no trade should be carried on with any of the rebellious provinces; that their towns should be attacked, and their inhabitants made prisoners if they resisted; that their ships should be seized, and the sailors made to serve on board his own vessels, and against their own countrymen; finally, that as many Indians as possible should be

hired to carry on the war in their fiendish way; and, as he was short of men himself, that a band of savage, brutal Germans from Hesse—who were called Hessians, and were sold by their lords and princes at so much a head—should be sent to America to fight the rebels.

When the news of these orders reached America, a great change took place in public feeling. Hitherto, only a very few far-seeing men had discerned what must be the end of the contest: the people generally—except in the places I have mentioned—were as truly loyal to King George as any of his subjects.

For ten years they had struggled for the liberties they had brought from Europe, and had enjoyed ever since the first settlement of the country. Year after year they had sent petitions to the King, praying that he would not oppress them, but would suffer them to grow up a great and prosperous country under the dear old English flag.

But every petition had been spurned, and the more the Americans complained of tyranny, the more they were oppressed. They had taken up arms to defend their rights; but even while they were fighting with the English soldiers, and driving out the royal governors, they cried:

"God save King George!"

To the last they had hoped that, when the King knew how staunch they were, he would cease to oppress them; that, when he saw they bore no ill-will to England, but only fought for their rights as freemen, he would grant them those rights; that

some one of his lords, if not his own conscience, would tell him at last that he had been wrong, and that wisdom, and justice, and religion, and policy directed him to yield.

Now, those hopes were destroyed. It was vain to expect any justice from the King. There was nothing left for the people of America but to protect themselves, their wives, and their children against the brutal Hessians and the English soldiers.

All over the country men began to say openly that it was absurd to remain the subjects of a king who treated them thus. First in one colony, then in another, an outcry for independence arose. A great many respectable people opposed it, as respectable people generally do in such cases; and every now and then some one who made himself very officious in suppressing the cry for independence was tarred and feathered, or ridden on a rail by the people. They were called Tories, and the patriots who were for independence were called Whigs. The large towns all decided that the colonies ought to cut themselves adrift from England altogether.

When the Continental Congress met again at Philadelphia, Georgia being represented this time with the others, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia proposed that the colonies should throw off their allegiance to England, and declare themselves independent.

We know very little of what passed in that Congress, as it sat with closed doors, and no reports of its proceedings were published. But it is said that at first six out of the thirteen states—Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, New York, Delaware, and

South Carolina—were opposed to Lee's motion. The other seven being in favor of it, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, R. Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston were appointed to draw up a declaration of independence.

On the fourth day of July, in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, the Declaration of Independence, as drawn up by them, was adopted almost unanimously and signed by the members of the Congress. You have seen the picture of the signing of the declaration. I will not vouch for its being very like the real scene; some people think it is a little too theatrical.

Depend upon it, the men who signed that declaration did not think of getting into fine attitudes or looking grand. For them, the writing their names on that paper was a very serious and desperate act, which might cost them their liberty, their property, and their lives. It was sure to plunge the country into a long war with a powerful enemy, and to make many a widow and many an orphan; to lay many a home desolate, and spread gloom over many a smiling village. It might lead to miseries beyond any thing fancy could picture, if the Americans were conquered.

Yet they signed it, each of them—save one who was ill—writing his name in a bold and firm hand.

I know it is the fashion, every fourth of July, to praise these men so extravagantly, and to fire so many guns—not to speak of rockets and crackers—in their honor, that a great many people have grown rather tired of hearing of them. But if you read the his-

tory of the world, from the days of Noah down to the present time, you will find no single act that has wrought so much for the good of mankind as that Declaration of Independence of the United States of America.

When the good Oglethorpe led his colony of poor persons to Georgia, he gave them for their motto the words, "*Non sibi sed aliis*"—in English, "Not for themselves but for others." So it was with the Declaration of Independence. It was not for Americans alone that the rights of man were asserted, but for the whole human race.

And ever since that day it has been silently working in foreign countries, where the names of Hancock, and Jefferson, and Franklin are perhaps never heard: and it will work, and break down despots and set men free, from year to year and century to century, long after all of us are dead and forgotten, until every one of the creatures God fashioned in his glorious image enjoys the blessings intended for him by his Creator.

END OF VOL. I.

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